

Mary Hazel Zeigler

CLASSIC SELECTIONS.

WORKS OF S. S. CURRY, PH D.

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CLASSIC SELECTIONS

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS.

ADAPTED TO THE

STUDY OF VOCAL EXPRESSION.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THE principal endeavor in making this collection has been to select such extracts as will be best adapted to develop the essential qualities of the voice, to furnish the greatest variety of examples for the illustration of the various steps in vocal expression, and at the same time to secure selections from the greatest number of the best authors, and the most varied forms of literature.

The work is prepared in accordance with numerous requests of students, who are teachers in various schools and colleges; as requested, the selections which have been found in actual teaching during the past twelve years, to be best adapted to develop the powers of expression in mind and voice, are here collected together for convenience in study and teaching.

Among the chief peculiarities of the work will be found the number of lyrics, the variety of authors, the many forms of literature, and the contrast between the simplest and the most difficult and complex selections it contains.

The short extracts from page 11 to page 78 have been chosen to illustrate some of the elemental vocal steps in the School of Expression, but no theory is given, because each of the paragraphs serves to illustrate several steps and accomplish different aims as occasion and the needs of the student or class may require. They may also serve to illustrate the steps of any teacher or method. The elemental steps in the work of the school, most commonly illustrated by these paragraphs, are:—

I. Attention. II. Spontaneity. III. Freedom of Tone. IV. Function of Imagination. V. Action of the Mind and Breathing. VI. Purity of Tone. VII. Mellowness of Tone. VIII. Openness of Tone.

IX. Logical Instinct. X. Study of Conversation. XI. Inflection. XII. Subordination. XIII. Support of Tone. XIV. Elasticity of Tone. XV. Control of Breath. XVI. Transitions. XVII. Contrast. XVIII. Rhythm. XIX. Pause. XX. Attack. XXI. Movement. XXII. Contrasts in Rhythm. XXIII. Melody. XXIV. Progressive Transition. XXV. Contrasts in Melody. XXVI. Range. XXVII., XXVIII. Miscellaneous. XXIX.-XXXII. Resonance of Voice. XXXIII., XXXIV. Tone Color. XXXV.-XXXVII. Purposes in Vocal Expression.

These and various other steps illustrated will be thoroughly explained in the works upon Vocal Expression, Vocal Training, and Methods of Teaching Expression now in preparation.

Special acknowledgment is gratefully made to the author, Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, for valuable suggestions and permission to use selections from his works. Acknowledgment is also due Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for permission to use the selections in their copyright editions of the works of Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Bayard Taylor, and Celia Thaxter; also to Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., for permission to use extracts from the poems of T. B. Read. Special thanks is also returned to Messrs. Macmillan & Co., for the privilege of using extracts from Matthew Arnold and Robert Browning.

S. S. C.

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BOSTON, MASS.

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ELEMENTAL PRAXIS.

I.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky-way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of the bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance

Wordsworth

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name.

Bryant

ALL the air is full of song,
A carolling around and above,
From the wood-pigeon's call, so soft and long,
To the merriest twitter and marvellous trill
Every one sings at his own sweet will,
True to the key-note of joyous love.

SWEET bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

Oh! could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Attendants on the spring.

Logan.

AND what is so rare as a day in June?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days;
 Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays:
 Whether we look, or whether we listen,
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten,
 Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
 And, groping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
 The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
 And lets his illumined being o'errun
 With the deluge of summer it receives.

Lowell.

II.

WHAT ho, my jovial mates! come on! we'll frolic it
 Like fairies frisking in the merry moonshine!

Scott.

A SONG, oh a song for the merry May!
 The cows in the meadow, the lambs at play,
 A chorus of birds in the maple-tree
 And a world in blossom for you and me.

GIVE us, O give us, the man who sings at his work! He will do more in the same time, — he will do it better, — he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.

Carlyle.

THE wind, one morning, sprang up from sleep,
 Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
 Now for a madcap galloping chase!
 I'll make a commotion in every place!"

AWAY with weary cares and themes!
 Swing wide the moonlit gate of dreams!
 Leave free once more the land which teems
 With wonders and romances!
 Where thou, with clear discerning eyes,
 Shalt rightly read the truth which lies
 Beneath the quaintly-masking guise
 Of wild and wizard fancies."

Whittier.

THE budding twigs spread out their fan
 To catch the breezy air;
 And I must think, do all I can,
 That there was pleasure there,

Wordsworth.

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
 To-morrow 'll be the happiest day of all the glad new year; —
 Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest, merriest day; —
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May

Tennyson.

AND then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

Wordsworth.

HASTE thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks and wreathed smiles
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides: —
 Come, and trip it as ye go
 On the light fantastic toe!

Milton.

III.

NEAR the city of Sevilla, years and years ago,
 Dwelt a lady in a villa, years and years ago;
 And her hair was black as night,
 And her eyes were starry bright;
 Olives on her brow were blooming;
 Roses red her lips perfuming;
 And her step was light and airy
 As the tripping of a fairy.
 Ah! that lady of the villa, — and I loved her so,
 Near the city of Sevilla, years and years ago.

Waller.

O FOR a soft and gentle wind!
 I heard a fair one cry;
 But give to me the snoring breeze
 And white waves heaving high;
 And white waves heaving high, my lads,
 The good ship tight and free;
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

Cunningham.

'T is the star-spangled banner, oh! long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Key.

I NE'ER will ask ye quarter, and I ne'er will be your slave;
 But I 'll swim the sea of slaughter, till I sink beneath its wave!

Patten.

IV.

HARK, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phoebus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes;
 With every thing that pretty bin,
 My lady sweet, arise;
 Arise, arise!

Shakespeare.

THE splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Tennyson.

INSECTS generally must lead a jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory and pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold, and exhaling such a perfume as never arose from human censer. Fancy again the fun of tucking one's self up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of summer air, nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a dew-drop, and fall to eating your bedclothes.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Ingelow.

So when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave.

Milton.

THROUGH this the well-belovèd Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no.

Shakespeare.

I CARE not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face,
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living stream at eve.

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
 Clear in the cool September morn,
 The cluster'd spires of Frederick stand,
 Green-wall'd by the hills of Maryland.

Whittier.

—
 'T is the end of all.
 The gray arch crumbles and totters and tumbles,
 And silence reigns in the banquet hall.

Aldrich.

—
 I HEARD the trailing garments of the night
 Sweep through her marble halls;
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
 From the celestial walls.

Longfellow.

—
 THE winds all silent are,
 And Phœbus in his car
 Ensaffroning sea and air
 Makes vanish every star:
 Night like a drunkard reels
 Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels:
 The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue;
 The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue;
 Here is the pleasant place,
 And nothing wanting is, save she, alas!

Drummond.

—
 AND o'er the bay, slowly, in all his splendors dight,
 The great sun rises to behold the sight.

—
 ONLY a brave old maple,
 Shorn of its scarlet and gold,
 And traced in the scroll of sunset
 As a handwriting, black and bold.

—
 HE clasps the crag with hookèd hands:
 Close to the sun in lonely lands,
 Ringed with the azure world, he stands.
 The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
 He watches from his mountain walls,
 And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Tennyson.

V.

NOBODY looks at the clouds with a love that equals mine;
 I know them in their beauty, in the morn or the even shine
 I know them, and possess them, my castles in the air,
 My palaces, cathedrals, and hanging gardens fair.

LOVELY art thou. O peace! and lovely are thy children, and lovely
 are the prints of thy footsteps in the green valleys.

Athenæum.

THE night is mother of the day,
 The winter of the spring;
 And ever upon old decay
 The greenest mosses cling.
 Behind the cloud the sunshine lurks,
 Through showers the sunbeams fall;
 For God, who loveth all His works,
 Has left His hope with all.

Whittier.

VI.

YE glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crowned;
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
 For me your tributary stores combine:
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

SEE the noble fellow's face
 As the big ship, with a bound,
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!

Browning.

THE birds around me hopped and played,
 Their thoughts I cannot measure;
 But the least motion which they made,
 It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

Wordsworth.

"Joy! joy!" she cried; "my task is done—
The gates are passed, and heaven is won!"

Moore.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey and a ho, and a hey-nonino!
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the spring-time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing hey-ding-a-ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Shakespeare.

COME, all ye jolly shepherds,
That whistle down the glen!
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

Hogg

HARK! hark! to the robin; its magical call
Awakens the flowerets that slept in the dells;
The snow-drop, the primrose, the hyacinth, all,
Attune to its summons their silvery bells.
Hush! ting-a-ring-ting, don't you hear how they ring?
They are pealing a fairy-like welcome to spring.

WHAT matter how the night behave?
What matter how the north wind rave?
Blow high, blow low; not all thy snow
Can quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
Oh, time and change, with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter's day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of love and life, to still live on!
Ah! brother, only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now.

Whittier.

VII.

PACK, clouds away, and welcome day,
 With night we banish sorrow:
 Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
 To give my love good-morrow!

Heywood.

SHE was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament:
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
 Like twilight, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

Wordsworth.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Burns.

COME live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and valleys, dale and field,
 And all the craggy mountains yield.

Marlowe.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them to view!
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
 And every loved spot that my infancy knew; —
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
 The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
 And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

Wordsworth

OH, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul and the angel's face,
That are beaming on me all the while!
I need not speak these foolish words;
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie.
There simmer first unfold her robes,
And there the longest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

O WINTER! Ruler of the inverted year! thy scattered hair with
sleet-like ashes filled, thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
fringed with a beard made white with other snows than those of age,
thy forehead wrapped in clouds, a leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy
throne a sliding car, indebted to no wheels, but urged by storms along
its slippery way,—I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st, and dreaded
as thou art.

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice:
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird?
Or but a wandering voice?
Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

VIII.

THE mountains look on Marathon,
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
 For, standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

Byron.

O TRUSTED and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
 What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep-green sea!

Ferguson.

FLAG of the free heart's hope and home!
 By angel hands to valor given;
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

Drake.

CLIME of the unforgotten brave,
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave,
 Shrine of the mighty, can it be
 That this is all remains of thee?

Byron.

HURRAH! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war!
 Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre!

Macaulay.

"MAKE way for liberty," he cried,
 Then ran with arms extended wide,
 As if his dearest friend to clasp;
 Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
 "Make way for liberty!" he cried;
 Their keen points met from side to side.
 He bowed amongst them like a tree,
 And thus made way for liberty.

Montgomery.

THE waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
The dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

Cornwall.

THE coldest gazer's heart grew warm,
And felt no more its indecision;
For every soul which saw that form
Grew larger to contain the vision.
"Him have I seen," the boy exclaimed;
"Yes, him! what needs he to be named?
The world has only one broad sun,
And Freedom's world but Washington!"

Reed

LEAP out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!
Let's forge a goodly anchor, a bower, thick and broad!

Ferguson.

THEY fell devoted, but undying;
The very gale their names seemed sighing;
The waters murmured of their name;
The woods were peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and gray,
Claimed kindred with their sacred clay.
Their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain.
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolled mingling with their fame forever.
Despite of every yoke she bears,
The land is glory's still, and theirs;
'Tis still a watchword to the earth:
When man would do a deed of worth,
He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head;
He looks to her, and rushes on
Where life is lost, or freedom won.

Byron.

HURRAH for the sea! the all-glorious sea!
 Its might is so wondrous, its spirit so free!
 And its billows beat time to each pulse of my soul,
 Which, impatient, like them, cannot yield to control.

ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
 Fades o'er the waters blue;
 The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
 Yon sun that sets upon the sea
 We follow in his flight;
 Farewell awhile to him and thee,
 My native land—Good Night!

Byron.

O CALEDONIA! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child!
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood,
 Land of my sires! what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie the filial band
 That knits me to my rugged strand?

Scott.

IX.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are,
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew,
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood,—
 Even such is man, whose borrowed light
 Is straight called in and paid to-night:
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
 The spring entombed in autumn lies;
 The dew 's dried up, the star is shot,
 The flight is past,—and man forgot!

Beaumont.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.

Beecher.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
 If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
 If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
 And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
 And how unwillingly I left the ring,
 When naught would be accepted but the ring,
 You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
 Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
 Or your own honor to contain the ring,
 You would not then have parted with the ring.

Merchant of Venice.

AN yes, I will say again: The great *silent* men! Looking round on the noisy inanity of the world, words with little meaning, actions with little truth, one loves to reflect on the great Empire of *Silence*. The noble silent men, scattered here and there, each in his department; silently thinking, silently working; whom no Morning Newspaper makes mention of. They are the salt of the Earth. A country that has none or few of these is in a bad way. Like a forest which had no roots; which had all turned into leaves and boughs; which must soon wither and be no forest. Woe for us if we had nothing but what we can show or speak.

Carlyle.

O FOR boyhood's time of June,
 Crowding years in one brief moon,
 When all things I heard or saw.
 Me, their master, waited for.
 I was rich in flowers and trees,
 Humming-birds and honey-bees;
 For my sport the squirrel played;
 Plied the snouted mole his spade;
 For my taste the blackberry cone
 Purpled over hedge and stone;
 Laughed the brook for my delight
 Through the day and through the night
 Whispering at the garden wall,
 Talked with me from fall to fall;
 Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond;
 Mine the walnut slopes beyond;

Mine, on bending orchard trees,
 Apples of Hesperides!
 Still, as my horizon grew,
 Larger grew my riches, too;
 All the world I saw or knew
 Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
 Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Whittier.

BUT indeed Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into Conduct. Nay, properly, Conviction is not possible till then, inasmuch as all speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices: only by a felt indubitable certainty of Experience does it find any centre to revolve round. Most true is it, that "Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by Action."

Carlyle.

X.

BOOKS are the true levellers. They give to all who faithfully use them the society, the presence of the best and greatest of our race.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
 Feeling deeper than all thought;
 Souls to souls can never teach
 What unto themselves was taught.

Cranch.

It matters very little what immediate spot may have been the birth-place of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity and his dwelling-place creation.

Everett.

ONCE more: speak clearly, if you speak at all;
 Carve every word before you let it fall:
 Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,
 Try over hard to roll the British R;
 Do put your accents in the proper spot;
 Don't—let me beg you—don't say "How?" for "What?"
 And when you stick on conversation's burs,
 Don't strew the pathway with those dreadful *urs*.

Holmes.

XI.

ARM! arm! it is — it is the cannon's opening roar!

Byron.

SIR, in the most express terms I deny the competency of Parliament to do this act. I warn you do not dare to lay your hand on the constitution.

“HALT!” — the dust-brown ranks stood fast;

“Fire!” — out blazed the rifle-blast.

Whittier.

“To arms! to arms! to arms!” they cry;

“Grasp the shield and draw the sword;

Lead us to Philippi's lord;

Let us conquer him or die!”

Up drawbridge, groom! What, warder, ho!

Let the portcullis fall!

Scott.

I WISH for nothing but to breathe in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition unless it be to break your chains and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked, he shall not be in irons.

“MAKE way for Liberty,” he cried:

Made way for Liberty, and died!

THEY tell us, sir, that we are weak, — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemy shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Henry.

AND do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out a holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

HENCE! home, you idle creatures; get you home!

BE gone!
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

MUST I budge? Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
 under your testy humor?

Julius Cæsar.

ASHAMED to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and
 dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand scarred with service more honor-
 able than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on
 which mother Nature has embroidered, 'mid sun and rain, 'mid fire and
 steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles,
 and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity?

Dewey.

"WHO touches a hair of yon gray head
 Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

Whittier.

O HAST thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetest of affiance! show men dutiful?
 Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?
 Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family?
 Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious?
 Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet:
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger:
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood.
 Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem:
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued,
 With some suspicion.

Henry V

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not; he was but a fool that brought my answer back.

INFIRM of purpose,
Give me the daggers! the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt!

Macbeth.

CHARGE! Chester, charge! On! Stanley, on!
Were the last words of Marmion.

Scott.

APPROACH, thou craven, crouching slave!
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
O servile offspring of the free —
Pronounce what sea, what shore, is this.
The gulf, the rock, of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear;
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame;
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

Byron.

WHERE are we? What city do we inhabit? Under what government do we live? Here, here, Conscript Fathers, mixed and mingled with us all — in the centre of this most grave and venerable assembly — are men sitting, quietly plotting against my life, against all your lives, the life of every virtuous senator and citizen.

Cicero.

STRIKE — till the last armed foe expires;
 Strike — for your altars and your fires;
 Strike — for the green graves of your sires,
 God, and your native land!

Halleck.

THE gentleman, sir, has misconceived the spirit and tendency of Northern institutions. He is ignorant of Northern character. He has forgotten the history of his country. Preach insurrection to the Northern laborers! Who are the Northern laborers? The history of your country is their history. The renown of your country is their renown. The brightness of their doings is emblazoned on its every page. . . . Where is Concord, and Lexington, and Princeton, and Trenton, and Saratoga, and Bunker Hill, but in the North? And what, sir, has shed an imperishable renown on the never-dying names of those hallowed spots but the blood, and the struggles, the high daring, and patriotism, and sublime courage of Northern laborers? The whole North is an everlasting monument of the freedom, virtue, intelligence, and indomitable independence of Northern laborers. Go, sir, go preach insurrection to men like these!

Naylor.

XII.

SO, having named the man,
 Straight to inquire, his curious comrade ran.

Byrom.

I KNOW we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit.

Webster.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
 Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,
 And thy merry whistled tunes;
 With thy red lip, redder still
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
 With the sunshine on thy face,
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
 From my heart I give thee joy;
 I was once a barefoot boy!

Whittier

I DWELL, where I would ever dwell, in the hearts of my people. It is written in your faces, that I reign not more *over* you than within you. The foundation of my throne is not more power than love.

Wirt.

"GOD save you, mother!" straight he saith;
 "Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

It is often said that time is wanted for the duties of religion. The calls of business, the press of occupation, the cares of life, will not suffer me, says one, to give that time to the duties of piety which otherwise I would gladly bestow. Say you this without a blush? You have no time, then, for the special service of that great Being whose goodness alone has drawn out to its present length your cobweb thread of life, whose care alone has continued you in possession of that unseen property which you call your time.

Buckingham.

XIII.

"COME back, come back, Horatius!" Loud cried the fathers all.
 "Back, Lartius! back, Herminius! Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Macaulay.

"FORWARD, the light brigade!
 Charge for the guns!" he said.

Tennyson.

Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight — ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:

Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute — ho! gallants, draw your blades.

Macaulay.

Ho, Starbuck and Pickney and Tenterden!
 Run for your shallops, gather your men,
 Scatter your boats on the lower bay.

Miller.

YE crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
 I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
 To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,
 And bid your tenant welcome home again!

Knowles

O SACRED forms, how fair, how proud you look!
 How high you lift your heads into the sky!
 How huge you are, how mighty and how free!
 You are the things that tower, that shine; whose smile
 Makes glad — whose frown is terrible; whose forms,
 Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
 Of awe divine.

Knowles

AGAIN to the battle, Achaeans!
 Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
 Our land — the first garden of liberty's tree —
 It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free;
 For the cross of our faith is replanted,
 The pale, dying crescent is daunted,
 And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves
 May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
 Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
 And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Campbell.

XIV.

HOLY! holy! holy! Lord God of Sabaoth!

LORD of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
 Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun;
 Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
 Keep us, O keep us, the Many in One!

Holmes

ROLL on, thou deep and dark-blue Ocean — roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.

Byron

ON the heights peals the thunder, and trembles the bridge;
 The huntsman bounds on by the dizzying ridge:
 Undaunted he hies him o'er ice-cover'd wild,
 Where leaf never budded, nor Spring never smiled;
 And beneath him an ocean of mist, where his eye
 No longer the dwellings of man can espy:
 Through the parting clouds only the earth can be seen,
 Far down 'neath the vapor the meadows of green.

Schiller.

THE cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself, —
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded, —
 Leave not a rack behind.

Tempest

ROLL on, ye stars; exult in youthful prime;
 Mark with bright curves the printless steps of Time;
 Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
 And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach.
 Flowers of the sky, ye, too, to age must yield,
 Frail as your silken sisters of the field.
 Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
 Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,
 Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
 And death, and night, and chaos mingle all;
 Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
 Immortal Nature lifts her changeful form,
 Mounts from her funeral pyre, on wings of flame,
 And soars and shines, another and the same.

Darwin.

O YE loud waves! and O ye forests high!
 And O ye clouds that far above me soared!
 Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing sky!
 Yea, everything that is and will be free!
 Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
 With what deep worship I have still adored
 The spirit of divinest liberty!

Coleridge.

ADVANCE, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and shall soon have passed, our own human duration.

We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty.

We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth

Webster.

XV.

SLOWLY and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

Wolfe

BLOW on! This is the land of Liberty!

Knappes

POOR child! the prayer, begun in faith,
Grew to a low, despairing cry
Of utter misery: "Let me die!
Oh! take me from the scornful eyes,
And hide me where the cruel speech
And mocking finger may not reach!"

AND didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare:
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

Jean Ingelow

COULD you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.
Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
As I lay my hand on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Mrs Cruth.

XVI.

○ HOW our organ can speak with its many and wonderful voices!—

Play on the soft lute of love, blow the loud trumpet of war,
Sing with the high sesquialtro, or, drawing its full diapason,
Shake all the air with the grand storm of its pedals and stops.

Story.

GREAT spirits now on earth are sojourning;—
He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,
Who on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake,
Catches his freshness from archangel's wing;
He of the rose, the violet, the spring.

Keats.

THE one with yawning made reply:
"What have we seen?—Not much have I!
Trees, meadows, mountains, groves and streams,
Blue sky and clouds, and sunny gleams."
The other, smiling, said the same;
But with face transfigured and eye of flame:
"Trees, meadows, mountains, groves and streams!
Blue sky and clouds, and sunny gleams."

Brooks.

WORDS are instruments of music: an ignorant man uses them for jargon; but when a master touches them they have unexpected life and soul. Some words sound out like drums; some breathe memories sweet as flutes; some call like a clarionet; some shout a charge like trumpets; some are sweet as children's talk; others rich as a mother's answering back.

"HALT!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.
It shiver'd the window, pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatch'd the silken scarf.
She lean'd far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
 But spare your country's flag," she said
 A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
 Over the face of the leader came;
 The nobler nature within him stirr'd
 To life at that woman's deed and word.
 "Who touches a hair of yon gray head
 Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.
 All day long through Frederick street
 Sounded the tread of marching feet;
 All day long that free flag toss'd
 Over the heads of the marching host.

W. H. W.

SOFT is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line, too, labors, and the words move slow;
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er the unbending corn and skims along the main

SAIL forth into the sea, O ship!
 Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
 The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
 Are not the signs of doubt or fear.
 Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
 Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
 Humanity, with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

Longfellow

HOMEWARD the swift-winged sea-gull takes its flight;
 The ebbing tide breaks softly on the sand;
 The red-sailed boats draw shoreward for the night;
 The shadows deepen over sea and land:
 Be still, my soul, thine hour shall also come;
 Behold, one evening, God shall lead thee home.

THE combat deepens. On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory or the grave!
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry!
 Ah! few shall part where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Campbell.

O, MONA's waters are blue and bright
 When the sun shines out like a gay young lover;
 But Mona's waves are dark as night
 When the face of heaven is clouded over.

HARK! below the gates unbarring!
 Tramp of men and quick commands!
 "'Tis my lord come back from hunting,"
 And the Duchess claps her hands
 Slow and tired came the hunters;
 Stopped in darkness in the court.
 "Ho, this way, ye laggard hunters!
 To the hall! What sport! what sport!"
 Slow they entered with their master;
 In the hall they laid him down.
 On his coat were leaves and blood-stains,
 On his brow an angry frown.

Arnold.

WE charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates; and the defence is, that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them; and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

Macaulay.

THEY are here! They rush on! We are broken! We are gone!
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last!

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Littleflower;—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

Tennyson.

HALF out of breath, the cabin door I swung,
With tender heart-words trembling on my tongue;
But all within look'd desolate and bare;
My house had lost its soul,—she was not there.

Carleton.

TOUSSAINT was too dangerous to be left at large. So they summoned him to attend a council; he went, and the moment he entered the room the officers drew their swords and told him he was a prisoner.

They put him on shipboard, and weighed anchor for France. As the island faded from his sight he turned to the captain and said: "You think you have rooted up the tree of liberty, but I am only a branch; I have planted the tree so deep that all France can never root it up." He was sent to a dungeon twelve feet by twenty, built wholly of stone, with a narrow window, high up on one side, looking out on the snows of Switzerland. In this living tomb the child of the sunny tropic was left to die.

Wendell Phillips.

SIGNIOR ANTONIO, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still I have borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears, you need my help
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say:

"Shylock, we would have moneys." You say so;
 You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.
 What should I say to you? Should I not say:
 "Hath a dog money? Is it possible
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
 With 'bated breath and whispering humbleness,
 Say this:
 "Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
 You spurned me such a day; another time
 You called me dog; and for these courtesies
 I'll lend you thus much moneys?"

Merchant of Venice.

Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh
 to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called to him one
 of the servants, and enquired what these things might be. And he
 said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the
 fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. But he was
 angry and would not go in; and his father came out and entreated him.
 But he answered and said to his father, Lo, these many years do I
 serve thee, and I never transgressed a commandment of thine: and
 yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my
 friends: but when this thy son came, which hath devoured thy living
 with harlots, thou killedst for him the fatted calf. And he said unto
 him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that is mine is thine. But it
 was meet to make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead
 and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.

How shall I say? Love comes, my mother says,
 Like flowers in the night — reach me those violets —
 It is a flame a single look will kindle
 But not an ocean quench.
 Fostered by dreams, excited by each thought,
 Love is a star from heaven, that points the way
 And leads us to its home, — a little spot
 In earth's dry desert, where the soul may rest, —
 A grain of gold in the dull sand of life, —
 A foretaste of Elysium.

XVII.

A MILLION little diamonds twinkled on the trees;
 A million little maidens said: "A jewel, if you please."
 But while they held their hands outstretched to catch the diamonds
 gay,
 A million little sunbeams came and stole them all away.

Now leaps the wind on the sleepy marsh,
 And tramples the grass with terrified feet;
 The startled river turns leaden and harsh,
 You can hear the quick heart of the tempest beat.

THE day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of Night,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in his flight.

Longfellow.

By sunlight or moonlight its splintered gray crest is the one object which unfailingly arrests the eye. From it come all storms of snow and wind, and the forked lightnings play around its head like glory. The thunder becomes its voice. It is one of the noblest of mountains, but in one's imagination it grows to be much more than a mountain. It becomes invested with a personality. In its caverns and abysses one comes to fancy that it generates and chains the strong winds, to let them loose in their fury.

"Long's Peak."—Anon.

I WIELD the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under:
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

Shelley.

ALL in a hot and copper sky the bloody Sun, at noon,
 Right up above the mast did stand, no bigger than the Moon.
 Water, water, everywhere, and all the boards did shrink;
 Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop to drink.
 The very deep did rot: O Christ! that ever this should be!
 Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs upon the slimy sea.

Coleridge

XVIII.

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome day
 With night we banish sorrow;
 Sweet air, blow soft, mount larks aloft,
 To give my Love good-morrow!
 Wings from the wind to please her mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
 Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
 To give my Love good-morrow;
 To give my Love good-morrow,
 Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Heywood

ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul,
 That changed through all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame,
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees.

Pope

Now strike the golden lyre again;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him like a rattle peal of thunder!

WHEN the mists have rolled in splendor
 From the beauty of the hills,
 And the sunshine, warm and tender,
 Falls in kisses on the rills,
 We may read Love's shining letter
 In the rainbow of the spray;
 We shall know each other better
 When the mists have rolled away.
 We shall know as we are known,
 Never more to walk alone,
 In the dawning of the morning,
 When the mists have rolled away.

XIX.

THE rippling water, with its drowsy tone,
 The tall elms, towering in their stately pride,
 And — sorrow's type — the willow, sad and lone,
 Kissing in graceful woe the murmuring tide;
 The gray church-tower; and dimly seen beyond,
 The faint hills gilded by the parting sun;
 All were the same, and seemed with greeting fond
 To welcome me, as they of old had done.

ALONE stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind;
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind

Macaulay.

WHERE is my cabin door, fast by the wildwood?
 Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?
 Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
 And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?

Campbell.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good;
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens,
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these Thy lowest works, yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine.

XX.

LET me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
 Send me your prisoners by the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you. — My lord Northumberland,
 We license your departure with your son: —
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

Henry IV

O, THE little birds sang east,
And the little birds sang west.

Mrs. Browning.

I AM charged with pride and ambition. The charge is true, and I glory in its truth. Who ever achieved anything great in letters, arts, or arms, who was not ambitious? Cæsar was not more ambitious than Cicero. It was but in another way. Let the ambition be a noble one, and who shall blame it? I confess I did once aspire to be queen, not only of Palmyra, but of the East. That I am. I now aspire to remain so. Is it not an honorable ambition? Does it not become a descendant of the Ptolemies and of Cleopatra?

Ware.

MERRILY, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossoms that hang on the bough.

HER father loved me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history.

Othello.

WILD raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.

Scott (Battle of Flodden).

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heaven, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

I do believe,
 Induced by potent circumstances, that
 You are mine enemy, and make my challenge:
 You shall not be my judge; for it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;
 Which God's dew quench! Therefore, I say again,
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
 Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
 At all a friend to truth.

Shakespeare

XXI.

THERE was a rustling that seemed like a bustling,
 Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
 Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
 Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
 And like fowls in a barnyard, when barley is scattering,
 Out came the children running:
 All the little boys and girls
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
 And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
 Tripping and skipping ran merrily after
 The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

Browning

WIDE as the world is His command,
 Vast as eternity His love;
 Firm as a rock His truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

Watts.

So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung.

Scott

O THOU Eternal One! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
 Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
 Thou only God! There is no God beside.

AWAY! away! our fires stream bright
Along the frozen river,
And their arrowy sparkles of brilliant light
On the forest branches quiver.
Away! away to the rocky glen,
Where the deer are wildly bounding!
And the hills shall echo in gladness again,
To the hunter's bugle sounding.

WHO hath measured the waters with the hollow of His hand, and regulated the heavens with a span, and taken up the dust of the earth in a third measure, and weighed the mountains with a steelyard, and the hills with balances?

THEN I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

AND there was mounting in hot haste,
The steed, the must'ring squadron, and the clatt'ring car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

GREAT rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Pointing tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.

Browning.

I SHOULD say sincerity, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic. Not the sincerity that calls itself sincere; ah, no! that is a very poor matter indeed; a shallow, braggart, conscious sincerity; often self-conceit mainly. The Great Man's sincerity is of the kind he cannot speak of, is not conscious of.

XXII.

A HURRY of hoofs in a village street,
 A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
 And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
 Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
 That was all. And yet, through the gloom and the light,
 The fate of a nation was riding that night;
 And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
 Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

FROM that chamber, clothed in white,
 The bride came forth on her wedding-night;
 There, in that silent room below,
 The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
 And in the hush that follow'd the prayer,
 Was heard the old clock on the stair:

“Forever — never!

Never — forever!”

Longfellow.

WHAT is time? — the shadow on the dial, — the striking of the clock, — the running of the sand, — day and night, — summer and winter, — months, years, centuries? These are but arbitrary and outward signs, — the measure of time, not time itself. Time is the life of the soul. If not this, — then tell me, what is time?

HE stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
 He swam the Eske River where ford there was none,
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

Scott

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
 The heart had hardly time to beat,
 Before a shallow, seething wave
 Sobbed in the grasses at our feet!
 The feet had hardly time to flee
 Before it brake against the knee,
 And all the world was in the sea.

Ingelova

O MY Maria! Alas! she married another. They frequently do. I hope she is happy—because I am. Some people are not happy I have noticed that.

Browne.

Now clear, pure, hard, bright, and one by one, like to hailstones,
Short words fall from his lips fast as the first of a shower,—
Now in twofold column, Spondee, Iamb, and Trochee,
Unbroke, firm-set, advance, retreat, trampling along,—
Now with a sprightlier springiness, bounding in triplicate syllables,
Dance the elastic Dactyls in musical cadences on;
Now, their voluminous coil intertangling like huge anacondas,
Roll overwhelmingly onward the sesquipedalian words.

Stacy.

XXIII.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines.

Hamlet.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries:
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

CLANG, clang! The massive anvils ring.
Clang, clang! A hundred hammers swing.
Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky,
The mighty blows still multiply. Clang, clang!
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
What are your strong arms forging now?
Clang, clang! We forge the colter now,—
The colter of the kindly plough.
Prosper it, Heaven, and bless our toil!
May its broad furrow still unbind
To genial rains, to sun and wind,
The most benignant soil!

THE mountain and the squirrel
 Had a quarrel,
 And the former called the latter "Little prig."
 Bun replied,
 "You are doubtless very big,
 But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken in together
 To make up a year,
 And a sphere;
 And I think it no disgrace
 To occupy my place.
 If I'm not so large as you,
 You are not so small as I,
 And not half so spry:
 I'll not deny you make
 A very pretty squirrel track!
 Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
 If I cannot carry forests on my back,
 Neither can you crack a nut."

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time; if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancients; and then comes repentance and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Much Ado About Nothing.

AND whence comes love? A morning's light,
 It comes without thy call;
 And how dies love? A spirit bright,
 Love never dies at all.

Ingomar.

A GENTLEMAN friend of mine came to me one day with tears in his eyes. I said, "Why these weeps?" He said he had a mortgage on his farm, and wanted to borrow two hundred dollars. I lent him the money, and he went away. Some time after he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me forever. I ventured to remind him of the two hundred dollars he borrowed. He was much cut up. I thought I would not be hard upon him, so I told him I would throw off one hundred dollars. He brightened, shook my hands and said, "Old friend, I won't allow you to outdo me in liberality. I'll throw off the other hundred."

Browne.

XXIV.

CASSIUS. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What! Durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

BUT, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgrace and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the *tomahawk* and *scalping-knife* of the savage? — to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods? — to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich;
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
 So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
 What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
 Because his feathers are more beautiful?
 Or is the adder better than the eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the eye?

Shakespeare

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
 You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
 Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
 Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
 That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
 Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
 To sell and mart your offices for gold
 To undeservers.

GOOD name, in man or woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
 Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something, nothing;
 'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
 But he that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

Shakespeare.

SUDDENLY the notes of the deep laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults and breathe their awful harmony through those caves of death and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft and warble along the roof, and seem to play about those lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful,—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls, the ear is stunned, the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee, it is rising from earth to heaven; the very soul seems wrapt away and floating upward on this swelling tide of harmony.

Irving.

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
 Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
 What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
 And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
 That struck the foremost man of all this world
 But for supporting robbers, shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
 And sell the mighty space of our large honors
 For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman.

THE sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine upon the mountain-top waves its sombre boughs, and cries, "Thou art my sun." And the little meadow violet lifts its cup of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun." And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind, and makes answer, "Thou art my sun." And so God sits effulgent in Heaven, not for a favored few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low that he may not look up with child-like confidence and say, "My Father! Thou art mine."

Beecher.

XXV.

LORD, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Io, they come, they come! garlands for every shrine,
 Strike lyres to greet them home, bring roses, pour ye wine!
 Swell, swell the Dorian flute through the blue triumphal sky,
 Let the cithron's tone salute the sons of victory!

O THOU that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers!
 Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest
 forth in thy awful beauty; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the
 western wave.

ABSENCE of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

Cooper.

PHŒBUS, arise! and paint the sable skies
With azure, white and red: rouse Memnon's mother from her
Tithon's bed,
That she may thy career with roses spread:
The nightingales thy coming eachwhere sing:
Make an eternal spring!
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And emperor-like decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:
Chase hence the ugly night,
Which serves but to make clear thy glorious light.

XXVI.

○ LARKS, sing out to the thrushes,
And thrushes, sing to the sky!
Sing from your nests in the bushes,
And sing wherever you fly;
For I'm sure that never another such secret
Was told unto you.
O larks! sing out to the thrushes,
And thrushes, sing as you soar!
I think when another spring blushes
I can tell you a great deal more.

THOU first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
O, struggling with the darkness of the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink!
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald — wake! O wake! and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

YE hold me not! no, no, nor can;
This hour has made the boy a man:
The world shall witness that one soul
Fears not to prove itself a Pole.

It is this accursed American war that has led us, step by step, into all our present misfortunes and national disgraces. What was the cause of our wasting forty millions of money, and sixty thousand lives? The American war. What was it that produced the French rescript and a French war? The American war. What was it that produced the Spanish manifesto and a Spanish war? The American war. What was it that armed forty-two thousand men in Ireland with the arguments carried on the points of forty thousand bayonets? The American war. For what are we about to incur an additional debt of twelve or fourteen millions? This accursed, cruel, diabolical American war.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livèd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, —
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue, —
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Julius Cæsar.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
 Or close the wall up with our English dead!
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height! — On, on you noble English,
 Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof!
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
 Follow your spirits, and, upon this charge,
 Cry, — Heaven for Harry! England! and St. George!

Henry V.

XXVII.

STABAT mater dolorosa,
 Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
 Qua pendebat filius;
 Cujus animam gementem,
 Pertransivit gladius.

O! quam tristis et afflicta
 Fuit illa benedicta
 Mater unigeniti,
 Quæ mœrebat, cum videbat
 Nati pœnas inclyti.

DIES iræ, dies illa
 Solvet sæclum in favilla
 Teste David cum sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
 Quando Judex est venturus,
 Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
 Per sepulcra regionum,
 Coget omnes ante thronum.

DIXIT || Dominus Domino | *m · eo* : Sede a *de · xtris · me · is*.
 Donec ponam inimicos | *tu · os*, scabellum | *pe · dum · tuo · rum*.
 Virgam virtutis tuæ emittet Dominus ex | *Si · on* — : dominare in
 medio inimi | *co · rum · tuo · rum*.

Tecum principium in die virtutis tuæ, in splendoribus san | *cto*
rum : ex utero ante lu | *cife · rum · genui · te*.

Gloria Patri et | *Fi · lio*, et Spi | *ri · tui · san · cto*.

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et | *sem · per*, et in sæcula sæcu
lo · rum. *A · men*.

Psalm cx.

THERE stood an unsold captive in the mart,
 A gray-haired and majestic old man,
 Chained to a pillar. It was almost night,
 And the last seller from his place had gone,
 And not a sound was heard but of a dog
 Crunching beneath the stall a refuse bone,
 Or the dull echo from the pavement rung,
 As the faint captive changed his weary feet.
 'T was evening, and the half-descended sun
 Tipped with a golden fire the many domes
 Of Athens, and a yellow atmosphere
 Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street
 Through which the captive gazed. . . .
 Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
 Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay,
 Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus —
 The vulture at his vitals, and the links
 Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh;
 And, as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
 Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows forth
 With its far-reaching fancy, and with form
 And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye
 Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
 Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
 Were like the wingèd gods, breathing from his flight.

Willis

OUR hearts, our hopes, are all with thee:

Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,

Our faith, victorious o'er our fears,

Are all with Thee, — are all with Thee!

Longfellow.

XXVIII.

IN looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or encounter all its crosses at once. One moment comes laden with its own little burden, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last: if one could be sustained, so can another, and another.

SIN has many tools, but a lie is a handle which fits them all.

Holmes.

EDUCATION, briefly, is the leading of human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them; and these two objects are always attainable together, and by the same means: the training which makes men happiest in themselves also makes them most serviceable to others.

Ruskin.

HEAVEN is not gained in a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

Holland.

SOBER Seth sold sugar, starch, spices; simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, screws; sagacious Stephen sold silks, satins.

COLLECTING, projecting, receding, and speeding, and shocking and rocking, and darting and parting, and threading and spreading, and whizzing and hissing, and dripping and skipping, and hitting and splitting, and shining and twining, and rattling and battling, and shaking and quaking, and pouring and roaring, and waving and raving, and tossing and crossing, and flowing and going, and running and stunning, and foaming and roaming, and dinning and spinning, and dropping and hopping, and working and jerking, and guggling and struggling, and heaving and cleaving, and moaning and groaning.

Southey

XXIX.

YOU spotted snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong.
 Come not near our fairy queen.
 Philomel, with melody
 Sing in our sweet lullaby;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby.
 Never harm,
 Nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 So, good night, with lullaby.
 Weaving spiders, come not here;
 Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
 Beetles black, approach not near.
 Worm nor snail, do no offence.
 Philomel, with melody, etc.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

FULL fathom five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes;
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
 Ding-dong.
 Hark! now I hear them—ding, dong, bell!

TELL me where is fancy bred,
 Or in the heart or in the head?
 How begot, how nourishèd?
 Reply, reply.
 It is engender'd in the eyes,
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.
 Let us all ring fancy's knell:
 I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

O HARK! O hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
 Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying:
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes,—dying, dying, dying!

XXX.

O GOLDEN hair, with which I used to play
 Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form;
 And beauty such as never woman wore
 Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee. *Tennyson.*

Rise, oh! ever rise,
 Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
 Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
 Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God! *Coleridge.*

THE sun, the rose, the lily, the dove,—
 I loved them all in my early love.
 I love them no longer, but her alone—
 The pure, the tender, the only, the one!
 For she herself, my queen of love,
 Is rose and lily and sun and love.

O TIBER! Father Tiber! to whom the Romans pray,
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in charge this day!

AND so beside the silent sea
 I wait the muffled oar;
 No harm from Him can come to me,
 On ocean or on shore.
 I know not where His islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air;
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond His love and care.

Whittier.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

As You Like It.

AND the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
 On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming;
 And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
 Shall be lifted, never more.

BIAZE, with your serried columns!
 I will not bend the knee!
 The shackles ne'er again shall bind
 The arm which now is free.
 I've mail'd it with the thunder,
 When the tempest mutter'd low;
 And where it falls, ye well may dread
 The lightning of its blow!

MARK me! I am thy father's spirit;
 Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
 And for the day, confined to fast in fires,
 Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
 Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
 List, list, O list!

Shakespeare.

O GOD! have mercy on thy child,
 Whose faith in thee grows weak and small,
 And take me ere I lose it all!

O God Almighty, blessèd Saviour, Thou
 That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
 Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
 A little longer! aid me, give me strength
 Not to tell her, never to let her know.

Tennyson.

XXXI.

HAIL to the chief who in triumph advances!
 Honored and blessed be the evergreen pine!
 Long may the tree in his banner that glances,
 Flourish the shelter and grace of our line!
 Heaven send it happy dew,
 Earth lend it sap anew,
 Gayly to burgeon, and broadly to grow,
 While every Highland glen
 Sends our shouts back again,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Scott.

THERE groups of merry children played;
 There youths and maidens, dreaming, strayed.
 O precious hours! O golden prime,
 And affluence of love and time!
 Even as a miser counts his gold,
 Those hours the ancient time-piece told:
 "Forever — never!
 Never — forever!"

Longfellow.

THOUGH rudely blows the wintry blast,
 And sifting snows fall white and fast,
 Mark Haley drives along the street,
 Perch'd high upon his wagon seat:
 His sombre face the storm defies;
 And thus from morn till eve he cries, —
 "Charco'! charco'!"
 While echo faint and far replies, —
 "Charco'!" — "hark O!" — Such cheery sounds
 Attend him on his daily rounds.

Trowbridge.

XXXII.

“O HEAVEN!” he cried, “my bleeding country save!
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
 Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
 Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!”

Campbell.

Seer. O crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
 Heaven's fire is around thee to blast and to burn:
 Return to thy dwelling; all lonely return!
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood!

Lochiel. False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan:

.
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws.

Campbell.

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and rose a deafening cry,
 That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high:
 “Ho! cravens! do ye fear him? Slaves! traitors! have ye flown?
 Ho! cowards! have ye left me to meet him here alone?
 But I defy him! — let him come!” Down rang the massy cup,
 While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half-way up;
 And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on his head,
 There, in his dark, carved oaken chair, old Rudiger sat — dead!

Greene.

HURRAH! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
 Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
 The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
 Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
 Charge for the golden lilies now, — upon them with the lance!
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest,
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while like a guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Macaulay.

XXXIII.

O WERT thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.

Burns.

"HURRAH! it snows!" cried the school-boy,
And his shout is ringing through parlor and hall;
While swift as the wings of the swallow he's out
And his playmates have answered the call.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring.
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.

Barnfield.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear, —
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Longfellow.

THE night is mother of the day,
 The winter of the spring;
 And ever upon old decay
 The greenest mosses cling.
 Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
 Through showers the sunbeams fall;
 For God, who loveth all His works,
 Has left His hope with all.

Whittier

HURRAH! hurrah! the west wind
 Comes freshening down the bay!
 The rising sails are filling,
 Give way, my lads, give way.

Whittier.

OH! the gallant fisher's life
 It is the best of any!
 'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
 And 'tis beloved of many;
 Other joys are but toys;
 Only this lawful is;
 For our skill breeds no ill,
 But content and pleasure.

Chalkhill

AND lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
 A glimmer, and then a gleam, of light!
 He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
 But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
 A second lamp in the belfry burns.

Longfellow

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, an' a' that?
 The coward slave we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

BURNS

COME one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

I REMEMBER, I remember the house where I was born,
The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember the fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance, but now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven than when I was a boy.

Hood.

UP! to the fields! through shine and shower,
What hath the dull and drowsy hour
So blest as this? the glad heart leaping,
To hear morn's early song sublime;
The earth rejoicing in its prime:
The summer is the waking time,
The winter, time for sleeping.

WORDS learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse;
Not more distinct from harmony divine
The constant creaking of a country sign.

Cowper.

Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again! I call to you
With a'l my voice! I hold my hands to you,
To show they still are free. I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!

Knowles.

HATH not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands organs, dimensions,
senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the
same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means,
warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?
If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh?
If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not
revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that.

Merchant of Venice.

OH, and proudly stood she up!
 Her heart within her did not fail:
 She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
 And told him all her nurse's tale.

ALAS for him who never sees
 The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
 Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
 Nor looks to see the breaking day
 Across the mournful marbles play!
 Who hath not learned in hours of faith
 The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
 That Life is ever lord of Death,
 And Love can never lose its own.

Witt-ge

NAIL to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale.

Holmes

"FAREWELL!" said he, "Minnehaha!
 Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
 All my heart is buried with you,
 All my thoughts go onward with you!
 Come not back again to labor,
 Come not back again to suffer,
 Where the Famine and the Fever
 Wear the heart and waste the body."

Longfellow

O! HOW our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
 We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
 And as we look'd on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
 And good Coligni's hoary hair, all dabbled with his blood;
 And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
 To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

Macaulay.

FROM the low-roofed cottage ridge,
 See the chattering swallow spring,
 Darting through the one-arched bridge,
 Quick she dips her dappled wing.
 Now the pine-tree's waving top
 Gently greets the morning gale;
 Kidlings now begin to crop
 Daisies on the dewy dale.
 From the balmy sweets, uncloyed
 (Restless till the task be done),
 Now the busy bee's employed
 Sipping dew before the sun.
 Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng,
 On the white emblazoned spray!
 Nature's universal song
 Echoes to the rising day.

Cunningham.

O HORRIBLE! O horrible! most horrible!

Hamlet.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself, for better or for worse, as his portion; that, though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till.

Emerson.

YE sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
 Hark! hark! what myriads bid ye rise!
 Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
 Behold their tears and hear their cries.

I LIVE for those who love me, —
 For those who know me true;
 For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit, too;
 For the cause that lacks assistance,
 For the wrong that needs resistance,
 For the future in the distance,
 And the good that I can do.

Banke

DEAR Mabel, this no more shall be;
Who scoffs at you, must scoff at me.

Whittier

Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead; and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
Towards his design
Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.

Macbeth

STONE walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an heritage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

Lovelace.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on the shores look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

SOLDIERS! you are now within a few steps of the enemy's outpost. Our scouts report them as slumbering in parties around their watch-fires, and utterly unprepared for our approach. A swift and noiseless advance around that projecting rock, and we are upon them, — we capture them without the possibility of resistance. One disorderly noise or motion may leave us at the mercy of their advanced guard. Let every man keep the strictest silence, under pain of instant death!

O GLORIOUS youth, that once was mine!
 O high ideal! all in vain
 Ye enter at this ruined shrine
 Whence worship ne'er shall rise again;
 The bat and owl inhabit here,
 The snake nests in the altar-stone,
 The sacred vessels moulder near,
 The image of thy God is gone.

Lowell

A MIGHTY wind went raging by, —
 It was a wondrous sight; —
 Stout trees bent down their branches high,
 Dark clouds of dust wheeled through the sky,
 And naught around me could I spy,
 But trophies of its might.

SAID the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out,
 You stare
 In the air
 Like a ghost in a chair,
 Always looking what I'm about.
 I hate to be watched; I will blow you out!"

MacDonald

BUT he who loved her too well to dread,
 The sweetly, the stately, the beautiful dead,
 He lit his lamp, and took the key
 And turned it — alone again — he and she.

Arnold

ASK! 't is the bluebird's venturous strain,
 High on the old fringed elm at the gate,
 Sweet voiced, valiant on the swaying bough, alert, elate,
 Dozing the fitful spits of snow, New England's poet-laureate,
 Telling us spring has come again.

Aldrich

I SLEEP and rest, my heart makes moan,
 Before I am well awake.
 Let me bleed! oh, let me alone,
 Since I must not break!

Ingelore

PASS on, relentless world! I grieve
 No more for all that thou hast riven;
 Pass on, in God's name, — only leave
 The things thou never yet hast given —
 A heart at ease, a mind at home,
 Affections fixed above thy sway,
 Faith set upon a world to come,
 And patience through life's little day.

Lunt.

WHISPERED low the dying soldier, press'd her hand, and faintly
 smiled :

Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her child?
 All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied;
 With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he, and died

Whittier.

O BLOWS that smite! O hurts that pierce
 This shrinking heart of mine!
 What are ye but the Master's tools,
 Forming a work divine?
 O hope that crumbles at my feet!
 O joy that mocks and flies!
 What are ye but the clogs that bind
 My spirit from the skies!
 Sculptor of souls! I lift to thee
 Encumbered heart and hands;
 Spare not the chisel, set me free,
 However dear the bands.
 How blest, if all these seeming ills,
 Which draw my thoughts to Thee,
 Should only prove that Thou wilt make
 An angel out of me!

I THOUGHT awhile, then slumber came to me,
 And tangled all my fancy in her maze,
 And I was drifting on a raft at sea,
 The near all ocean, and the far all haze;
 Through the white polished water sharks did glide,
 And up in heaven I saw no stars to guide.

Jean Ingelow.

JOG on, jog on, the foot-path way
 And merrily hent the stile-a;
 A merry heart goes all the day,
 Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Winter's Tale.

O NANCY, wilt thou go with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee, —
 The lonely cot and russet gown?
 No longer drest in silken sheen,
 No longer decked with jewels rare,
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Peroy.

O TIME and Change! with hair as gray
 As was my sire's that winter day,
 How strange it seems, with so much gone
 Of life and love, to still live on!

Whittier.

PRAY you, tread softly, — that the blind mole may not
 Hear a foot fall; we are now near his cell.

O MY Kyrat, O my steed,
 Round and slender as a reed,
 Carry me this peril through!
 Satin housings shall be thine,
 Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,
 O thou soul of Kurroglou.
 All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
 Polished bright; O, life of mine,
 Leap, and rescue Kurroglou.

Longfellow

ONLY waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown;
 Only waiting till the glimmer of the day's last beam is flown;
 Till the night of earth is faded from the heart, once full of day;
 Till the stars of heaven are breaking through the twilight soft and gray

And

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
 Proclaim how wide your empires are;
 Though you bind in every shore
 And your triumphs reach as far
 As night or day,
 Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey
 And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
 Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

HE is coming! he is coming! Like a bridegroom from his room
 Came the hero from his prison to the scaffold and the doom.
 There was glory on his forehead, there was lustre in his eye,
 And he never walked to battle more proudly than to die.
 There was color in his visage, though the cheeks of all were wan;
 And they marvelled as they saw him pass, that great and godly man!
 He mounted up the scaffold, and he turned him to the crowd;
 But they dared not trust the people, so he might not speak aloud.
 But he looked upon the heavens, and they were clear and blue,
 And in the liquid ether the eye of God shone through;
 Yet a black and murky battlement lay resting on the hill,
 As though the thunder slept within, — all else was calm and still.

XXXIV.

THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
 When first on them I met my lover;
 Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
 When now thy waves his body cover!

Logan.

HARK! how 'mid their revelry
 They raise the battle-cry! The clang of arms,
 And war, and victory for me! Away
 With idle dreams! Why, what to me are women?
 Yet she—ah! she is not like those at home,
 Clad in their shaggy skins, sunburned, their bodies
 Loaded with clumsy ornaments, happy in bondage,
 With base caresses humbly seeking favor
 Of their base lords.

Ingomar.

WITH a stifled cry of horror, straight she turn'd away her head;
 With a sad and bitter feeling look'd she back upon her dead;
 But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath of
 pain,
 And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

Whittier.

AROUND thee and above,
 Deep in the air and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity.

UP the dale and down the bourne,
 O'er the meadows swift we fly;
 Now we sing, and now we mourn,
 Now we whistle, now we sigh.

Darley (Summer Wind).

HE has no children. All my pretty ones?
 Did you say all? O hell-kite! all?
 What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
 At one fell swoop?

.
 But, gentle Heaven,
 Cut short all intermission; front to front
 Bring Thou this fiend of Scotland and myself,
 Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
 Heaven forgive him too!

Macbeth.

AND thus we sat in darkness,
 Each one busy in his prayers.
 "We are lost!" the captain shouted
 As he staggered down the stairs.
 But his little daughter whispered,
 As she took his icy hand,
 "Is n't God upon the ocean,
 Just the same as on the land?"

Fields.

FLOWERS laugh before thee on their beds,
 And fragrance in thy footing treads;
 Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong;
 And the most ancient Heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong

Wordsworth.

Bru. How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
 I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
 That shapes this monstrous apparition.
 It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
 That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?
 Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Aye, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then. [*Exit Ghost.*
 Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
 Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
 Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
 Claudius!

XXXV.

NOT only around our infancy
 Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
 Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
 We Sinais climb and know it not.

Lowell.

GENERALLY speaking, an author's style is a faithful copy of his mind. If you would write a lucid style, let there first be light in your own mind; and if you would write a grand style, you ought to have a grand character.

WE have not wings, we cannot soar;
 But we have feet to scale and climb
 By slow degrees, by more and more,
 The cloudy summits of our time.

Longfellow.

BE good, sweet child, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them all day long.
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand sweet song.

Kingsley.

WHICH is the real hereditary sin of humanity? Do you imagine that I shall say pride, or luxury, or ambition? No! I shall say indolence. He who conquers that, can conquer all.

BEAR with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
I trouble thee too much; but thou art willing.
I should not urge thy duty past thy might:
I know, young bloods lack for a time of rest.
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee.

Julius Caesar.

THE characteristic of genuine heroism is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity. But when you have resolved to be great, abide by yourself and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world.

Emerson.

THE clouds, which rise with thunder, slake
Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain,
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven,
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew.

ONE is sometimes asked by young people to recommend a course of reading. My advice would be that they should confine themselves to the supreme books in whatever literature, or still better, to choose some one great author, and make themselves thoroughly familiar with him.

Lowell.

YET mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
 It fell upon a western flower,
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
 And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

NOR less I deem that there are powers
 Which of themselves our mind impress;
 That we can feed this mind of ours
 In a wise passiveness.

ON the whole, we make too much of faults; the details of the business hide the real centre of it. Faults? The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. What are faults, what are the outward details of a life, if the inner secret of it, the remorse, the temptations, true, often-baffled, never-ending struggle of it be forgotten? 'It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.' Of all acts, is not, for a man, *repentance* the most divine? The deadliest sin, I say, were that same supercilious consciousness of no sin; — that is death; the heart so conscious is divorced from sincerity, humility and fact; is dead; it is 'pure' as dead, dry sand is pure.

Carlyle.

XXXVI.

GO ring the bells, and fire the guns,
 And fling the starry banners out;
 Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
 Give back their cradle shout.

BUT here I stand and scoff you! here, I fling
 Hatred and full defiance in your face!
 Your consul's merciful: — for this all thanks.
 He dares not touch a hair of Catiline!

OUR brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? what would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God. I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

Patrick Henry.

UP, up! my friend, and quit your books,
 Or surely you 'll grow double;
 Up, up! my friend, and clear your looks;
 Why all this toil and trouble?
 The sun, above the mountain's head,
 A freshening lustre mellow
 Through all the long green fields has spread,
 His first sweet evening yellow.
 Books! 't is a dull and endless strife;
 Come, hear the woodland linnet;
 How sweet his music! on my life,
 There 's more of wisdom in it.

Wordsworth.

AND I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with a joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things.

Wordsworth.

To sea, to sea! Our wide-winged bark
 Shall billowy cleave its sunny way,
 And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
 Break the caved Triton's azure day,
 Like mighty eagle soaring light
 O'er antelopes on Alpine height.
 The anchor heaves, the ship swings free,
 The sails swell full. To sea, to sea!

Beddo.

HEW down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may;
 I, with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play.
 In yon strait path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three;
 Now who will stand on either hand
 And keep the bridge with me?

Macaulay.

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells
 Between the banks which bear the vine,
 And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
 And fields which promise corn and wine,
 And scatter'd cities crowning these,
 Whose far white walls along them shine,
 Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
 With double joy wert *thou* with me.

ROUSE, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!

Mitford.

AND, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraints, shall succeed to separate it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure, — it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall, at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, on the very spot of its origin!

Webster.

XXXVII.

BE noble! and the nobleness that lies
 In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
 Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

OF old hast Thou laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same; and Thy years shall have no end.

OH, to the living few,
 Soldiers, be just and true.
 Hail them as comrades tried;
 Fight with them side by side.

Baker.

CARELESS seems the great avenger; history's pages but record
 One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
 Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne, —
 Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
 Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

Lowell.

DEAR God and Father of us all,
 Forgive our faith in cruel lies, —
 Forgive the blindness that denies!
 Forgive thy creature when he takes,
 For the all-perfect love Thou art,
 Some grim creation of his heart.

LET the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be
 acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my rock and my redeemer.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The thronèd monarch better than his crown:
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings:
 It is an attribute of God himself:
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —
 That in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

Merchant of Venice.

WE see not, know not; all our way
 Is night—with Thee alone is day:
 From out the torrent's troubled drift
 Above the storm our prayers we lift,
 - Thy will be done.

Whittier

HOWE'ER it be, it seems to me
 'Tis only noble to be good;
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood.

Tennyson.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, that moves
 To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

THE Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the Ideal is in thyself, the impediment too is in thyself: thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of: what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the Form thou give it be heroic, be poetic? O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, "here or nowhere," couldst thou only see!

Carlyle

CLASSIC SELECTIONS.

THE BROOKLET.

THE brooklet came from the mountain,
As sang the bard of old,
Running with feet of silver
Over the sands of gold.
Far away in the briny ocean
There rolled a turbulent wave,
Now singing along the sea-beach,
Now howling along the cave.
And the brooklet has found the billow,
Though they flowed so far apart,
And has filled with its freshness and sweetness
That turbulent, bitter heart.

Longfellow.

SINCERITY IN SPEECH.

AN exception was early taken against *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, and all similar enterprises; and has been transmitted from critic to critic, and repeated in their several dialects ever since: That such jottings-down of careless conversation are an infringement of social privacy; a crime against our highest Freedom, the Freedom of man's intercourse with man. To this accusation, which we have read and heard oftener than enough, might it not be well for one to offer the flattest contradiction, and plea of *Not at all guilty?* Not that conversation is noted down, but that conversation should not deserve noting down, is the evil. Doubtless, if conversation be falsely recorded, then it is simply a Lie; and worthy of being swept.

with all despatch, to the Father of Lies. But if, on the other hand, conversation can be authentically recorded, and any one is ready for the task, let him by all means proceed with it; let conversation be kept in remembrance to the latest date possible. Nay, should the consciousness that a man may be among us "taking notes" tend, in any measure, to restrict those floods of idle insincere speech, with which the thought of mankind is well-nigh drowned, — were it other than the most indubitable benefit?

He who speaks honestly cares not, need not care, though his words be preserved to remotest time. For him who speaks dishonestly, the fittest of all punishments seems to be this same, which the nature of the case provides. The dishonest speaker, not he only who purposely utters falsehoods, but he who does not purposely, and with sincere heart, utter Truth, and Truth alone; who babbles he knows not what, and has clapped no bridle on his tongue, but lets it run racket, ejecting chatter and futility, — is among the most indisputable malefactors omitted or inserted in the Criminal Calendar.

To him that will well consider it, idle speaking is precisely the beginning of all Hollowness, Halfness, Infidelity (want of Faithfulness); the genial atmosphere in which rank weeds of every kind attain the mastery over noble fruits in man's life, and utterly choke them out: one of the most crying maladies of these days, and to be testified against, and in all ways to the uttermost withstood.

Wise, of a wisdom far beyond our shallow depth, was that old precept: *Watch thy tongue*; out of it are the issues of life! "Man is properly an *incarnated word*:" the *word* that he speaks is the *man* himself. Were eyes put into our head, that we might see, or only that we might fancy, and plausibly pretend, we had seen? Was the tongue suspended there, that it might tell truly what we had seen, and make man the soul' brother of man; or only that it might utter vain sounds, jargon

soul-confusing, and so divide man, as by enchanted walls of Darkness, from union with man?

Thou who wearest that cunning, heaven-made organ, a Tongue, think well of this. Speak not, I passionately entreat thee, till thy thought have silently matured itself, till thou have other than mad and mad-making noises to emit: hold thy tongue (thou hast it a-holding) till *some* meaning lie behind, to set it wagging.

Consider the significance of SILENCE: it is boundless, never by meditating to be exhausted, unspeakably profitable to thee! Cease that chaotic hubbub, wherein thy own soul runs to waste, to confused suicidal dislocation and stupor; out of Silence comes thy strength. "Speech is silvern, Silence is golden; Speech is human, Silence is divine."

Fool! thinkest thou that because no Boswell is there with ass-skin and blacklead to note thy jargon, it therefore dies and is harmless? Nothing dies, nothing can die. No idlest word thou speakest but is a seed cast into Time, and grows through all Eternity! The Recording Angel, consider it well, is no fable, but the truest of truths: the paper tablets thou canst burn; of the "iron leaf," there is no burning. Truly if we can permit God Almighty to note down our conversation, thinking it good enough for Him, — any poor Boswell need not scruple to work his will of it.

T. Carlyle.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

IN a valley, centuries ago,
 Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
 Veining delicate and fibres tender;
 Waving when the wind crept down so low.
 Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
 Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
 Drops of dew stole in by night, and crowned it,
 But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
 Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
 Stately forests waved their giant branches,
 Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
 Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
 Nature revelled in grand mysteries,
 But the little fern was not of these,
 Did not number with the hills and trees;
 Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,
 None ever came to note it day by day.

Earth one time put on a frolic mood,
 Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
 Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean,
 Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
 Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay, —
 Covered it, and hid it safe away.
 Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
 Oh, the agony! Oh, life's bitter cost,
 Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
 Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
 From a fissure in a rocky steep
 He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
 Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
 Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
 And the fern's life lay in every line!
 So, I think, God hides some souls away,
 Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.

Anonymous

AFTON WATER.

FLOW gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills!
 Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills;
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below!
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
 There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides:
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Burns.

GLADNESS OF MORNING.

IASTE thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest, and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
 Nods and Becks, and wreathèd Smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek,—
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.

Come, and trip it as ye go
 On the light fantastic toe;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty:
 And, if I give thee honor due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unprovèd pleasures free;

To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing, startle the dull Night

From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled Dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow
Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;

Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering Morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill;
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the plowman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

From L'Allegro.

Milton

GABRIEL, THE CONTENTED LOCKSMITH,

FROM the workshop of the Golden Key there issued forth a tinkling sound, so merry and good-humored, that it suggested the idea of some one working blithely, and made quite pleasant music. No man who hammered on at a dull monotonous duty could have brought such cheerful notes from steel and iron; none but a chirping, healthy, honest-hearted fellow, who made the best of everything, and felt kindly towards everybody, could have done it for an instant. He might have

been a coppersmith, and still been musical. If he had sat in a jolting wagon, full of rods of iron, it seemed as if he would have brought some harmony out of it.

Tink, tink, tink — clear as a silver bell, and audible at every pause of the streets' harsher noises, as though it said, "I don't care; nothing puts me out; I am resolved to be happy." Women scolded, children squalled, heavy carts went rumbling by, horrible cries proceeded from the lungs of hawkers; still it struck in again, no higher, no lower, no louder, no softer; not thrusting itself on people's notice a bit the more for having been outdone by louder sounds — tink, tink, tink, tink, tink.

It was a perfect embodiment of the still small voice, free from all cold, hoarseness, huskiness, or unhealthiness of any kind; foot-passengers slackened their pace, and were disposed to linger near it; neighbors who had got up splenetic that morning felt good-humor stealing on them as they heard it, and by degrees became quite sprightly; mothers danced their babies to its ringing; still the same magical tink, tink, tink, came gayly from the workshop of the Golden Key.

Who but the locksmith could have made such music? A gleam of sun shining through the unsashed window, and checkering the dark workshop with a broad patch of light, fell full upon him, as though attracted by his sunny heart. There he stood working at his anvil, his face all radiant with exercise and gladness, his sleeves turned up, his wig pushed off his shining forehead — the easiest, freest, happiest man in all the world. Beside him sat a sleek cat, purring and winking in the light, and falling every now and then into an idle doze, as from excess of comfort. Toby looked on from a tall bench hard by; one beaming smile, from his broad nut-brown face down to the slack-baked buckles in his shoes. The very locks that hung around had something jovial in their rust, and seemed, like gouty gentlemen of hearty natures, disposed to joke on their infirmities. There was nothing surly or severe in the whole

scene. It seemed impossible that any one of the innumerable keys could fit a churlish strong-box or a prison door. Rooms where there were fires, books, gossip, and cheering laughter — these were their proper sphere of action. Places of distrust, and cruelty, and restraint, they would have left quadruple locked forever.

Tink, tink, tink. The locksmith paused at last, and wiped his brow. The silence roused the cat, who, jumping softly down, crept to the door, and watched with tiger eyes a bird-cage in an opposite window.

Then, as he stood upright, with his head flung back, and his portly chest thrown out, you would have seen that Gabriel's lower man was clothed in military gear. Glancing at the wall beyond, there might have been espied, hanging on their several pegs, a cap and feather, broadsword, sash, and coat of scarlet; which any man learned in such matters would have known, from their make and pattern, to be the uniform of a sergeant in the Royal East London Volunteers.

The locksmith glanced at these articles with a laughing eye, and looking at them with his head a little on one side, as though he would get them all into a focus, said, leaning on his hammer: —

“Time was, now, I remember, when I was like to run mad with the desire to wear a coat of that color. If any one (except my father) had called me a fool for my pains, how I should have fired and fumed! But what a fool I must have been sure-ly!”

From Barnaby Rudge.

Chas. Dickens.

THE SEA.

THE sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free;
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh! how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
Where every mad wave drowns the moon,
And whistles aloft its tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southwest wind doth blow!
I never was on the dull, tame shore
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh her mother's nest, —
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
The whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the ocean child.
I have lived, since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a rover's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change:
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea!

Barry Cornwall.

THE OWL IN THE GRAVEYARD.

THE Owl is the Nimrod of the Night. Then, like one who shall be nameless, he sails about seeking those whom he may devour. Our friend, we suspect, though no drunkard, is somewhat of a glutton. After having passed a pleasant night in eating and flirting, he goes to bed betimes about four

o'clock in the morning; and makes a blowing hissing noise, resembling the snoring of a man. Indeed nothing can be more diverting to a person annoyed by blue devils, than to look at a White Owl and his wife asleep. With their heads gently inclined towards each other, there they keep snoring away like any Christian couple. Should the one make a pause, the other that instant awakes, and, fearing something may be wrong with his spouse, opens a pair of glimmering, winking eyes, and inspects the adjacent physiognomy with the scrutinizing stare of a village apothecary. If all be right, the concert is resumed, the snore sometimes degenerating into a sort of snivel, and the snivel into a blowing hiss. First time we heard this noise was in a church-yard when we were mere boys, having ventured in after dark to catch the minister's colt for a gallop over to the parish capital, where there was a dancing-school ball. There had been a nest of Owls in some hole in the spire; but we never doubted for a moment that the noise of snoring, blowing, hissing, and snapping proceeded from a testy old gentleman that had been buried that forenoon, and had come alive again a day after the fair. Had we reasoned the matter a little, we must soon have convinced ourselves that there was no ground for alarm to us at least; for the noise was like that of some one half stifled, and little likely to heave up from above him a six-feet-deep load of earth—to say nothing of the improbability of his being able to unscrew the coffin from the inside. Be that as it may, we cleared about a dozen of decent tombstones at three jumps; the fourth took us over a wall five feet high within and about fifteen without, and landed us, with a squash, in a cabbage-garden, enclosed on the other three sides by a house and a holly-hedge. The house was the sexton's, who, apprehending the tumult to proceed from a resurrectionary surgeon mistaken in his latitude, thrust out a long duck-gun from a window in the thatch, and roared he would blow out our brains if we did not instantly surrender ourselves,

and deliver up the corpse. It was in vain to cry out our name, which he knew as well as his own. He was deaf to reason, and would not withdraw his fowling-piece till we had laid down the corpse. He declared that he saw the sack in the moon-light. This was a horse-cloth with which we had intended to saddle the "colt," and that had remained, during the supernatural agency under which we labored, clutched unconsciously and convulsively in our grasp. Long was it ere Davie Donald would see us in our true light; but at length he drew on his nightcap, and coming out with a light, let us through the trance and out of the front door, thoroughly convinced that old Southfield was not dead, although in a very bad way indeed. Let this be a lesson to school-boys not to neglect the science of natural history, and to study the character of the White Owl.

From Recreations of Christopher North.

John Wilson.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE mariners of England,
 That guard our native seas;
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe,
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow:
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave;
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And ocean was their grave.
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak,
 She quells the floods below,
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow,
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

Thomas Campbell

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit! — bird thou never wert, —
 That from heaven, or near it, pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher, from the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire; the blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring, ever singest.

In the golden lightening of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightening, thou dost float and run,
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even melts around thy flight: •
 Like a star of heaven in the broad daylight,
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows in the white dawn clear
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air with thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare, from one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not: what is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden in the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden in a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Like a glow-worm golden in a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden its ærial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embowered in its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered, till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers on the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers, all that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird, what sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal, or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all but an empty vaunt —
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains? what shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance, languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep, thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after, and pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught:
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

Better than all measures of delight and sound,
 Better than all treasures that in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness that thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness from my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

Shelley

TWENTY-FOURTH PSALM.

ALL.

THE earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof,
 The world and they that dwell therein;
 For he hath founded it upon the seas,
 And established it upon the floods

FIRST CHOIR.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
 And who shall stand in his holy place?

SECOND CHOIR

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
 Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
 And hath not sworn deceitfully.

ALL.

He shall receive a blessing from the Lord,
 And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
 This is the generation of them that seek after him,
 That seek thy face, O God of Jacob.

ALL WITHOUT.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
 And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors!
 And the King of Glory shall come in.

CHOIR WITHIN.

Who is the King of Glory?

CHOIR WITHOUT.

The Lord strong and mighty;
 The Lord mighty in battle.

CHOIR WITHOUT.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
 Yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors!
 And the King of Glory shall come in.

CHOIR WITHIN.

Who is this King of Glory?

ALL WITHOUT.

The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
 That sacred hour can I forget?
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love?
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace;
 Ah! little thought we 't was our last.

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green:
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,—
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but th' impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy blissful place of rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Burns.

THE VOYAGE.

TO an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. The temporary absence of worldly scenes and employments produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. The vast space of waters that separates the hemispheres is like a blank page in existence. There is no gradual transition by which, as in Europe, the features and population of one country blend almost imperceptibly with those of another. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy, until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

In travelling by land there is a continuity of scene, and a connected succession of persons and incidents, that carry on the story of life, and lessen the effect of absence and separation. But a wide sea voyage severs us at once. It makes us conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life, and sent adrift upon a doubtful world. It interposes a

gulf, not merely imaginary, but real, between us and our homes — a gulf subject to tempest, and fear, and uncertainty, that makes distance palpable, and return precarious.

Such, at least, was the case with myself. As I saw the last blue line of my native land fade away like a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns, and had time for meditation, before I opened another.

I said that at sea all is vacancy ; I should correct the expression. To one given to day dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subject for meditation ; but then they are the wonders of the deep and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter railing or climb to the main-top, of a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer sea ; — to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon ; fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own ; — to watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes as if to die away on those happy shores.

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked ; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves.

There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months ; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, are the crew ? Their struggle has long been over. They have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest. Their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the

waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end.

What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety, anxiety into dread, and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, "and was never heard of more."

The sight of the wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms which will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage.

As we sat round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

"As I was once sailing," said he, "in a fine stout ship across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs, which prevail in those parts, rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead even in the daytime; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship.

"I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of 'A sail ahead!' It was scarcely uttered before we were upon her.

"She was a small schooner, at anchor, with her broadside toward us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected

to hoist a light. We struck her just amidships. The force, the size, and weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves. We passed over her, and were hurried on our course.

"As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from her cabin. They just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry.

"It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired several guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors. But all was silent; we never saw nor heard anything of their more."

Washington Irving.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning;
 Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
 Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,
 Is croaning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting.
 "Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."
 "'T is the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
 "Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."
 "'T is the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying.'
 Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
 Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"
 "'T is the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."
 "What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
 And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coolun'?"
 There's a form at the casement,—the form of her true love,—
 And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love:

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly;
 We 'll rove in the grove while the moon 's shining brightly."
 Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot 's stirring;
 Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
 Steals up from her seat, — longs to go, and yet lingers;
 A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
 Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.
 Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
 Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
 Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
 The maid steps, — then leaps to the arms of her lover.
 Slower, and slower, and slower the wheel swings;
 Lower, and lower, and lower the reel rings;
 Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving,
 Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

John Francis Waller

THE CHURCH OF BROU.

(The Castle.)

DOWN the Savoy valleys sounding,
 Echoing round this castle old,
 'Mid the distant mountain-chalets,
 Hark! What bell for church is toll'd?
 In the bright October morning
 Savoy's duke had left his bride.
 From the castle, past the drawbridge,
 Flow'd the hunters' merry tide.
 Steeds are neighing, gallants glittering,
 Gay her smiling lord to greet,
 From her mullion'd chamber-casement
 Smiles the Duchess Marguerite.
 From Vienna, by the Danube,
 Here she came, a bride, in spring,
 Now the autumn crisps the forest;
 Hunters gather, bugles ring.

Hounds are pulling, pricklers swearing,
Horses fret, and boar-spears glance.
Off, — they sweep the marshy forests,
Westward on the side of France.

Hark! the game's on foot; they scatter, —
Down the forest-ridings lone,
Furious, single horsemen gallop.
Hark! a shout, — a crash, — a groan.

Pale and breathless came the hunters —
On the turf dead lies the boar.
Ah! the duke lies stretched beside him
Senseless, weltering in his gore.

In the dull October evening,
Down the leaf-strewn forest-road,
To the castle, past the drawbridge,
Came the hunters with their load.

In the hall, with sconces blazing,
Ladies waiting round her seat,
Clothed in smiles, beneath the dais
Sate the Duchess Marguerite.

Hark! below the gates unbarring,
Tramp of men, and quick commands.
“ 'T is my lord come back from hunting, ” —
And the duchess claps her hands.

Slow and tired came the hunters;
Stopp'd in darkness in the court.
“ Ho! this way, ye laggard hunters.
To the hall. What sport! what sport! ”

Slow they entered with their master;
In the hall they laid him down.
On his coat were leaves and blood-stains,
On his brow an angry frown.

Dead her princely youthful husband
Lay before his youthful wife,
Bloody 'neath the flaring sconces:
And the sight froze all her life.

In Vienna, by the Danube,
 Kings hold revel, gallants meet.
 Gay of old amid the gayest
 Was the Duchess Marguerite.

In Vienna, by the Danube,
 Feast and dance her youth beguiled;
 Till that hour she never sorrow'd,
 But from then she never smiled.

'Mid the Savoy mountain-valleys,
 Far from town or haunt of man,
 Stands a lonely church, unfinished,
 Which the Duchess Maud began;

Old, that duchess stern began it,
 In gray age, with palsied hands;
 But she died while it was building,
 And the church unfinish'd stands —

Stands as erst the builders left it,
 When she sank into her grave:
 Mountain greensward paves the chancel,
 Harebells flower in the nave.

“In my castle all is sorrow,”
 Said the Duchess Marguerite then;
 “Guide me, some one, to the mountain,
 We will build the church again.”

Sandall'd palmers, faring homeward,
 Austrian knights from Syria came.
 “Austrian wanderers bring, O warders,
 Homage to your Austrian dame.”

From the gate the warders answer'd:
 “Gone, O knights, is she you knew.
 Dead our duke, and gone his duchess;
 Seek her at the Church of Brou.”

Austrian knights and much worn palmers
 Climb the winding mountain way;
 Reach the valley, where the fabric
 Rises higher day by day.

Stones are sawing, hammers ringing, —
 On the work the bright sun shines, —
 In the Savoy mountain-meadows,
 By the stream, below the pines.
 On her palfrey white the duchess
 Sate and watch'd her working train, —
 Flemish carvers, Lombard gilders,
 German masons, smiths from Spain.
 Clad in black, on her white palfrey,
 Her old architect beside, —
 There they found her in the mountains,
 Morn and noon and eventide.
 There she sate and watch'd the builders,
 Till the church was roof'd and done.
 Last of all, the builders rear'd her
 In the nave a tomb of stone.
 On the tomb two forms they sculptured,
 Lifelike in the marble pale, —
 One, the duke in helm and armor;
 One, the duchess in her veil.
 Round the tomb the carved stone fret-work
 Was at Easter-tide put on:
 Then the duchess closed her labors;
 And she died at the St. John.

Arnold.

SNOBS.

THERE are relative and positive Snobs. I mean by positive, such persons as are Snobs everywhere in all companies, from morning till night, from youth to the grave, being by Nature endowed with Snobbishness; and others who are Snobs only in certain circumstances and relations of life.

For instance: I once knew a man who committed before me an act most atrocious. I once, I say, knew a man, who, dining in my company at the Europa Coffee House, ate peas with the assistance of his knife. He was a person with whose society I was greatly pleased at first; a man of great powers, excellent

heart, and varied information ; but I had never before seen him with a dish of peas, and his conduct in regard to them caused me the deepest pain.

After having seen him thus publicly comport himself, but one course was open to me — to cut his acquaintance. I commissioned a mutual friend (the Honorable Poly Anthus) to break the matter to this gentleman as delicately as possible, and to say that painful circumstances — in nowise affecting Mr. Marrowfat's honor, or my esteem for him — had occurred, which obliged me to forego my intimacy with him ; and accordingly we met, and gave each other the cut direct that night at the Duchess of Monte Fiasco's ball.

Everybody at Naples remarked the separation of the Damon and Pythias, — indeed, Marrowfat had saved my life more than once, — but, as an English gentleman, what was I to do ?

My dear friend was, in this instance, the Snob *relative*. It is not snobbish of persons of rank of any other nation to employ their knife in the manner alluded to. I have seen Monte Fiasco clean his trencher with his knife, and every Principe in company doing likewise. I have seen at the hospitable Board of H. I. H. the Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden — (who, if these humble lines should come under her Imperial eyes, is besought to remember graciously the most devoted of her servants) — I have seen, I say, the Hereditary Princess of Potztausend-Donnerwetter (that serenely beautiful woman) use her knife in lieu of a fork or a spoon ; I have seen her almost swallow it, by Jove ! like Ramo Samee, the Indian juggler. And did I blench ? Did my estimation for the Princess diminish ? No, lovely Amalia ! One of the truest passions that ever was inspired by woman was raised in this bosom by that lady. Beautiful one ! Long, long may the knife carry food to those lips ! the reddest and the loveliest in the world !

The cause of my quarrel with Marrowfat I never breathed to

mortal soul for four years. We met in the halls of the aristocracy — our friends and relatives. We jostled each other in the dance or at the board; but the estrangement continued, until the fourth of June, last year.

We met at Sir George Golloper's. We were placed, he on the right, your humble servant on the left of the admirable Lady G. Peas formed part of the banquet — ducks and green peas. I trembled as I saw Marrowfat helped, and turned away sickening, lest I should behold the weapon darting down his horrid jaws.

What was my astonishment, what my delight, when I saw him use his fork like any other Christian! He did not administer the cold steel once. Old times rushed back upon me — the remembrance of old services, his lending me the seventeen hundred pounds. I almost burst into tears with joy — my voice trembled with emotion. "George, my boy!" I exclaimed, "George Marrowfat, my dear fellow! a glass of wine."

Blushing — deeply moved — almost as tremulous as I was myself, George answered, "*Frank, shall it be Hock or Madeira?*" I could have hugged him to my heart but for the presence of the company. Little did Lady Golloper know what was the cause of the emotion which sent the duckling I was carving into her ladyship's pink satin lap. The most good-natured of women pardoned the error, and the butler removed the bird.

We have been the closest of friends ever since, nor, of course, has George repeated his odious habit. He acquired it at a country school, where they cultivated peas and only used two-pronged forks, and it was only by living on the Continent, where the use of the four prong is general, that he lost the horrible custom.

By the way, as some readers are dull of comprehension, I may as well say what the moral of this history is. The moral is this: Society having ordained certain customs, men are bound to obey the law of society, and conform to its harmless orders.

If I should go to the British and Foreign Institute (and heaven forbid I should go under any pretext or in any costume whatever) — if I should go to one of the tea parties in a dressing-gown and slippers, and not in the usual attire of a gentleman, viz., pumps, a gold waistcoat, a crush hat, a sham frill, and a white choker — I should be insulting society, and *eating peas with my knife*. Let the porters of the Institute hustle out the individual who shall so offend. Such an offender is, as regards society, a most emphatical and refractory Snob. It has its code and police as well as governments, and he must conform who would profit by the decrees set forth for their common comfort.

Book of Snobs.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

TWO honest tradesmen, meeting in the Strand,
 One took the other briskly by the hand.
 "Hark ye," said he, "'t is an odd story this,
 About the crows!" — "I don't know what it is,"
 Replied his friend.

"No! I'm surprised at that;
 Where I come from it is the common chat.
 But you shall hear, — an odd affair indeed!
 And that it happened, they are all agreed.
 Not to detain you from a thing so strange, —
 A gentleman that lives not far from 'Change,
 This week, in short (as all the alley knows),
 Taking a dose, has thrown up three black crows!"

"Impossible!" — "Nay, but it's really true;
 I have it from good hands, and so may you."
 "From whose, I pray?" So, having named the man,
 Straight to inquire, his curious comrade ran.

"Sir, did you tell?" relating the affair.
 "Yes, sir, I did; and, if it's worth your care,
 Ask Mr. Such-a-one; he told it me; —

But, by the by, 't was two black crows, not three."

Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,

Whip to the third, the virtuoso went.

"Sir,"—and so forth,— "Why, yes, the thing is fact,

Though in regard to number not exact;

It was not two black crows,—'t was only one;—

The truth of that you may depend upon:

The gentleman himself told me the case."

"Where may I find him?"—"Why,—in such a place."

Away he goes, and having found him out,—

"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."

Then to his last informant he referred,

And begged to know if true what he had heard.

Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?"—"Not I!"

"Bless me! how people propagate a lie!

Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one,

And here I find, at last, all comes to none!

"Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"

"Crow?—crow?—perhaps I might, now I recall

The matter over."—"And pray, sir, what was 't?"

"Why, I was horrid sick, and, at the last,

I did throw up (and told my neighbor so)

Something that was as black, sir, as a crow."

John Byrom

THE LARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,

Blithesome and cumberless,

Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!

Emblem of happiness,

Blest is thy dwelling-place:

Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay, and loud,

Far in the downy cloud,—

Love gives it energy; love gave it birth.

Where, on thy dewy wing,

Where art thou journeying?

Thy lay is in heaven; thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
 Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms,
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place.
 Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

James Hogg

LOCHINVAR.

○ YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the West, —
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best:
 And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none, —
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
 He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
 'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
 "O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, — my suit you denied; —
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh.
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
 "Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
 And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were better by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprang.
 "She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scar;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Sir Walter Scott

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.*

AT Bannockburn the English lay,
 The Scots they were na far away,
 But waited for the break o' day
 That glinted in the east.

But soon the sun broke through the heath,
 And lighted up that field o' death,
 When Bruce, wi' soul-inspiring breath,
 His heralds thus addressed:

*The first eight lines of this poem were written by Sir Walter Scott.

“Scots, wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory.

“Now’s the day, and now’s the hour;
 See the front o’ battle lour;
 See approach proud Edward’s power—
 Chains and slavery.

“Wha will be a traitor knave,
 Wha can fill a coward’s grave,
 Wha sae base as be a slave,
 Let him turn and flee.

“Wha for Scotland’s king and law,
 Freedom’s sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa’,
 Let him follow me.

“By oppression’s woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will draw our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free.

“Lay the proud usurpers low,
 Tyrants fall in every foe,
 Liberty’s in every blow,
 Let us do or die.”

Burns

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

GIRT round with rugged mountains the fair Lake Constance lies;
 In her blue heart reflected shine back the starry skies;
 And watching each white cloudlet float silently and slow,
 You think a piece of heaven lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there; and Silence enthroned in Heaven, looks down
 Upon her own calm mirror, upon a sleeping town;
 For Bregenz, that quaint city upon the Tyrol shore,
 Has stood above Lake Constance, a thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers, from off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadows for ages on the deep;
Mountain, and lake, and valley, a sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved one night, three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred, a Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys, and toil for daily bread;
And every year that fledged so silently and fast
Seemed to bear farther from her the memory of the past.

She served kind, gentle masters, nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones, their speech seemed no more
strange;

And when she led her cattle to pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder on which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz, with longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded in a deep mist of years;
She heeded not the rumors of Austrian war or strife;
Each day she rose contented to the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children would clustering round her stand,
She sang them the old ballads of her own native land;
And when at morn and evening she knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt: the valley more peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields, paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered, with looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one, the women gathered round;
All talk of flax, or spinning, or work, was put away:
The very children seemed afraid to go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow, with strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing, the men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching a strange, uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees that stood below the stream

At eve they all assembled, then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted. the board was nobly spread.

The elder of the village rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker, ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold, Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror (yet pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz; once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her? Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk, the days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains, reclaimed her as their own!

Nothing she heard around her (though shouts rang forth again),
Gone were the green Swiss valleys, the pasture and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision, and in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz, and then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless, with noiseless step she sped,
Horses and weary cattle were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong white charger, that fed from out her hand,
She mounted, and she turned his head toward her native land.

Out — out into the darkness — faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her, the chestnut wood is passed;
She looks up; the clouds are heavy: why is her steed so slow? —
Scarcely the wind beside them can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "oh, faster!" Eleven the church bells chime;
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz, and bring me there in time!"
But louder than bells ringing, or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight the rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror, she leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness; the bank is high and steep;
One pause — he staggers forward, and plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the darkness, and looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters that dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly, he struggles through the foam,
And see — in the far distance, shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep bank he bears her, and now they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz, that tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz, just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier to meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army that marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor the noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished, and yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises, to do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving the Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz, by gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long, and calls each passing hour;
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud, and then, (O crown of
fame!)

When midnight pauses in the skies he calls the maiden's name.

Adelaide A. Procter.

INES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Thro' primrose tufts, in that green bower
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure;
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from Heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

Wordsworth.

PERORATION OF OPENING SPEECH AGAINST HASTINGS.

IN the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villany upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My Lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my Lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my Lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my Lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My Lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my Lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community — all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties, that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My Lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human

imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My Lords, here we see virtually, in the mind's eye, that sacred majesty of the Crown, under whose authority you sit and whose power you exercise.

We have here all the branches of the royal family, in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject — offering a pledge, in that situation, for the support of the rights of the Crown and the liberties of the people, both which extremities they touch.

My Lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here; those who have their own honor, the honor of their ancestors, and of their posterity, to guard, and who will justify, as they always have justified, that provision in the Constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office.

My Lords, we have here a new nobility, who have risen, and exalted themselves by various merits, by great civil and military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun.

My Lords, you have here, also, the lights of our religion; you have the bishops of England. My Lords, you have that true image of the primitive Church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and the vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions.

My Lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this House. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence, that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose property he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name, and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

Burke.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

WITH deep affection and recollection,
 I often think of those Shandon bells,
 Whose sound so wild would, in the days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee, —
 With thy bells of Shandon, that sound so grand, on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
 While at a glib rate, brass tongues would vibrate;
 But all their music spoke naught like thine.

For memory dwelling, on each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry, knelling its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand, on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old Adrian's Mole in,
 Their thunder rolling from the Vatican;
 And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious
 In the gorgeous turret of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
 Oh! the bells of Shandon sound far more grand, on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow; while, on tower and kiosk — O —

In Saint Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem more dear to me:
'Tis the bells of Shandon that sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

Francis Mahony.

JULIUS CÆSAR—OPENING SCENE.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a Throng of Citizens.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home!
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a laboring-day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

1 Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on? —
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you
would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 Cit. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience;
which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be
out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow!

2 Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with
no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am in-
deed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-
cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone
upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen; and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. — [Exeunt Citizens
See, whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremony.

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

VICTORY OF TRUTH.

FOOLISH men mistake transitory semblance for eternal fact, and go astray more and more. Foolish men imagine that because judgment for an evil thing is delayed, there is no justice, but an accidental one, here below. Justice for an evil thing is many times delayed some day or two, some century or two, but it is sure as life, it is sure as death! In the centre of the world-whirlwind, verily now, as in the oldest days, dwells and speaks a God. The great soul of the world is *just*. O brother, can it be needful now, at this late epoch of experience, after eighteen centuries of Christian preaching for one thing, to remind thee of such a fact; which all manner of Mahometans, old Pagan Romans, Jews, Scythians, and heathen Greeks, and indeed more or less all men that God made, have managed at one time to see into; nay which now thyself, till "red tape" strangled the inner life of thee, hadst once some inkling of: That there *is* justice here below; and even at bottom, that there is nothing else but justice! Forget that, thou hast forgotten all. Success will never more attend thee: how can it now? Thou hast the whole Universe against thee. No more success: mere sham-success, for a day and days; rising ever higher, — towards its Tarpeian Rock.

Alas, how, in thy soft-hung Longacre vehicle, of polished leather to the bodily eye, of red-tape philosophy, of expediencies, clubroom moralities, Parliamentary majorities to the

mind's eye, thou beautifully rollest : but knowest thou whitherward? It is towards the *road's-end*. Old use-and-want; established methods, habitudes *once* true and wise; man's noblest tendency, his perseverance, and man's ignoblest, his inertia; whatsoever of noble and ignoble Conservatism there is in men and nations, strongest always in the strongest men and nations: all this is as a road to thee, paved smooth through the abyss, — till all this *end*. Till men's bitter necessities can endure thee no more. Till Nature's patience with thee is done; and there is no road or footing any farther, and the abyss yawns sheer! —

Oceans of horse-hair, continents of parchment, cannot make unjust just. The grand question still remains, Was the judgment just? If unjust it will not and cannot get harbor for itself, or continue to have footing in this Universe, which was made by other than One Unjust. Enforce it by never such statuting, three readings, royal assents; blow it to the four winds with all manner of quilted trumpeters and pursuivants, in the rear of them never so many gibbets and hangmen, it will not stand, it cannot stand. From all souls of men, from all ends of Nature, from the Throne of God above, there are voices bidding it: Away, away! Does it take no warning; does it stand, strong in its three readings, in its gibbets and artillery parks? The more woe is to it, the frightfuller woe. It will continue standing, for its day, for its year, for its century, doing evil all the while; but it has One enemy who is Almighty: dissolution, explosion, and the everlasting Laws of Nature incessantly advance towards it; and the deeper its rooting, more obstinate its continuing, the deeper also and huger will its ruin and overturn be.

In this God's-world, with its wild-whirling eddies and mad foam-oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool

hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below : the just thing, the true thing.

My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, "In God's name, No!"

Thy "success"? Poor fellow, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from North to South, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just things lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing.

Success? In few years thou wilt be dead and dark, — all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells or leading articles visible or audible to thee again at all, forever. What kind of success is that? —

It is true all goes by approximation in this world; with any not insupportable approximation we must be patient. There is a noble Conservatism as well as an ignoble. Would to heaven for the sake of Conservatism itself, the noble alone were left and the ignoble, by some kind severe hand, were ruthlessly lopped away, forbidden evermore to show itself! For it is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal centre of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all this confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending; what will have victory, what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the centre. The Heaviest, sinking through complex media and vortices, has its deflections, its obstructions, nay, at times its resiliences, its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall

be heard jubilating, "See, your Heaviest ascends!" — but at all moments it is moving centreward, fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the World, old as the Maker's first plan of the World, it has to arrive there.

Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives.

A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England; but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous, unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a God's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just, real union, as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland: no, because brave men rose there and said, "Behold, ye must not tread us down like slaves; and ye shall not, and cannot!"

Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be: but the truth of it is part of Nature's own laws, co-operates with the World's eternal tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

The *dust* of controversy, what is it but the *falsehood* flying off from all manner of conflicting true forces, and making such a loud dust-whirlwind, — that so the truths alone may remain, and embrace brother-like in some true resulting-force! It is

ever so. Savage fighting Heptarchies; their fighting is an ascertainment, who has the right to rule over whom; that out of such waste-bickering Saxondom a peacefully co-operating England may arise. Seek through the universe; if with other than owl's eyes, thou wilt find nothing nourished there, nothing kept in life, but what has right to nourishment and life. The rest, look at it with other than owl's eyes, is not living; is all dying, all as good as dead! Justice was ordained from the foundations of the world; and will last with the world and longer.

T. Carlyle.

THE HUNTER'S SONG.

RISE! sleep no more! 'Tis a noble morn.
 The dew hangs thick on the fringed thorn,
 And the frost shrinks back, like a beaten hound,
 Under the steaming, steaming ground.
 Behold, where the billowy clouds flow by,
 And leave us alone in the clear gray sky.
 Our horses are ready and steady. So, ho!
 I'm gone like a dart from the Tartar's bow.
Hark! hark! Who calleth the maiden Morn
 From her sleep in the woods and the stubble corn?
 The horn! the horn!
 The merry, sweet ring of the hunter's horn.

Now, through the copse where the fox is found,
 And over the stream at a mighty bound,
 And over the high lands and over the low,
 O'er furrows, o'er meadows, the hunters go,
 Away: as a hawk flies full at his prey,
 So flieth the hunter, — away, away!
 From the burst at the cover till set of sun,
 When the red fox dies, and the day is done.
Hark! hark! What sound on the wind is borne?
 'Tis the conquering voice of the hunter's horn!
 The horn! the horn!
 The merry, bold voice of the hunter's horn!

Sound, sound the horn! To the hunter good
 What's the gully deep or the roaring flood?
 Right over he bounds, as the wild stag bounds,
 At the heels of his swift, sure, silent hounds.
 Oh! what delight can a mortal lack,
 When once he is firm on his horse's back,
 With his stirrups short, and his snaffle strong,
 And the blast of the horn for his morning song?
Hark! hark! Now home and dream till morn
 Of the bold, sweet sound of the hunter's horn.
 The horn! the horn!
 Oh! the sound of all sounds is the hunter's horn.

Barry Cornwall

THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally,
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.
 By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges;
 By twenty thorps, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges.
 Till last by Philip's farm I flow
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.
 I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles,
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles.
 With many a curve my banks I fret,
 By many a field and fallow,
 And many a fairy foreland set
 With willow-weed and mallow
 I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling.
 And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me, as I travel,
 With many a silvery water-break
 Above the golden gravel,
 And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.
 I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers,
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.
 I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.
 I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses,
 I linger by my shingly bars,
 I loiter round my cresses.
 And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE LARK IN EXILE.

LIKE most singers, he kept them waiting a bit. But at last,
 just at noon, when the mistress of the house had warranted
 him to sing, the little feathered exile began as it were to tune
 his pipes. The savage men gathered round the cage that mo-
 ment, and amidst a dead stillness the bird uttered some very
 uncertain chirps.

And then the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home came glowing down on him here, and he gave music back for it more and more, till at last, amidst the breathless silence and the glistening eyes of the rough diggers hanging on his voice, out burst in that distant land his English song.

It swelled his little throat, and gushed from him with thrilling force and plenty ; and every time he checked his song to think of its theme, — the green meadows, the quiet-stealing streams, the clover he first soared from, and the spring he loved so well, — a loud sigh from many a rough bosom, many a wild and wicked heart, told how tight the listeners had held their breath to hear him. And when he swelled with song again, and poured with all his soul the green meadows, the quiet brooks, the honey-clover, and the English spring, the rugged mouths opened and so stayed, and the shaggy lips trembled, and more than one tear trickled from fierce, unbridled hearts, down bronzed and rugged cheeks.

Sweet home !

And these shaggy men, full of oaths and strife and cupidity, had once been white-headed boys, and most of them had strolled about the English fields with little sisters and little brothers, and seen the lark rise and heard him sing this very song. The little playmates lay in the church-yard, and they were full of oaths and drink, and lusts and remorse, but no note was changed in this immortal song.

And so, for a moment or two, years of vice rolled away like a dark cloud from the memory, and the past shone out in the song-shine ; they came back bright as the immortal notes that lighted them, — those faded pictures and those fleeted days ; the cottage, the old mother's tears when he left her without one grain of sorrow ; the village church and its simple chimes, — ding-dong-bell, ding-dong-bell, ding-dong-bell ; the clover-field hard by, in which he lay and gambolled while the lark praised God overhead ; the chubby playmates that never grew to be wicked ; the sweet, sweet hours of youth, innocence, and home.

The pure strains dwelt upon their spirits, and refreshed and purified these sojourners in a godless place. Meeting these figures on Sunday afternoon, armed each with a double-barrelled gun and a revolver, you would never have guessed what gentle thoughts possessed them wholly.

Chas. Reade.

THANATOPSIS.

TO him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, — nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, — with kings,
The powerful of the earth, — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings, — yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep, — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men —
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man —

Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

William Cullen Bryant.

YOUTH AND ART.

IT once might have been, once only:

We lodged in a street together,
You, a sparrow on the housetop lonely,
I, a lone she-bird of his feather.

Your trade was with sticks and clay,
You thumb'd, thrust, patted, and polished,
Then laughed, "They will see, some day,
Smith made, and Gibson demolished."

My business was song, song, song;
I chirped, cheeped, trilled, and twittered,
"Kate Brown's on the boards ere long,
And Grisi's existence imbittered!"

I earned no more by a warble
Than you by a sketch in plaster;
You wanted a piece of marble,
I needed a music-master.

We studied hard in our styles,
Chipped each at a crust like Hindoos
For air, looked out on the tiles,
For fun, watched each other's windows.

You lounged, like a boy of the South,
Cap and blouse — nay, a bit of beard, too;
Or you got it, rubbing your mouth
With fingers the clay adhered to.

And I — soon managed to find
 Weak points in the flower-fence facing;
 Was forced to put up a blind
 And be safe in my corset-lacing.

No harm! It was not my fault
 If you never turned your eye's tail up
 As I shook upon E *in alt.*,
 Or ran the chromatic scale up;

For spring bade the sparrows pair,
 And the boys and girls gave guesses,
 And stalls in our street looked rare
 With bulrush and water-cresses.

Why did not you pinch a flower
 In a pellet of clay and fling it?
 Why did not I put a power
 Of thanks in a look, or sing it?

I did look, sharp as a lynx
 (And yet the memory rankles)
 When models arrived, some minx
 Tripped up stairs, she and her ankles.

But I think I gave you as good!
 "That foreign fellow — who can know
 How she pays, in a playful mood,
 For his tuning her that piano?"

Could you say so, and never say,
 "Suppose we join hands and fortunes,
 And I fetch her from over the way,
 Her, piano, and long tunes and short tunes?"

No, no; you would not be rash,
 Nor I rasher and something over:
 You've to settle yet Gibson's hash,
 And Grisi yet lives in clover.

But you meet the Prince at the Board,
 I'm queen myself at *bals-parés*,
 I've married a rich old lord,

*i And you're dubbed knight and an R. A.

Each life 's unfulfilled, you see;
 It hangs still patchy and scrappy;
 We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
 Starved, feasted, despaired, — been happy.

And nobody calls you a dunce,
 And people suppose me clever;
 This could but have happened once,
 And we missed it, lost it forever.

Browning

USE AND ABUSE OF WEALTH.

THE simple principles respecting wealth are nothing more than the literal and practical acceptance of the saying which is in all good men's mouths; namely, that they are stewards or ministers of whatever talents are intrusted to them. Only, is it not a strange thing, that while we more or less accept the meaning of that saying, so long as it is considered metaphorical, we never accept its meaning in its own terms? You know the lesson is given us under the form of a story about money. Money was given to the servants to make use of; the unprofitable servant dug in the earth, and hid his Lord's money. Well, we, in our poetical and spiritual application of this, say, that of course money does n't mean money — it means wit, it means intellect, it means influence in high quarters, it means everything in the world except itself.

And do not you see what a pretty and pleasant come-off there is for most of us in this spiritual application? Of course, if we had wit we would use it for the good of our fellow-creatures; but we haven't wit. Of course, if we had influence with the bishops, we would use it for the good of the church; but we haven't any influence with the bishops. Of course, if we had political power, we would use it for the good of the nation; but we have no political power; we have no talents intrusted to us of any sort or kind. It is true we

have a little money, but the parable can't possibly mean any thing so vulgar as money; our money's our own.

I believe, if you think seriously of this matter, you will feel that the first and most literal application is just as necessary a one as any other; that the story does very specially mean what it says — plain money; and that the reason we don't at once believe it does so, is a sort of tacit idea that while thought, wit, and intellect, and all power of birth and position, are indeed *given* to us, and, therefore, to be laid out for the Giver, our wealth has not been given to us; but we have worked for it, and have a right to spend it as we choose. I think you will find that is the real substance of our understanding in this matter. Beauty, we say, is given by God — it is a talent; strength is given by God — it is a talent; but money is proper wages for our day's work — it is not a talent, it is a due. We may justly spend it on ourselves, if we have worked for it.

And there would be some shadow of excuse for this, were it not that the very power of making the money is itself only one of the applications of that intellect or strength which we confess to be talents. Why is one man richer than another? Because he is more industrious, more persevering, and more sagacious. Well, who made him more persevering and more sagacious than others? That power of endurance, that quickness of apprehension, that calmness of judgment, which enable him to seize opportunities that others lose, and persist in the lines of conduct in which others fail — are these not talents? — are they not, in the present state of the world, among the most distinguished and influential of mental gifts?

And is it not wonderful that while we should be utterly ashamed to use a superiority of body in order to thrust our weaker companions aside from some place of advantage, we unhesitatingly use our superiorities of mind to thrust them back from whatever good that strength of mind can attain? You

would be indignant if you saw a strong man walk into a theatre or a lecture-room, and, calmly choosing the best place, take his feeble neighbor by the shoulder, and turn him out of it into the back seats or the street. You would be equally indignant if you saw a stout fellow thrust himself up to a table where some hungry children are being fed, and reach his arm over their heads and take their bread from them.

But you are not the least indignant if, when a man has stoutness of thought and swiftness of capacity, and, instead of being long-armed only, has the much greater gift of being long-headed—you think it perfectly just that he should use his intellect to take the bread out of the mouths of all the other men in the town who are in the same trade with him; or use his breadth and sweep of sight to gather some branch of the commerce of the country into one great cobweb, of which he is himself the central spider, making every thread vibrate with the points of his claws, and commanding every avenue with the facets of his eyes. You see no injustice in this.

But there is injustice; and, let us trust, one of which honorable men will at no very distant period disdain to be guilty. In some degree, however, it is indeed not unjust; in some degree it is necessary and intended. It is assuredly just that idleness should be surpassed by energy; that the widest influence should be possessed by those who are best able to wield it; and that a wise man, at the end of his career, should be better off than a fool. But for that reason, is the fool to be wretched, utterly crushed down, and left in all the suffering which his conduct and capacity naturally inflict? Not so.

What do you suppose fools were made for? That you might tread upon them, and starve them, and get the better of them in every possible way? By no means. They were made that wise men might take care of them. That is the true and plain fact concerning the relations of every strong and wise man to the world about him. He has his strength given him, not that

he may crush the weak, but that he may support and guide them. In his own household he is to be the guide and the support of his children ; out of the household he is still to be the father, that is, the guide and support, of the weak and the poor ; not merely of the meritoriously weak and the innocently poor, but of the guiltily and punishably poor ; of the men who ought to have known better — of the poor who ought to be ashamed of themselves.

It is nothing to give pension and cottage to the widow who has lost her son ; it is nothing to give food and medicine to the workman who has broken his arm, or the decrepit woman wasting in sickness. But it is something to use your time and strength in war with the waywardness and thoughtlessness of mankind ; to keep the erring workman in your service till you have made him an unerring one ; and to direct your fellow-merchant to the opportunity which his dulness would have lost.

You may stretch out your sceptre over the heads of the laborers, and say to them, as they stoop to its waving, “Subdue this obstacle that has baffled our fathers ; put away this plague that consumes our children ; water these dry places, plough these desert ones, carry this food to those who are in hunger ; carry this light to those who are in darkness ; carry this life to those who are in death” ; or on the other side you may say : “Here am I ; this power is in my hand ; come, build a mound here for me to be throned upon, high and wide ; come, make crowns for my head, that men may see them shine from far away ; come, weave tapestries for my feet, that I may tread softly on the silk and purple ; come, dance before me, that I may be gay ; and sing sweetly to me, that I may slumber ; so shall I live in joy, and die in honor.” And better than such an honorable death it were, that the day had perished wherein we were born.

I trust that in a little while there will be few of our rich men who, through carelessness or covetousness, thus forfeit the

glorious office which is intended for their hands. I said, just now, that wealth ill used was as the net of the spider, entangling and destroying; but wealth well used is as the net of the sacred Fisher who gathers souls of men out of the deep. A time will come — I do not think it is far from us — when this golden net of the world's wealth will be spread abroad as the flaming meshes of morning cloud over the sky; bearing with them the joy of light and the dew of morning, as well as the summons to honorable and peaceful toil.

John Ruskin (A Joy Forever).

MONT BLANC BEFORE SUNRISE.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
 The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently! Around thee, and above,
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
 As with a wedge. But when I look again
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity.

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought! entranced in prayer
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.
 Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody, —
 So sweet we know not we are listening to it, —
 Thou, the mean while wast blending with my thought,
 Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy;
 Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing — there,
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
 Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,

Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs! all join my hymn!

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
O, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink, —
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald — wake! O wake! and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
And who commanded, — and the silence came, —
“Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?”

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?

“God!” let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plain echo, “God!”
“God!” sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, “God!”

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
 Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
 Utter forth "God!" and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
 Into the depth of clouds; that veil thy breast, —
 Thou too, again, stupendous mountain! thou
 That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
 To rise before me, — rise, oh, ever rise!
 Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
 Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
 Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

Coleridge.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

MY boat is on the shore,
 And my bark is on the sea;
 But before I go, Tom Moore,
 Here's a double health to thee.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
 And a smile to those who hate;
 And, whatever sky's above me,
 Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
 Yet it still shall bear me on;
 Though a desert should surround me,
 It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
 As I gasped upon the brink,
 Ere my fainting spirit fell,
 'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
 The libation I would pour
 Should be, —Peace with thine and mine,
 And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

Byron.

HAMLET'S INSTRUCTION TO THE PLAYER.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, — trippingly on the tongue ; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant ; it out-herods Herod. Pray you avoid it.

Be not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature : for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature ; scorn her own image ; and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and

that highly, — not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably!

Shakespeare.

LADY CLARE.

IT was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long-betrothed were they:
They two shall wed the morrow morn;
God's blessing on the day.

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands, so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice, the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare;
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"Oh God be thanked!" said Alice, the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice, the nurse,
"I speak the truth; you are my child."

"The old earl's daughter died at my breast:
I speak the truth as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie:
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so: but I will know,
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother!" she said,
"So strange it seems to me."

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so;
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown —
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:

“O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!

Why come you drest like a village maid,

That are the flower of the earth?”

“If I come drest like a village maid,

I am but as my fortunes are:

I am a beggar born,” she said,

“And not the Lady Clare.”

“Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,

“For I am yours in word and deed.]

Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,

“Your riddle is hard to read.”

Oh, and proudly stood she up!

Her heart within her did not fail:

She looked into Lord Ronald’s eyes,

And told him all her nurse’s tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn:

He turned and kissed her where she stood:

“If you are not the heiress born,

And I,” said he, “the next of blood—

“If you are not the heiress born,

And I,” said he, “the lawful heir,

We two will wed to-morrow morn,

And you shall still be Lady Clare.”

Tennyson.

ELIZABETH AND LEICESTER.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Ho, sir, *you* knew of this fair work—*you* are an accomplice in this deception which has been practised on us—*you* have been a main cause of our doing injustice! Art dumb, sirrah? Thou know’st of this affair, dost thou not?

Tressilian. Not, gracious madam, that this poor lady was Countess of Leicester.

Queen. Nor shall any one know her as such. Death of my life! Countess of Leicester! I say Dame Amy Dudley, and well if she have not cause to write herself widow of the traitor Robert Dudley.

Leicester. Madam, do with me what it may be your will to do, but work no injury on this gentleman; he hath in no way deserved it.

Queen. And will he be the better for thy intercession, thou doubly false — thou doubly forsworn? for thy intercession, whose villany hath made me ridiculous to my subjects and odious to myself? I could tear out mine eyes for their blindness!

Burleigh. Madam, remember that you are a queen — Queen of England, mother of your people. Give not way to this wild storm of passion.

Queen. Burleigh, thou art a statesman; thou dost not, thou canst not, comprehend half the scorn, half the misery, that man has poured on me!

Bur. Madam, I am a statesman, but I am also a man — a man already grown old in your councils, who have not and cannot have a wish on earth but your glory and happiness. I pray you to be composed.

Queen. Ah, Burleigh, thou little knowest —

Bur. I do — I do know, my honored sovereign. O beware that you lead not others to guess that which they know not!

Queen. Ha! Burleigh, thou art right — thou art right — anything but disgrace — anything but a confession of weakness — anything rather than seem the cheated, slighted. — 'Sdeath! to think on it is distraction!

Bur. Be but yourself, my queen, and soar far above a weakness which no Englishman will ever believe his Elizabeth could have entertained, unless the violence of her disappointment carries a sad conviction to his bosom.

Queen. What weakness, my lord? Would you, too, insinuate that the favor in which I held yonder proud traitor derived its source from aught — But why should I strive to deceive even thee, my good and wise servant? — My Lord of Leicester, rise, and take up your sword. We will now hear the progress of this affair.

Leicester. Madam, I have been much to blame — more than even your just resentment has expressed. Yet, madam, let me say, that my guilt, if it be unpardonable, was not unprovoked; and that if beauty and condescending dignity could seduce the frail heart of a human being, I might plead both as the causes of my concealing this secret from your Majesty.

Queen. Now, by heaven, my lord, thy effrontery passes the bounds of belief, as well as patience! But it shall avail thee nothing. What ho! my lords! come all and hear the news! My Lord of Leicester's stolen marriage has cost me a husband, and England a king. His lordship is patriarchal in taste — one wife at a time was insufficient, and he

designed us the honor of his left hand. Now, is not this too insolent, — that I could not grace him with a few marks of court favor, but he must presume to think my hand and crown at his disposal? You, however, think better of me; and I can pity this man as I could a child, whose bubble of soap has burst between his hands. We go to the presence chamber. — My Lord of Leicester, we command your close attendance on us.

Arranged from Scott's Kenilworth.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw:
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And monie a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

Burns.

THE FALL OF D'ASSAS.

ALONE, through gloomy forest shades, a soldier went by night;
 No moonbeam pierced the dusky glades, no star shed guiding
 light;

Yet, on his vigil's midnight round, the youth all cheerly passed,
 Unchecked by aught of boding sound that muttered in the blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely hour? In his far home, perchance,
 His father's hall, his mother's bower, 'midst the gay vines of France.
 Hush! hark! did stealing steps go by? Came not faint whispers near?
 No! The wild wind hath many a sigh, amid the foliage sere.

Hark! yet again! — and from his hand what grasp hath wrenched the blade?

O, single 'midst a hostile band, young soldier, thou 'rt betrayed!

“Silence!” in undertones they cry; “no whisper — not a breath!

The sound that warns thy comrades nigh shall sentence thee to death.”

Still at the bayonet's point he stood, and strong to meet the blow;

And shouted, 'midst his rushing blood, “Arm! arm! Auvergne! the foe!”

The stir, the tramp, the bugle-call, he heard their tumults grow;

And sent his dying voice through all, — “Auvergne! Auvergne! the foe!”

Mrs. Hemans.

THE OWL AND THE BELL.

“BING, Bim, Bang, Bome!”

Sang the Bell to himself in his house at home,
Up in the tower, away and unseen,
In a twilight of ivy, cool and green;
With his Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome!
Singing bass to himself in his house at home.

Said the Owl to himself, as he sat below
On a window-ledge, like a ball of snow,
“Pest on that fellow, sitting up there,
Always calling the people to prayer!
With his Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome!
Mighty big in his house at home!

“I will move,” said the Owl. “But it suits me well;
And one may get used to it, — who can tell?”
So he slept in the day with all his might,
And rose and flapped out in the hush of night,
When the Bell was asleep in his tower at home,
Dreaming over his Bing, Bang, Bome!

For the Owl was born so poor and genteel,
He was forced from the first to pick and steal;
He scorned to work for honest bread —
“Better have never been hatched,” he said.
So he slept all day; for he dared not roam
Till the night had silenced the Bing, Bang, Bome!

When his six little darlings had chipped the egg,
He must steal the more; 't was a shame to beg.
And they ate the more that they did not sleep well.
"It's their gizzards," said ma; said pa, "It's the Bell!
For they quiver like leaves in a wind-blown tome,
When the Bell bellows out his Bing, Bang, Bome!"

But the Bell began to throb with the fear
Of bringing the house about his one ear;
And his people were patching all day long,
And propping the walls to make them strong.
So a fortnight he sat, and felt like a mome,
For he dared not shout his Bing, Bang, Bome!

Said the Owl to himself, and hissed as he said,
"I do believe the old fool is dead.
Now, now, I vow, I shall never pounce twice;
And stealing shall be all sugar and spice.
But I'll see the corpse, ere he's laid in the loam,
And shout in his ear Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome!

"Hoo! hoo!" he cried, as he entered the steeple,
"They've hanged him at last, the righteous people,
His swollen tongue lolls out of his head —
Hoo! hoo! at last the old brute is dead.
There let him hang, the shapeless gnome!
Choked, with his throat full of Bing, Bang, Bome!"

So he danced about him, singing Too-whoo!
And flapped the poor Bell and said, "Is that you?
Where is your voice with its wonderful tone,
Banging poor owls and making them groan?
A fig for you now, in your great hall-dome!
Too-whoo is better than Bing, Bang, Bome!"

So brave was the Owl, the downy and dapper,
That he flew inside, and sat on the clapper;
And he shouted Too-whoo! till the echo awoke
Like the sound of a ghostly clapper-stroke.
"Ah, ha!" quoth the Owl, "I am quite at home;
I will take your place with my Bing, Bang, Bome!"

The Owl was uplifted with pride and self-wonder;
 He hissed, and then called the echo thunder;
 And he sat, the monarch of feathered fowl,
 Till — Bang! went the Bell, and down went the Owl,
 Like an avalanche of feathers and foam,
 Loosed by the booming Bing, Bang, Bome

He sat where he fell, as if naught was the matter,
 Though one of his eyebrows was certainly flatter.
 Said the eldest owlet, "Pa, you were wrong;
 He's at it again with his vulgar song."
 "Be still," said the Owl; "you're guilty of pride:
 I brought him to life by perching inside."

"But why, my dear?" said his pillowy wife;
 "You know he was always the plague of your life."
 "I have given him a lesson of good for evil;
 Perhaps the old ruffian will now be civil."
 The Owl looked righteous, and raised his comb;
 But the Bell bawled on his Bing, Bang, Bome!

Geo. MacDonald.

PERORATION OF CLOSING SPEECH AGAINST HASTINGS.

MY Lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons, and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the great chain of eternal order, we stand. — We call this Nation, we call the world to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labor; that we have been guilty of no prevarication, that we have made no compromise with crime; that we have not feared any odium whatsoever, in the long warfare which we have carried on with the crimes — with the vices — with the exorbitant wealth — with the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption.

My Lords, your House yet stands; it stands as a great edifice; but let me say that it stands in ruins that have been made by the greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed

and shattered this globe of ours. My Lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state that we appear every moment to be on the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation; that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself. — I mean justice; that justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide in regard to ourselves, and with regard to others, and which will stand, after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser before the great Judge, when He comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life.

My Lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your Lordships; there is nothing sinister which can happen to you, in which we shall not be involved; and, if it should so happen, that we shall be subjected to some of those frightful changes which we have seen; if it should happen that your Lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, amidst the prelates, amidst the nobles, amidst the magistrates, who supported their thrones, — may you in those moments feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony!

My Lords, there is a consolation, and a great consolation it is, which often happens to oppressed virtue and fallen dignity; it often happens that the very oppressors and persecutors themselves are forced to bear testimony in its favor. The Parliament of Paris had an origin very, very similar to that of the great court before which I stand; the Parliament of Paris continued to have a great resemblance to it in its Constitution, even to its fall; the Parliament of Paris, my Lords, — was; it is gone! It has passed away; it has vanished like a dream!

It fell pierced by the sword of the Compté de Mirabeau. And yet that man, at the time of his inflicting the death-wound of that Parliament, produced at once the shortest and the grandest funeral oration that ever was or could be made upon the departure of a great court of magistracy. When he pronounced the death sentence upon that Parliament, and inflicted the mortal wound, he declared that his motives for doing it were merely political, and that their hands were as pure as those of justice itself, which they administered — a great and glorious exit, my Lords, of a great and glorious body !

My Lords, if you must fall, may you so fall ! But, if you stand, and stand I trust you will, together with the fortunes of this ancient monarchy, — together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom, — may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power ; may you stand, not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue ; may you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants ; may you stand the refuge of afflicted Nations ; may you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice !

Burke.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

“O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o’ Dee !”

The western wind was wild and dank wi’ foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o’er and o’er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see ;

The blinding mist came down and hid the land —
And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—

A tress o' golden hair,

O' drownèd maiden's hair,

Above the nets at sea?

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,

Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,

The cruel, crawling foam,

The cruel, hungry foam, —

To her grave beside the sea;

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,

Across the sands o' Dee.

Charles Kingsley

ROSABELLE.

"**M**OOR, moor the barge, ye gallant crew;

And, gentle lady, deign to stay:

Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,

Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;

To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;

The fishers have heard the water-sprite,

Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted seer did view

A wet shroud swathed round lady gay;

Then stay thee, fair, in Ravensheuch;

Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir

To-night at Roslin leads the ball,

But that my lady-mother there

Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride, —

And Lindesay at the ring rides well, —

But that my sire the wine will chide

If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night

A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;

'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,

And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
 It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
 'T was seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
 And seen from caverned Hawthornden.
 Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
 Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
 Each baron, for a sable shroud,
 Sheathed in his iron panoply.
 Seemed all on fire, within, around,
 Deep sacristy and altar's pale,
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
 And glimmered all the dead men's mail.
 Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
 Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair, —
 So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
 The lordly line of high Saint Clair.
 There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
 Each one the holy vault doth hold,
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.
 And each Saint Clair was buried there,
 With candle, with book, and with knell;
 But the sea-caves rung, and the wild waves sung
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

Scott.

 GOD.

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide —
 Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight!
 Thou only God — there is no God beside!
 Being above all beings! Mighty One.
 Whom none can comprehend, and none explore,
 Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone, —
 Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er, —
 Being whom we call God, and know no more!
 In its sublime research, philosophy
 May measure out the ocean-deep, — may count

The sands or the sun's rays — but, God! for Thee
 There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
 Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark.
 Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
 To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
 And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
 Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
 First chaos, then existence, — Lord! in Thee
 Eternity had its foundation; all
 Sprung forth from Thee — of light, joy, harmony,
 Sole Origin — all life, all beauty Thine;
 Thy word created all, and doth create;
 Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
 Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
 Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround —
 Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
 Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
 And beautifully mingled life and death!
 As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
 So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee
 And as the spangles in the sunny rays
 Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
 Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss —
 They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
 What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light —
 A glorious company of golden streams —
 Lamps of celestial ether burning bright —
 Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
 But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
 All this magnificence in Thee is lost: —
 What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
 And what am I then? — Heaven's unnumbered host,

Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
 In all the glory of sublimest thought,
 Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
 Against Thy greatness — is a cipher brought
 Against infinity! What am I then? Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
 Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
 Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine
 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
 Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
 Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee
 I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
 Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
 I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! — directing, guiding all — Thou art!
 Direct my understanding, then, to Thee;
 Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
 Though but an atom midst immensity,
 Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth —
 On the last verge of mortal being stand,
 Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
 Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me —
 In me is matter's last gradation lost.
 And the next step is spirit — Deity!
 I can command the lightning, and am dust!
 A monarch and a slave — a worm, a god!
 Whence came I here and how? so marvellously
 Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod
 Lives surely through some higher energy;
 For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
 Created me! Thou source of life and good!
 Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
 Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
 Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring

Over the abyss of death ; and bade it wear
 The garments of eternal day, and wing
 Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
 Even to its source — to Thee — its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable ! O visions blest !
 Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
 Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
 And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
 God ! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
 Thus seek Thy presence — Being wise and good !
 'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore ;
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more
 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

Derzhaven.

PATRIOTISM.

THUS, gentlemen, we see that a man's country is not a certain area of land, — of mountains, rivers, and woods, — but it is principle ; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle.

In poetic minds and in popular enthusiasm this feeling becomes closely associated with the soil and symbols of the country. But the secret sanctification of the soil and the symbol is the idea which they represent, and this idea the patriot worships through the name and the symbol, as a lover kisses with rapture the glove of his mistress and wears a lock of her hair upon his heart.

So, with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold Von Winkelried gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears, that his death may give life to his country. So Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that his country demands, perishes untimely, with no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So George Washington, at once comprehending the scope of the destiny to which his country was devoted, with one hand put aside the crown, and with the other sets his slaves free. So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought

fiercely and fallen bravely for that unseen mistress, their country. So, through all history to the end, as long as men believe in God, that army must still march and fight and fall — recruited only from the flower of mankind — cheered only by their own hope of humanity — strong only in their confidence in their cause.

G. W. Curtis.

WORLDLINESS.

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers —
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
 It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
 A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

Wordsworth.

THE HIGH TIDE (1571).

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower.
 The ringers ran by two, by three;
 "Pull, if ye never pulled before;
 Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
 "Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
 Ply all your changes; all your swells,
 Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"
 Men say it was a stolen tyde —
 The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
 But in myne ears doth still abide
 The message that the bells let fall:
 And there was nought of strange, beside
 The flight of mews and peewits pied
 By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,

Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dewes were falling,
Farre away I heard her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,

Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song —

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling.
"For the dewes will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,

Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,

Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clover lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I beginne to think how long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
And all the air, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene:

And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanheards where their sedges are
Move on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came down that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows,
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne:
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing up the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

“Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song.”
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, “Ho Enderby!”
They rang “The Brides of Enderby!”

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came down with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the rooffe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by,
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang “Enderby.”

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From rooffe to rooffe who fearless rowed;

And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
“O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth.”

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and me:
But each will mourn his own (she saith).
And sweeter woman ne’er drew breath
Than my sonne’s wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
“Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!” calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
“Cusha! Cusha!” all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
Where the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy lonesome shore;

I shall never hear her calling,
 "Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
 Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow;
 Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
 From the clover lift your head;
 Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed."

Jean Ingelow.

SAM'S LETTER.

I WONDER who w-wote me this letter. I thuppose the b-best way to f-find out ith to open it and thee. (*Opens letter.*) Thome lun-lunatic hath w-witten me this letter. He hath w-witten 't upthide down. I wonder if he th-thought I wath going to w-wead it thanding on my head. Oh, yeth, I thee; I had it t-t-turned upthide down. "Amewica." Who do I know in Amewica? I am glad he hath g-given me hith address anyhow. Oh, yeth, I thee, it ith from Tham. I alwaths know Tham's handwiting when I thee hith name at the b-bottom of it. "My dear browther —" Tham alwaths called me bwother. I-I thuppose iths because hith m-mother and my mother wath the thame woman, and we never had any thisters. When we were boyths we were ladths together. They used to ge-get off a p proverb when they thaw uth com-coming down the stweet. It ith vewy good, if I could only think of it. I can never wecollect anything that I can't we-wemember. Iths — it iths the early bir-bird — iths the early bir-bird that knowths iths own father. What non-nonthense that iths! How co-could a bir-bird know iths own father? Iths a withe — iths a withe child — iths a withe child that gets the wom. T-that's not wite. What non-nonthense that iths! No pa-pawent would

allow his child to ga-gather woms. Iths a wyme. Iths fish of-of a feather. Fish of a fea — What non-nonthense! for fish don't have feathers. Iths a bir-bird — iths b-birds of a feather — b-birds of a feather flock together. B-birds of a feather! Just as if a who-who-whole flock of b-birds had only one f-feather. They'd all catch cold, and only one b-bird c-could have that f-feather, and he'd fly sidewithse. What con-confounded nonthense that iths! Flock to-together! Of courthse th-they'd flock together. Who ever her-heard of a bird being such a f-fool as to g-go into a c-corner and fl-flock by himself? "I wo-wote you a letter thome time ago —" Thath's a lie; he d-did n't wi-wite me a letter. If he had witten me a letter he would have posted it, and I would have g-got it; so, of courthse, he did n't post it, and then he did n't wite it. Thath's easy. Oh, yeths, I thee: "but I dwopped it into the potht-potht-office forgetting to diwect it." I wonder who the d-die-dickens got that letter. I wonder if the poth-pothman iths gwoin' awound inquiring for a f-fellow without a name. I wonder if there iths any fel-fellow without any name. If there iths any fel-fellow without any name, how doeths he know who he iths himthelf? I-I wonder if thuch a fellow could get mawaid. How could he ask hiths wife to take hiths name if he h-had no name? Thath's one of thothse things no fellow can f-find out. "I have just made a startling dithcovery." Tham's alwayths d-doing thomthing. "I have dithcovered that my mother iths — that m-my mother iths not my m-mother; that a — the old nurse iths my mother, and that you are not my b-bwother, and a — tha-that I was changed at my birth." How c-can a fellow be changed at hith birth? If he iths not himthelf, who iths he? If Tham's m-mother iths not hith m-mother, and the nurthse iths hith mother, and Tham ith n't my bwother, who am I? That's one of thothse things that no fel-fellow can find out. "I have p-purchased an ethstate som-somewhere —" Doth n't the id-idiot know wh-where h-he

hath bought it? Oh, yeths: "on the bankths of the M-M-Mith-ithippi." Wh-who iths M-Mithithippi? I g-gueth ith's Tham's m-mother-in-l-law. Tham's got mawaid. He th-thayths he felt v-vewy ner-nervous. He alwayths waths a lucky fellow getting things he didn't want, and had n't any use for. Thepeaking of mother-in-lawths, I had a fwiend who had a mother-in-law, and he did n't like her pwetty well; and she f-felt the thame way towards him; and they went away on a st-steamer acwoths the ocean, and they got wecked, catht away on a waft, and they floated awound with their feet in the water and other amuthements, living on thuch things ath they could pick up — thardinths, ithcweam, owanges, and other c-canned goodths that were floating awound. When that waths all gone, everybody ate everybody elthe. F-finally only himthelf and hiths m-mother-in-law waths left, and they pl-played a game of c-cards to thee who thould be eaten up — himthelf cr hith mother-in-law. A-a — the mother-in-law loht. H-he treated her handthomely, only he strapped h-her flat on her back, and c-carved her gently. H-h-he thays that waths the f-first time that he ever weally enjoyed a m-mother-in-law.

From Dundreary.

WARREN'S ADDRESS AT BUNKER HILL.

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!

Will ye give it up to slaves?

Will ye look for greener graves?

Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel?

Hear it in that battle peal!

Read it on yon bristling steel!

Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?

Will ye to your *homes* retire?

Look behind you! they're a-fire!

And, before you, see —

Who have done it! — from the vale
 On they come! — and will ye quail? —
 Leaden rain and iron hail

Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
 Die we may, — and die we must; —
 But, oh! where can dust to dust

Be consigned so well,
 As where heaven its dews shall shed
 On the martyred patriot's bed,
 And the rocks shall raise their head,
 Of his deeds to tell!

Pierpont.

ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

EARTH has not any thing to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This city now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep.
 The river glideth at his own sweet will.
 Dear God, the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still.

Wordsworth.

NATURE AND RULES.

IN what sense is the word "correctness" used by those who say that Pope was the most correct of English poets, and that next to Pope came the late Mr. Gifford? What is the nature and value of that correctness, the praise of which is denied to Macbeth, to Lear, and to Othello, and given to Hoole's translations and to all the Seatonian prize poems? We can discover no eternal rule, no rule founded in reason and in the nature of things, which Shakespeare does not observe

much more strictly than Pope. But, if by correctness be meant a strict attention to certain ceremonious observances, which are no more essential to poetry than etiquette to good government, or than the washings of a Pharisee to devotion, then, assuredly, Pope may be a more correct poet than Shakespeare; and if the code were a little altered, Colley Cibber might be a more correct poet than Pope. But it may be well doubted whether this kind of correctness be a merit, nay, whether it be not an absolute fault.

It would be amusing to make a digest of the irrational laws which bad critics have framed for the government of poets. First in celebrity and in absurdity stand the dramatic unities of place and time. No human being has ever been able to find anything that could, even by courtesy, be called an argument for these unities, except that they have been deduced from the general practice of the Greeks. It requires no very profound examination to discover that the Greek dramas, often admirable as compositions, are, as exhibitions of human character and human life, far inferior to the English plays of the age of Elizabeth. Every scholar knows that the dramatic part of the Athenian tragedies was at first subordinate to the lyrical part. It would, therefore, have been little less than a miracle if the laws of the Athenian stage had been found to suit plays in which there was no chorus. All the greatest masterpieces of the dramatic art have been composed in the direct violation of the unities, and could never have been composed if the unities had not been violated. It is clear, for example, that such a character as that of Hamlet could never have been developed within the limits to which Alfieri confined himself. Yet such was the reverence of literary men during the last century for these unities, that Johnson, who, much to his honor, took the opposite side, was, as he says, "frightened at his own temerity," and "afraid to stand against the authorities which might be produced against him."

There are other rules of the same kind without end. "Shakespeare," says Rymer, "ought not to have made Othello black; for the hero of a tragedy ought always to be white." "Milton," says another critic, "ought not to have taken Adam for his hero; for the hero of an epic poem ought always to be victorious." "Milton," says another, "ought not to have put so many similes into his first book; for the first book of an epic poem ought always to be the most unadorned. There are no similes in the first book of the Iliad." "Milton," says another, "ought not to have placed in an epic poem such lines as these: —

" 'While thus I called, and strayed I knew not whither.' "

And why not. The critic is ready with a reason. "Such lines," says he, "are not, it must be allowed, unpleasing to the ear; but the redundant syllable ought to be confined to the drama, and not admitted into epic poetry."

Another law of heroic rhyme, which, fifty years ago, was considered as fundamental, was, that there should be a pause, a comma at least, at the end of every couplet. It was also provided that there should never be a full stop except at the end of a line.

Sir Roger Newdigate is fairly entitled, we think, to be ranked among the great critics of this school. He made a law that none of the poems written for the prize which he established at Oxford should exceed fifty lines. This law seems to us to have at least as much foundation in reason as any of those which we have mentioned; nay, much more, for the world, we believe, is pretty well agreed in thinking that the shorter a prize poem is, the better.

We do not see why we should not make a few more rules of the same kind; why we should not enact that the number of scenes in every act shall be three or some multiple of three, that the number of lines in every scene shall be an exact square, that the *dramatis personæ* shall never be more or fewer

than sixteen, and that, in heroic rhymes, every thirty-sixth line shall have twelve syllables. If we were to lay down these canons, and to call Pope, Goldsmith, and Addison incorrect writers for not having complied with our whims, we should act precisely as those critics act who find incorrectness in the magnificent imagery and the varied music of Coleridge and Shelley

The correctness which the last century prized so much resembles the correctness of those pictures of the garden of Eden which we see in old Bibles. We have an exact square, enclosed by the rivers Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates, each with a convenient bridge in the centre, rectangular beds of flowers, a long canal, neatly bricked and railed in, the tree of knowledge, clipped like one of the limes behind the Tuileries, standing in the centre of the grand alley, the snake twined round it, the man on the right hand, the woman on the left, and the beasts drawn up in an exact circle round them. In one sense the picture is correct enough. That is to say, the squares are correct, the circles are correct, the man and the woman are in a most correct line of the tree, and the snake forms a most correct spiral.

But if there were a painter so gifted that he could place on the canvas that glorious paradise, seen by the interior eye of him whose outward sight had failed with long watching and laboring for liberty and truth, if there were a painter who could set before us the mazes of the sapphire brook, the lake with its fringe of myrtles, the flowery meadows, the grottos overhung by vines, the forests shining with Hesperian fruit and with the plumage of gorgeous birds, the massy shade of that nuptial bower which showered down roses on the sleeping lovers, what should we think of a connoisseur who should tell us that this painting, though finer than the absurd picture in the old Bible, was not so correct? Surely we should answer, It is both finer and more correct; and it is finer because it is more correct. It is not made up of correctly drawn diagrams; but it is a

correct painting, a worthy representation of that which it is intended to represent.

It is not in the fine arts alone that this false correctness is prized by narrow-minded men, by men who cannot distinguish means from ends, or what is accidental from what is essential. M. Jourdain admired correctness in fencing. "You had no business to hit me then. You must never thrust in quart till you have thrust in tierce." M. Tomès liked correctness in medical practice. "I stand up for Artemius. That he killed his patient is plain enough. But still he acted quite according to rule. A man dead is a man dead, and there is an end of the matter. But if rules are to be broken there is no saying what consequences may follow." We have heard of an old German officer, who was a great admirer of correctness in military operations. He used to revile Bonaparte for spoiling the science of war, which had been carried to such exquisite perfection by Marshal Daun. "In my youth we used to march and countermarch all the summer without gaining or losing a square league, and then we went into winter quarters. And now comes an ignorant, hot-headed young man, who flies about from Bologne to Ulm, and from Ulm to the middle of Moravia, and fights battles in December. The whole system of his tactics is monstrously incorrect." The world is of opinion, in spite of critics like these, that the end of fencing is to hit, that the end of medicine is to cure, that the end of war is to conquer, and that those means are the most correct which best accomplish the ends.

And has poetry no end, no eternal and immutable principles? Since its first great masterpieces were produced, everything that is changeable in this world has been changed. Civilization has been gained, lost, gained again. Religions, the languages, and forms of government, and usages of private life, and modes of thinking, all have undergone a succession of revolutions. Everything has passed away but the great features of nature,

and the heart of man, and the miracles of that art whose office it is to reflect back the heart of man and the features of nature. Those two strange old poems, the wonder of ninety generations, still retain all their freshness. They still command the veneration of minds enriched by the literature of many nations and ages. They are still, even in wretched translations, the delight of school-boys. Having survived ten thousand capricious fashions, having seen successive codes of criticism become obsolete, they still remain to us, immortal with the immortality of truth, the same when perused in the study of an English scholar, as when they were first chanted at the banquets of the Ionian princes.

Macaulay.

LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove,
 A maid whom there were none to praise
 And very few to love.
 A violet by a mossy stone
 Half hidden from the eye;
 Fair as a star when only one
 Is shining in the sky.
 She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be;
 But she is in her grave, and, oh,
 The difference to me!

Wordsworth

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward, the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!" he said:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered!
Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs not to reason why;
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell;
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered!
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke:
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back; but not —
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well

Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them —
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade, —
Noble six hundred!

Tennyson.

SCENES FROM "THE RIVALS."

I.

CAPT. A. Now for a parental lecture. I hope he has heard nothing of the business that has brought me here. I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul!

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Capt. A. Sir, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well! — your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir A. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. — What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Capt. A. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

Sir A. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. — Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Capt. A. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty, and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

Sir A. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well, then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. — Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Capt. A. Sir, you are very good.

Sir A. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. — I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Capt. A. Sir, your kindness overpowers me. — Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir A. Oh! that shall be as your wife chooses.

Capt. A. My wife, sir!

Sir A. Ay, ay, settle that between you, — settle that between you.

Capt. A. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir A. Ay, a wife: why, did not I mention her before?

Capt. A. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir A. Oddso! I must n't forget her, though. — Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of, is by a marriage, — the fortune is saddled with a wife, — but, I suppose, that makes no difference?

Capt. A. Sir! sir! you amaze me!

Sir A. Why, what's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Capt. A. I was, sir, — you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir A. Why, what difference does that make? Odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Capt. A. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir A. What's that to you, sir? — Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Capt. A. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir A. I am sure, sir, 't is more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Capt. A. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir A. Harkye, Jack! — I have heard you for some time with patience — I have been cool — quite cool; but take care — you know I am compliance itself — when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led — when I have my own way; — but don't put me in a frenzy.

Capt. A. Sir, I must repeat it — in this, I cannot obey you.

Sir A. Now, hang me, if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

Capt. A. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir A. Sir, I won't hear a word — not a word! not one word! so give me your promise by a nod — and I'll tell you what, Jack — I mean you dog — if you don't, by —

Capt. A. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness!

Sir A. Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's Museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew, — she shall be all this, sirrah! — yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night, to write sonnets on her beauty.

Capt. A. This is reason and moderation indeed!

Sir A. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humor for mirth in my life.

Sir A. 'Tis false, sir; I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Capt. A. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir A. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please. It won't do with me, I promise you.

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir A. 'Tis a lie! — I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog; but it won't do.

Capt. A. Nay, sir, upon my word —

Sir A. So you will fly out! Can't you be cool, like me! — What good can passion do? — passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate! — There, you sneer again! — don't provoke me! but you rely upon the mildness of my temper — you do, you dog! You play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet take care — the patience of a saint may be overcome at last! — but mark! — I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why — confound you, I may in time forgive you. If not, zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-three-pence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you; I'll disinherit you, and, hang me! if ever I call you Jack again!

[*Exit.*]

Capt. A. Mild, gentle, considerate father! I kiss your hands.

II.

Capt. A. 'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed! — Whimsical enough, 'faith! My father wants to force me to marry the very girl I am planning to run away with! He must not know of my connection with her

yet awhile. He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters; however, I'll read my recantation instantly. My conversion is something sudden, indeed; but I can assure him, it is very sincere. — So, so, here he comes — he looks plaguy gruff!

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir A. No — I'll die sooner than forgive him! Die, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him. At our last meeting his impudence had almost put me out of temper — an obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy! Who can he take after? This is my return for putting him, at twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a year, besides his pay, ever since! But I have done with him — he's anybody's son for me — I never will see him more — never — never — never — never.

Capt. A. Now for a penitential face!

Sir A. Fellow, get out of my way!

Capt. A. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

Sir A. I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

Capt. A. A sincere penitent. I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

Sir A. What's that?

Capt. A. I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

Sir A. Well, sir!

Capt. A. I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

Sir A. Why, now, you talk sense, absolute sense; I never heard anything more sensible in my life. Confound you, you shall be Jack again!

Capt. A. I am happy in the appellation.

Sir A. Why, then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you who the lady really is. Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented me telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture — prepare! What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

Capt. A. Languish! What, the Languishes of Worcestershire!

Sir A. Worcestershire! No! Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop and her niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment?

Capt. A. Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have

heard the name before. Yet, stay: I think I do recollect something. Languish — Languish! She squints, don't she? A little red-haired girl?

Sir A. Squints! A red-haired girl! Zounds, no!

Capt. A. Then I must have forgot: it can't be the same person.

Sir A. Jack, Jack! what think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen?

Capt. A. As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent; if I can please you in the matter, 't is all I desire.

Sir A. Nay, but Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! Not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks, Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her telltale eyes! Then, Jack, her lips! Oh, Jack, lips, smiling at their own discretion! and, if not smiling, more sweetly pouting — more lovely in sullenness! Then, Jack, her neck! Oh! Jack! Jack!

Capt. A. And which is to be mine, sir: the niece, or the aunt?

Sir A. Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you! When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket! The aunt, indeed! Odds life! when I run away with your mother, I would not have touched anything old or ugly to gain an empire!

Capt. A. Not to please your father, sir?

Sir A. To please my father — zounds! not to please — Oh! my father? Odds! yes, yes! if my father, indeed, had desired — that's quite another matter. Though he was n't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

Capt. A. I dare say not, sir.

Sir A. But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful?

Capt. A. Sir, I repeat it, if I please you in this affair, 't is all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind. Now, without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back; and though one eye may be very agreeable, yet, as the prejudice has always run in favor of two, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

Sir A. What a phlegmatic sot it is! Why, sirrah, you are an anchorite! a vile, insensible stock! You a soldier! you're a walking

block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on! Odds life, I've a great mind to marry the girl myself!

Capt. A. I am entirely at your disposal, sir; if you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the aunt; or if you should change your mind, and take the old lady, 't is the same to me — I'll marry the niece.

Sir A. Upon my word, Jack, thou art either a very great hypocrite, or — but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie — I'm sure it must. Come, now, hang your demure face; come, confess, Jack, you have been lying, have n't you? You have been playing the hypocrite, hey? I'll never forgive you, if you have n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

Capt. A. I am sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

Sir A. Respect and duty! But come along with me. I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the Promethean torch to you — come along, I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back stark mad with rapture and impatience — if you don't, 'egad, I'll marry the girl myself!

[*Exeunt.*
Sheridan.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

B
BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor-lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To the haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Tennyson.

HYMN TO DIANA.

QUEEN and Huntress, chaste and fair,

Now the sun is laid to sleep,

Seated in thy silver chair

State in wonted manner keep:

Hesperus entreats thy light,

Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade

Dare itself to interpose;

Cynthia's shining orb was made

Heaven to clear when day did close:

Bless us then with wishèd sight,

Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart

And thy crystal-shining quiver;

Give unto the flying heart

Space to breathe how short soever:

Thou that mak'st a day of night,

Goddess excellently bright!

Ben Jonson

LONGING FOR HOME.

A SONG of a boat:—

There was once a boat on a billow:

Lightly she rocked to her port remote:

And the foam was white in her wake like snow,

And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow

And bent like a wand of willow.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat

Went curtseying over the billow,

I marked her course till a dancing mote

She faded out on the moonlit foam,

And I stayed behind in the dear loved home:

And my thoughts all day were about the boat,

And my dreams upon the pillow.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short:—
My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port.
Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me—
Ah me!

A song of a nest:—
There was once a nest in a hollow:
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim—
Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long:—
You shall never light, in a summer quest
The bushes among—
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them: but when they were grown
They spread out their wings to fly—
O, one after one they flew away
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And—I wish I was going too.

I pray you, what is the nest to me,
My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed?

Can I call that home where my nest was set,
 Now all its hope hath failed?
 Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
 And the land where my nestlings be:
 There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
 The only home for me—

Ah me!

Jean Ingeloro,

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

WORD was brought to the Danish king
 (Hurry!)

That the love of his heart lay suffering,
 And pined for the comfort his voice would bring.

(O! ride as though you were flying!)

Better he loves each golden curl
 On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
 Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl;
 And his Rose of the Isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;

(Hurry!)

Each one mounting a gallant steed
 Which he kept for battle and days of need;

(O! ride as though you were flying!)

Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
 Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
 Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
 But ride as they would, the king rode first,
 For his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;

(Hurry!)

They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone;
 His little fair page now follows alone,

For strength and for courage trying
 The king looked back at that faithful child;
 Wan was the face that answering smiled;
 They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
 Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
 Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;

(Silence!)

No answer came; but faint and forlorn

An echo returned on the cold gray morn,

Like the breath of a spirit sighing.

The castle portal stood grimly wide;

None welcomed the king from that weary ride;

For dead, in the light of the dawning day,

The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,

Who had yearned for his voice while dying

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,

Stood weary.

The king returned from her chamber of rest,

The thick sobs choking in his breast;

And, that dumb companion eying,

The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;

He bowed his head on his charger's neck:

"O steed, that every nerve didst strain,

Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain

To the halls where my love lay dying!"

Caroline Norton.

THE FUNERAL OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, with a Throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer, — Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it;

as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bond-man? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, — That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Citizens. Live, Brutus! live, live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crowned in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen, —

2 *Cit.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone;

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glory; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. — Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

[*Goes up.*

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain :

We're bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans, —

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears :

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

• The evil that men do lives after them ;

The good is oft interrèd with their bones :

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, —

For Brutus is an honorable man ;

So are they all, all honorable men, —

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And, sure, he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am, to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, — not without cause ;

What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason! Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he not, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honorable men.

I will not do them wrong: I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar, —

I found it in his closet, — 't is his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! We will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will — Cæsar's will!

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: honorable men!

Citizens. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers. The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Citizens. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring! stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony! — most noble Antony!

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far' off.

Citizens. Stand back; room! bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it, —
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
 For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be reveng'd.

Citizens. Revenge, — about, — seek, — burn, — fire, — kill, — slay, —
 let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable:
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do 't; they're wise and honorable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
 I am no orator, as Brutus is;
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away, then ! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho ! hear Antony ; most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves ?

Alas, you know not ; I must tell you, then :

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true ; the will ! — let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar ! — we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O, royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber : he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ?

1 *Cit.* Never, never. — Come, away, away !

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body*]

Ant. Now let it work : — Mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt !

Shakespeare.

THE BLUEBIRD.

I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing,
 Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging.

Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary, —
 Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!

Hark! was there ever so merry a note?

Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,

Up in the apple-tree, swinging and swaying.

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,

You must be weary of winter, I know;

Hark while I sing you a message of cheer!

Summer is coming, and spring-time is here!

"Little white snow-drop! I pray you arise;

Bright yellow crocus! come, open your eyes;

Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,

Put on your mantles of purple and gold;

Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear? —

Summer is coming, and spring-time is here!"

Emily Huntington Miller.

TEST OF A BAD BOOK.

WOULD you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may after all be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others, and disposed you to relax in that self-government without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue, — and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other

of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so, — if you are conscious of all or any of these effects, — or if, having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book in the fire, whatever name it may bear in the title-page! Throw it in the fire, young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend! — young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rosewood bookcase!

Southey.

HERVÉ RIEL.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
 Did the English fight the French — woe to France!
 And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,
 Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
 Came crowding ship on ship to St Malo on the Rance,
 With the English fleet in view.

'T was the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
 First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville:
 Close on him fled, great and small,
 Twenty-two good ships in all;
 And they signalled to the place, "Help the winners of a race!
 Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or, quicker still,
 Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
 "Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
 "Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
 Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and eighty guns
 Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
 Trust to enter where 't is ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,

And with flow at full beside?

Now 't is slackest ebb of tide.

Reach the mooring? Rather say,

While rock stands or water runs, not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight

Brief and bitter the debate:

"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound? Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech).

"Not a minute more to wait!

Let the Captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!

France must undergo her fate.

Give the word!" But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these —

A captain? A lieutenant? A mate — first, second, third?

No such man of mark, and meet with his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet

A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the *Croisickes*!

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell

'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?

Morn and eve, night and day, have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast, at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer, get this *Formidable* clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,

Right to Solidor past Grève, and there lay them safe and sound;

And if one ship misbehave, keel so much as grate the ground,

Why, I've nothing but my life — here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait,

"Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains give the sailor place! He is Admiral, in brief.

Still the north-wind, by God's grace! See the noble fellow's face

As the big ship, with a bound, clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!

See, safe thro' shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock.

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief!

The peril, see, is past, all are harbored to the last,

And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as fate

Up the English come, too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:

They see the green trees wave

On the heights o'erlooking Grève.

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance, let the English rake the bay,

Gnash their teeth and glare askance as they cannonade away!

'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"

How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!

Out burst all with one accord, "This is Paradise for Hell!

Let France, let France's King

Thank the man that did the thing!"

What a shout, and all one word, "Hervé Riel!"

As he stepped in front once more,

Not a symptom of surprise

In the frank blue Breton eyes,

Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend, I must speak out at the end,

Though I find the speaking hard.

Praise is deeper than the lips: You have saved the King his ships,

You must name your own reward.

'Faith our sun was near eclipse!

Demand whate'er you will, France remains your debtor still.

Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then, a beam of fun outbroke on the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through those frank eyes of Breton blue :

“ Since I needs must say my say,

Since on board the duty's done,

And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run? —

Since 't is ask and have, I may —

Since the others go ashore — Come! A good whole holiday!

Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!”

That he asked and that he got — nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost :

Not a pillar nor a post

In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;

Not a head in white and black on a single fishing smack,

In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack

All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.

Go to Paris : rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank!

You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.

So for better and for worse, Hervé Riel, accept my verse!

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

Browning.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate weary of breath, rashly importunate, gone
to her death! Take her up tenderly, lift her with care; fashion'd so slenderly, young, and so fair!

Look at her garments clinging like cerements, whilst the wave constantly drips from her clothing; take her up instantly, loving, not loathing. Touch her not scornfully; think of her mournfully, gently and humanly; not of the stains of her — all that remains of her now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny into her mutiny rash and undutiful: past all dishonor, death has left on her only the beautiful. Still, for all slips of hers, one of Eve's family — wipe those poor lips of hers oozing so clammy. Loop up her tresses escaped from the comb, her fair auburn tresses; whilst wonderment guesses where was her home?

Who was her father? Who was her mother? Had she a sister? Had she a brother? Or was there a dearer one still, and a nearer one yet, than all other? Alas! for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun! O! it was pitiful! near a whole city full, home she had none. Sisterly, brotherly, fatherly, motherly feelings had changed: love, by harsh evidence, thrown from its eminence; even God's providence seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver so far in the river, with many a light, from window and casement, from garret to basement, she stood, with amazement, houseless by night. The bleak wind of March made her tremble and shiver; but not the dark arch, or the black, flowing river; mad from life's history, glad to death's mystery swift to be hurl'd — anywhere, anywhere out of the world! In she plunged boldly, no matter how coldly the rough river ran, over the brink of it, — picture it, think of it, dissolute Man! lave in it, drink of it, then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly, lift her with care; fashion'd so slenderly, young and so fair! Ere her limbs frigidly stiffen too rigidly, decently, kindly, smooth and compose them; and her eyes close them, staring so blindly! Dreadfully staring through muddy impurity, as when with the daring last look of despairing fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily, spurr'd by contumely, cold inhumanity burning insanity into her rest. — Cross her hands humbly, as if praying dumbly, over her breast! Owning her weakness, her evil behavior, and leaving, with meekness, her sins to her Saviour!

Hood.

THE PASSIONS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell, —
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting, —
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury — rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound

And, as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each — for Madness ruled the hour —
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewildered laid;
 And back recoiled, he knew not why,
 E'en at the sound himself had made. —
 Next Anger rushed — his eyes on fire —
 In lightnings owned his secret stings:
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept, with hurried hands, the strings. —
 With woful measures, wan Despair —
 Low sullen sounds! — his grief beguiled;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
 'T was sad, by fits — by starts, 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair —
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
 Still would her touch the strain prolong;
 And, from the rocks, the woods the vale,
 She called on Echo still, through all her song;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close;
 And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair

And longer had she sung — but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose.
 He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down;
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woes;
 And ever and anon, he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat;
 And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,

Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head
Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed —
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
And now it courted Love — now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And, from her wild, sequestered seat,
In notes, by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;
Or, o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay, —
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing, —
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung, —
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs, and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial: —
He, with viny crown, advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet, entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,

Amid the festal-sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round —
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound —
 And he, amid his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

Collins.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE, of me you shall not win renown;
 you thought to break a country heart for pastime, ere you went
 to town. At me you smiled, but unbeguiled I saw the snare, and I
 retired: the daughter of a hundred Earls, you are not one to be
 desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, I know you proud to bear your name, your
 pride is yet no mate for mine, too proud to care from whence I came.
 Nor would I break for your sweet sake a heart that dotes on truer
 charms. A simple maiden in her flower is worth a hundred coats-
 of-arms. Lady Clara Vere de Vere, some meeker pupil you must
 find, for were you queen of all that is, I could not stoop to such
 a mind. You sought to prove how I could love, and my disdain is
 my reply. The lion on your old stone gates is not more cold to you
 than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, you put strange memories in my head.
 Not thrice your branching limes have blown since I beheld young
 Laurence dead. Oh, your sweet eyes, your low replies: a great en-
 chantress you may be: but there was that across his throat which you
 had hardly cared to see. Lady Clara Vere de Vere, when thus he met
 his mother's view, she had the passions of her kind, she spake some
 certain truths of you. Indeed, I heard one bitter word that scarce is
 fit for you to hear; her manners had not that repose which stamps the
 caste of Vere de Vere. Lady Clara Vere de Vere, there stands a spectre
 in your hall: the guilt of blood is at your door: you changed a whole-
 some heart to gall. You held your course without remorse, to make
 him trust his modest worth, and, last, you fixed a vacant stare, and
 slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere, from yon blue heavens above us bent,
the gardener Adam and his wife smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me, 't is only noble to be good. Kind hearts
are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere: you pine among your halls and
towers: the languid light of your proud eyes is wearied of the rolling
hours. In glowing health, with boundless wealth, but sickening of a
vague disease, you know so ill to deal with time, you needs must play
such pranks as these. Clara, Clara Vere de Vere, if time be heavy on
your hands, are there no beggars at your gate, nor any poor about your
lands? Oh! teach the orphan boy to read, or teach the orphan girl to
sew; pray Heaven for a human heart, and let the foolish yeoman go.

Tennyson.

THE WOOING OF HENRY V.

KING HENRY.

Fair Katharine, and most fair!

Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Katharine. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your
England.

K. Hen. O, fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your
French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your
English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is — like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment, ainsi dit-il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to
affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines des trom-
peries.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full
of deceits?

Alice. *Ouy*; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is
de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better Englishwoman. — I' faith, Kate,
my wooing is fit for thy understanding. I am glad thou canst speak no
better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain

king, that thou wouldst think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in, love, but directly to say — I love you: then, if you urge me farther than to say — Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do; and so clap hands, and a bargain. How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf votre honneur, me understand well.*

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back, I should quickly leap into a wife. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee — that I shall die, is true; but — for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy. A straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curl'd pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: and what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love the enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi,* (let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!) — *donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf votre honneur, le Français que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglais lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, faith, is 't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, — Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très-chère et divine déesse.*

Kath. Your *majesté* 'ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en France*.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honor I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say — Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud — England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: — Wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please de *roy mon pere*.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure: excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très, puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, et demoiselles, pour estre baiseés devant leur nocés, il n'est pas la coûtume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les ladies* of France, — I cannot tell what is, *baiser*, *en English*.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better *que moy*.

K. Hen. It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Oui, vrayment.*

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs courtesy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs.

Shakespeare.

CATO ON IMMORTALITY.

IT must be so — Plato, thou reasonest well!
 Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out a hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity! — thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me:
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us, —
 And that there is, all Nature cries aloud

Through all her works, — He must delight in virtue;
 And that which He delights in must be happy.
 But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures, — this must end them.

[Laying his hand on his sword]

Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.
 This in a moment brings me to my end;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amid the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Addison.

HORATIUS.

NOW, from the rock Tarpeian, could the wan burghers spy the line
 of blazing villages red in the midnight sky. The Fathers of the
 City, they sat all night and day, for every hour some horseman came
 with tidings of dismay. They held a council standing before the
 River-gate; short time was there ye well may guess, for musing or
 debate. Out spoke the Consul roundly: "The bridge must straight go
 down; for, since Janiculum is lost, naught else can save the town."

But the Consul's brow was sad, and the Consul's speech was low, and
 darkly looked he at the wall and darkly at the foe. "Their van will be
 upon us before the bridge goes down; and if they once may win the
 bridge, what hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius, the Captain of the gate: "To every
 man upon this earth death cometh soon or late. And how can man die
 better than facing fearful odds, for the ashes of his fathers, and the
 temples of his gods? Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, with all the
 speed ye may; I, with two more to help me, will hold the foe in bay.
 In yon straight path a thousand may well be stopped by three, now,
 who will stand on either hand, and keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius, a Ramnian proud was he: "Lo, I
 will stand at thy right hand, and keep the bridge with thee." And out

spake strong Herminius, of Titian blood was he: "I will abide on thy left side, and keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul, "as thou sayest, so let it be." And straight against that great array forth went the dauntless Three. For Romans in Rome's quarrel spared neither land nor gold, nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life, in the brave days of old. Then none was for a party; then all were for the state; then the great man helped the poor, and the poor man loved the great; then lands were fairly portioned; then spoils were fairly sold: the Romans were like brothers in the brave days of old.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army, right glorious to behold, came flashing back the noonday light, rank behind rank, like surges bright of a broad sea of gold. Four hundred trumpets sounded a peal of warlike glee, as that host with measured tread, and spears advanced, and ensigns spread, rolled slowly towards the bridge's head where stood the dauntless Three. The Three stood calm and silent, and looked upon the foes, and a great shout of laughter from all the vanguard rose. . . . But now no sound of laughter was heard amongst the foes. A wild and wrathful clamor from all the vanguard rose. For all Etruria's noblest felt their hearts sink to see on the earth the bloody corpses, in the path the dauntless Three.

Was none who would be foremost to lead such dire attack; but those behind cried "Forward!" and those before cried "Back!" And backward now and forward wavers the deep array; and on the tossing sea of steel, to and fro the standards reel; and the victorious trumpet-peal dies fitfully away.

But meanwhile axe and lever have manfully been plied, and now the bridge hangs tottering above the boiling tide. "Come back, come back, Horatius!" loud cried the fathers all. "Back, Lartius! back, Herminius! back, ere the ruin fall!" Back darted Spurius Lartius; Herminius darted back: and as they passed, beneath their feet they felt the timbers crack. But when they turned their faces, and on the farther shore, saw brave Horatius stand alone, they would have crossed once more. But, with a crash like thunder fell every loosened beam, and, like a dam, the mighty wreck lay right athwart the stream: and a long shout of triumph rose from the walls of Rome, as to the highest turret-tops was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius, but constant still in mind; thrice thirty thousand foes before, and the broad flood behind. "Down with him!" cried false Sextus, with a smile on his pale face; "Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena, "now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning those craven ranks to see; naught spake he to Lars Porsena; to Sextus naught spake he; but he saw on Palatinus the white porch of his home; and he spake to the noble river that rolls by the towers of Rome: "O Tiber! Father Tiber! to whom the Romans pray, a Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in charge this day!" So he spake, and speaking sheathed the good sword by his side, and, with his harness on his back, plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow was heard from either bank, but friends and foes in dumb surprise, with parted lips and straining eyes, stood gazing where he sank; and when above the surges they saw his crest appear, all Rome sent forth a rapturous cry, and even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current, swollen high by months of rain; and fast his blood was flowing, and he was sore in pain: and heavy with his armor, and spent with changing blows, and oft they thought him sinking, and still again he rose. Never, I ween, did swimmer, in such an evil case, struggle through such a raging flood safe to the landing-place: but his limbs were borne up bravely by the brave heart within, and our good father Tiber bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus, "will not the villain drown? But for this stay, ere close of day we should have sacked the town!" "Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena, "and bring him safe to shore, for such a gallant feat of arms was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom; now on dry earth he stands; now round him throng the fathers to press his gory hands; and now with shouts and clapping, and noise of weeping loud, he enters through the River-gate, borne by the joyous crowd.

Abridged.

Macaulay.

THE SPRING JOURNEY.

O GREEN was the corn as I rode on my way,
And bright were the dews on the blossoms of May,
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sang jovial and loud:
From the soft vernal sky to the soft grassy ground,
There was beauty above me, beneath, and around.

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the hill,
 And yet, though it left me all dripping and chill,
 I felt a new pleasure as onward I sped,
 To gaze where the rainbow gleamed broad overhead.

O such be Life's journey, and such be our skill,
 To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill;
 Through sunshine and shower may our progress be even,
 And our tears add a charm to the prospect of Heaven!

Heber

JULIET DRINKING THE POTION.

FAREWELL! God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
 That almost freezes up the heat of life:

I'll call them back again to comfort me:—

Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial.

What, if this mixture do not work at all?

Must I of force be married to the county?—

No, no; this shall forbid it: lie thou there.

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonor'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man:

I will not entertain so bad a thought—

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I will awake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in.

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking; what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad, —
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

Shakespeare

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

“GIVE us a song!” the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
“We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.”

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong, —
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest, —
The loving are the daring.

Bayard Taylor.

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

"I THOUGHT, Mr. Allen, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift, — no, not one. The dear boy only slept a minute — just one little minute — at his post: I know that was all,

for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and trustworthy he was! I know he fell asleep only one little second; — he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I and only eighteen! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty! Twenty-four hours, the telegram said, — only twenty-four hours. Where is Bennie now?”

“We will hope with his Heavenly Father,” said Mr. Allen.

“Yes, yes, let us hope: God is very merciful.

“‘I should be ashamed, father,’ Bennie said, ‘when I was a man, to think I never used this great right arm,’ — and he held it out so proudly before me, — ‘for my country, when it needed it. Palsy it rather than keep it at the plough.’

“‘Go, then, my boy!’ I said, ‘and God keep you!’ God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allen”; and the farmer repeated those last words slowly, as if, in spite of his reason, his heart doubted them.

“Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen, doubt it not!”

Blossom sat near them, listening with blanched cheeks. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor’s hand a letter. “It is from him,” was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead! Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope on account of his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allen, with the helplessness of a child. The minister opened it and read as follows: —

“*Dear Father:* — When this reaches you, I shall be in eternity. At first, it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now that it has no terror. They say that they will not bind me, nor blind me; but that I may meet my death like a man.” I thought, father, that it might have been on the

battle-field, for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it, — to die for neglect of duty! O father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it; and when I am gone, you may tell my comrades; I cannot now.

“You know I promised Jemmie Carr’s mother I would look after her boy; and, when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night, I carried all his baggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double-quick, and the baggage began to feel very heavy. Everybody was tired; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way.

“I was all tired out when we came into camp; and then it was Jemmie’s turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until — well, until it was too late.”

“God be thanked!” interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. “I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly.”

“They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve — given to me by circumstances — ‘time to write to you,’ our good colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

“I can’t bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good by, father!

“To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on

the back stoop, waiting for me, — but I shall never, never come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie.”

Late that night the door of the “back stoop” opened softly, and a little figure glided out and down the foot-path to the road that led by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor the left, looking only now and then to Heaven, and folding her hands, as if in prayer.

Two hours later the same young girl stood at Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand. A few questions and ready answers told him all; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child than he did for our little Blossom.

She was on her way to Washington to ask President Lincoln for her brother’s life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had taken Bennie’s letter with her. No good, kind heart, like the President’s, could refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother’s life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the capital, and hastened immediately to the White House.

The President had but just seated himself at his morning’s task of looking over and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him.

“Well, my child,” he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, “what do you want so bright and early in the morning?”

“Bennie’s life, please, sir,” faltered Blossom.

“Bennie? Who is Bennie?”

“My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post.”

“Oh, yes,” and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. “I remember! It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost through his culpable negligence.”

“So my father said,” replied Blossom, gravely; “but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie’s night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself—that he was tired too.”

“What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand”; and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at something to justify the offence.

Blossom went to him: he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed, and he was President of the United States too. A dim thought of this kind passed through Blossom’s mind; but she told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie’s letter to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell. Blossom heard this order given: “Send this dispatch at once.”

The President then turned to the girl and said: “Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country’s sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you.”

“God bless you, sir,” said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request?

Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the

President's private room, and a strap fastened upon the shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act without complaining, deserves well of his country."

Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and as farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently, "The Lord be praised."

Mrs. R. D. C. Robbins.

ALPINE SCENERY.

ABOVE me are the Alps, the glorious Alps!
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche, — the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appalls,
Gathers around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake
With the wide world I've dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose capp'd heights appear
Precipitously steep; and, drawing near,

There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

He is an evening reveller, who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill;
 But that is fancy; for the starlight dews
 All silently their tears of love distil,
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of Heaven!
 If, in your bright leaves, we would read the fate
 Of men and empires, — 't is to be forgiven,
 That, in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a stair

The sky is changed! — and such a change! O Night,
 And Storm, and Darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
 Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.

And this is in the night: — Most glorious Night,
 Thou wert not sent for slumber; let me be
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, —
 A portlon of the tempest and of thee!
 How the lit lake shines, — a phosphoric sea, —
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!

And now again 't is black; and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful: the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knell
Of what in me is sleepless, — if I rest.
But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if Earth contain'd no tomb, —
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence; and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman, may find room
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much that may give us pause, if ponder'd fittingly.

Byron

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

IS there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that;
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man 's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man 's a man, for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
 Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that;
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that;
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

Burns.

MURDER AS A FINE ART.

GENTLEMEN: I have had the honor to be appointed by your committee to the trying task of reading the Williams' Lecture on Murder, considered as one of the Fine Arts; a task which might be easy enough three or four centuries ago, when the art was little understood, and few great models had been exhibited; but in this age, when masterpieces of excellence have

been executed by professional men, it must be evident that, in the style of criticism applied to them, the public will look for something of a corresponding improvement. People begin to see that something more goes to the composition of a fine murder than two blockheads to kill and be killed,—a knife,—a purse,—and a dark lane. Design, Gentlemen, grouping, light and shade, poetry, sentiment, are now deemed indispensable to attempts of this nature.

Before I begin, let me say a word or two to certain prigs who affect to speak of our society as if it were in some degree immoral in its tendency. Immoral? Jupiter protect me, Gentlemen, what is it that people mean? I am for morality, and always shall be, and for virtue, and all that; and I do affirm, and always shall (let what will come of it), that murder is an improper line of conduct, highly improper; and I do not stick to assert that any man who deals in murder must have very incorrect ways of thinking, and truly inaccurate principles; and so far from aiding and abetting him by pointing out his victim's hiding-place, as a great moralist of Germany declared it to be every good man's duty to do, I would subscribe one shilling and sixpence to have him apprehended; which is more by eighteenpence than the most eminent moralists have hitherto subscribed for that purpose. But what then? Everything in this world has two handles. Murder, for instance, may be laid hold of by its moral handle (as it generally is in the pulpit, and at the Old Bailey); and *that*, I confess, is its weak side; or it may also be treated *æsthetically*, as the Germans call it,—that is, in relation to good taste. . . .

In the assassinations of princes and statesmen, there is nothing to excite our wonder: important changes often depend on their deaths; and, from the eminence on which they stand, they are peculiarly exposed to the aim of every artist who happens to be possessed by the craving for scenical effect. But there is another class of assassinations, which has prevailed from

an early period of the seventeenth century, that really *does* surprise me ; I mean the assassination of philosophers. For, Gentlemen, it is a fact, that every philosopher of eminence for the two last centuries has either been murdered, or, at the least, been very near it ; insomuch, that if a man calls himself a philosopher, and never had his life attempted, rest assured there is nothing in him ; and against Locke's philosophy in particular, I think it an unanswerable objection (if we needed any) that, although he carried his throat about with him in this world for seventy-two years, no man ever condescended to cut it. . . .

Hobbes — but why, or on what principle, I never could understand — was not murdered. This was a capital oversight of the professional men in the seventeenth century ; because in every light he was a fine subject for murder, except, indeed, that he was lean and skinny ; for I can prove that he had money, and (what is very funny) he had no right to make the least resistance ; since, according to himself, irresistible power creates the very highest species of right ; so that it is rebellion of the blackest dye to refuse to be murdered, when a competent force appears, to murder you. However, Gentlemen, though he was not murdered, I am happy to assure you that (by his own account) he was three times very near being murdered, which is consolatory. . . .

It is now time that I should say a few words about the principles of murder, not with a view to regulate your practice, but your judgment : as to old women, and the mob of newspaper-readers, they are pleased with anything, provided it is bloody enough. But the mind of sensibility requires something more. *First*, then, let us speak of the kind of person who is adapted to the purpose of the murderer ; *secondly*, of the place where ; *thirdly*, of the time when, and other little circumstances.

As to the person, I suppose it is evident that he ought to be a good man ; because, if he were not, he might himself, by possibility, be contemplating murder at the very time ; and such

“diamond-cut-diamond” tussles, though pleasant enough where nothing better is stirring, are really not what a critic can allow himself to call murders. The subject chosen ought to be in good health: for it is absolutely barbarous to murder a sick person, who is usually quite unable to bear it. A philosophic friend, well known for his philanthropy and general benignity, suggests that the subject chosen ought also to have a family of young children wholly dependent on his exertions, by way of deepening the pathos. And, undoubtedly, this is a judicious caution. Yet I would not insist too keenly on such a condition. Severe good taste unquestionably suggests it; but still, where the man was otherwise unobjectionable in point of morals and health, I would not look with too curious a jealousy to a restriction, which might have the effect of narrowing the artist’s sphere. . . .

So much for the person. As to the time, the place, and the tools, I have many things to say, which at present I have no room for. The good sense of the practitioner has usually directed him to night and privacy. Yet there have not been wanting cases where this rule was departed from with excellent effect. . . .

As to murder, I never committed one in my life. It’s a well-known thing amongst all my friends. I can get a paper to certify as much, signed by lots of people. Indeed, if you come to that, I doubt whether many people could produce as strong a certificate. Mine would be as big as a breakfast tablecloth. “But,” say you, “if no murderer, you may have encouraged, or even have bespoken a murder.” No, upon my honor, no. And that was the very point I wished to argue for your satisfaction. The truth is, I am a very particular man in everything relating to murder; and perhaps I carry my delicacy too far.

Genius may do much, but long study of the art must always entitle a man to offer advice. So far I will go, —general principles I will suggest. But as to any particular case, once for

all, I will have nothing to do with it. Never tell me of any special work of art you are meditating, — I set my face against it *in toto*. For, if once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination. Once begin upon this downward path, you never know where you are to stop. Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time.

De Quincey.

RICHELIEU'S APPEAL.

MY liege, your anger can recall your trust,
 Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
 Rifle my coffers; but my name, my deeds,
 Are royal in a land beyond your sceptre.
 Pass sentence on me, if you will; — from kings
 Lo, I appeal to Time! Be just, my liege.
 I found your kingdom rent with heresies,
 And bristling with rebellion; — lawless nobles
 And breadless serfs; England fomenting discord;
 Austria, her clutch on your dominion; Spain
 Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind
 To armed thunderbolts. The Arts lay dead;
 Trade rotted in your marts; your armies mutinous,
 Your treasury bankrupt. Would you now revoke
 Your trust, so be it! and I leave you, sole,
 Supremest Monarch of the mightiest realm,
 From Ganges to the icebergs. Look without, —
 No foe not humbled! Look within, — the Arts
 Quit, for our schools, their old Hesperides,
 The golden Italy! while throughout the veins
 Of your vast empire flows in strengthening tides
 Trade, the calm health of nations! Sire, I know
 That men have called me cruel; —
 I am not; — I am *just*! I found France rent asunder,
 The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;
 Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;

Brawls festering to rebellion; and weak laws
 Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.
 I have re-created France; and, from the ashes
 Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
 Civilization, on her luminous wings,
 Soars, phoenix-like, to Jove! What was my art?
 Genius, some say; — some, Fortune; Witchcraft, some.
 Not so; — my art was Justice.

Bulwer

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —
 The desert and illimitable air, —
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
 At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
 And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
 Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
 Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
 Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
 In the long way that I must tread alone
 Will lead my steps aright.

Bryant

BUGLE SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story;
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying:
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, further going;
 O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river:
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Tennyson.

HENRY IV. AND HOTSPUR.

KING. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities.

Worcester. Our House, my sovereign liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
 And that same greatness too which our own hands
 Have help to make so portly.

Northumberland.

My good lord —

King. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
 O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
 And majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier of a servant brow.
 You have good leave to leave us: when we need
 Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. [*Exit WORCES.*
 [*To NORTH.*] You were about to speak.

North.

Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your Highness' name demanded,
 Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
 Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
 As is deliver'd to your Majesty:
 Either envy, therefore, or misprision,
 Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hotspur. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 But, I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
 Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home:
 He was perfum'd like a milliner;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took 't away again;
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff: and still he smiled and talk'd;
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
 My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
 Out of my grief and my impatience
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,

Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what, —
He should, or he should not: for 't made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds, — God save the mark! —
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on Earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight.
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true

Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
 Those mouthèd wounds, which valliantly he took,
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
 In single opposition, hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an hour
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
 Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,
 Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
 Blood-stainèd with these valiant combatants.
 Never did base and rotten policy
 Color her working with such deadly wounds;
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer
 Receive so many, and all willingly:
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belle him;
 He never did encounter with Glendower:
 I tell thee,
 He durst as well have met the Devil alone
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
 Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, from henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you. — My Lord Northumberland,
 We license your departure with your son. —
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

Shakespeare.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound cries, "Boatman, do not tarry! and I'll give thee a silver pound to row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle this dark and stormy water?"

"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle, and this, Lord Ullin's daughter.
 And fast before her father's men three days we've fled together, for

should he find us in the glen, my blood would stain the heather. His horsemen hard behind us ride; should they our steps discover, then who will cheer my bonny bride when they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight, "I'll go, my chief, I'm ready. It is not for your silver bright, but for your winsome lady. And by my word! the bonny bird in danger shall not tarry; so though the waves are raging white I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace, the water-wraith was shrieking; and in the scowl of heaven each face grew dark as they were speaking. But still as wilder blew the wind and as the night grew drearer, adown the glen rode armed men, their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries, "though tempests round us gather; I'll meet the raging of the skies, but not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land, a stormy sea before her, — when, oh! too strong for human hand, the tempest gather'd o'er her. And still they row'd amidst the roar of waters fast prevailing: Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore, — his wrath was changed to wailing. For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade his child he did discover: one lovely hand she stretch'd for aid, and one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief, "across this stormy water: and I'll forgive your Highland chief, my daughter! — O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore, return or aid preventing: the waters wild went o'er his child, and he was left lamenting.

T. Campbell.

RABBI BEN EZRA.

GROW old along with me! the best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made:

Our times are in His hand who saith, "A whole I planned,

Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!"

Not that, amassing flowers, youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,

Which lily leave and then as best recall!"

Not that, admiring stars, it yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars;

Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears, annulling youth's brief years,

Do I remonstrate; folly wide the mark!

Rather I prize the doubt low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed, were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast :
Such feasting ended, then as sure an end to men ;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

Rejoice we are allied to That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive !
A spark disturbs our clod ; nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff that turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go !
Be our joys three parts pain ! strive and hold cheap the strain ;
Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never grudge the throe !

For thence — a paradox which comforts while it mocks —
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail :
What I aspired to be, and was not, comforts me ;
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

What is he but a brute whose flesh hath soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?
To man, propose this test — thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

Yet gifts should prove their use : I own the past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn :
Eyes, ears took in their dole, brain treasured up the whole ;
Should not the heart beat once " How good to live and learn " ?

Not once beat " Praise be thine ! I see the whole design,
I, who saw power, see now love perfect too :
Perfect I call Thy plan : thanks that I was a man !
Maker, remake, complete, — I trust what Thou shalt do ! "

For pleasant is this flesh : our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest :
Would we some prize might hold to match those manifold
Possessions of the brute, — gain most, as we did best !

Let us not always say, "Spite of this flesh to-day
 I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
 As the bird wings and sings, let us cry, "All good things
 Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!"

Therefore I summon age to grant youth's heritage,
 Life's struggle having so far reached its term:
 Thence shall I pass, approved a man, for aye removed
 From the developed brute: a God though in the germ.

And I shall thereupon take rest, ere I be gone
 Once more on my adventure brave and new;
 Fearless and unperplexed, when I wage battle next,
 What weapons to select, what armor to indue.

Youth ended, I shall try my gain or loss thereby;
 Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
 And I shall weigh the same, give life its praise or blame:
 Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

For note, when evening shuts, a certain moment cuts
 The deed off, calls the glory from the gray:
 A whisper from the west shoots, "Add this to the rest,
 Take it and try its worth: here dies another day."

So, still within this life, though lifted o'er its strife,
 Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
 "This rage was right i' the main, that acquiescence vain:
 The Future I may face now I have proved the Past."

For more is not reserved to man, with soul just nerved
 To act to-morrow what he learns to-day;
 Here, work enough to watch the Master work, and catch
 Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

As it was better, youth should strive, through acts uncouth,
 Toward making, than repose on aught found made;
 So, better, age, exempt from strife, should know, than tempt
 Further. Thou waitedst age; wait death nor be afraid!

Enough now, if the Right and Good and Infinite
 Be named here, as thou call'st thy hand thine own,
 With knowledge absolute, subject to no dispute
 From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone.

Be there, for once and all, severed great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the Past!
Was I the world arraigned, were they my soul disdained,
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last!

Now, who shall arbitrate? Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes match me: we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that; whom shall my soul believe?

Not on the vulgar mass called "work" must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand, the low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

But all, the world's coarse thumb and finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature, all purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount;

Thoughts hardly to be packed into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be, all men ignored in me,
This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel, that metaphor! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay, —
Thou, to whom fools propound, when the wine makes its round,
"Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize to-day!"

Fool! All that is at all lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee, *that* was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops; potter and clay endure.

He fixed thee mid this dance of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest
Machinery just meant to give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

What though the earlier grooves which ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
What though, about thy rim, skull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

Look thou not down but up! to uses of a cup,
 The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
 The new wine's foaming flow, the Master's lips a-glow!
 Thou, Heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with earth's wheel?

But I need, now as then, Thee, God, who moulded men;
 And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
 Did I — to the wheel of life, with shapes and colors rife,
 Bound dizzily — mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst;

So take and use Thy work, amend what flaws may lurk,
 What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
 My times be in Thy hand! perfect the cup as planned!
 Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

Browning.

THE BONNETS OF BONNIE DUNDEE.

TO the lords of convention 't was Claverhouse spoke,
 "Ere the king's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
 So let each cavalier who loves honor and me
 Come follow the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!"

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
 Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
 Come open the Westport, and let us gang free,
 And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!*

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
 The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
 But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
 The gude toun is well quit of that deil of Dundee!"

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow
 Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
 But the young plants of grace they looked cowthie and slee,
 Thinking, Luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dundee!

With sour-featured whigs the grass-market was thranged
 As if half the west had set tryst to be hanged;
 There was spite in each look, there was fear in each ee,
 As they watched for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
 And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;

But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free
At the toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

He spurred to the foot of the proud castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke :
“Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.”

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes, —
“Where’er shall direct me the shade of Montrose !
Your grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

“There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth ;
If there’s lords in the Lowlands, there’s chiefs in the north ;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three
Will cry ‘ Hoigh ! ’ for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

“There’s brass on the target of barkened bull-hide,
There’s steel in the scabbard that dangles beside ;
• The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

“Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks ;
Ere I own a usurper, I’ll couch with the fox ;
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.”

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston’s cliffs and on Clermiston’s lea
Died away the wild war-notes of bonnie Dundee.

Scott.

THE RISING IN 1776.

OUT of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,

The fife’s shrill note, the drum’s loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet ;

While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught,
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool!
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom;
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
The pastor rose; the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might, —
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake

Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
 And grasping in his nervous hand
 The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause,—
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"

 The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours.
His temples are our forts and towers,
 That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door—

 The warrior priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
 Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
 The great bell swung as ne'er before;

It seemed as it would never cease;
 And every word its ardor flung
 From off its jubilant iron tongue
 Was "WAR! WAR! WAR!"

"Who dares"—this was the patriot's cry,
 As striding from the desk he came—
 "Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
 For her to live, for her to die?"
 A hundred hands flung up reply,
 A hundred voices answered, "*I!*"

T. B. Read.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

BY Nebo's lonely mountain, on this side Jordan's wave,
 In a vale in the land of Moab, there lies a lonely grave;
 But no man dug that sepulchre, and no man saw it e'er,
 For the angels of God upturned the sod, and laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral that ever passed on earth;
 But no man heard the tramping, or saw the train go forth;
 Noiselessly as the daylight comes when the night is done,
 And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the spring-time her crown of verdure weaves,
 And all the trees on all the hills open their thousand leaves,—
 So, without sound of music, or voice of them that wept,
 Silently down from the mountain crown the great procession swept.

Lo! when the warrior dieth, his comrades in the war,
 With arms reversed, and muffled drum, follow the funeral car.
 They show the banners taken, they tell his battles won,
 And after him lead his masterless steed, while peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land men lay the sage to rest,
 And give the bard an honored place with costly marble dressed,
 In the great minster transept, where lights like glories fall,
 And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings, along the emblazoned
 wall.

This was the bravest warrior that ever buckled sword;
 This the most gifted poet that ever breathed a word;
 And never earth's philosopher traced, with his golden pen,
 On the deathless page, truths half so sage, as he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor, the hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait with stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes, over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land, to lay him in the grave?

Oh, lonely tomb in Moab's land, oh, dark Beth-peor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours, and teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of Grace — ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep of him he loved so well.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE.

THE joy-bells are ringing in gay Malahide, the fresh wind is singing
along the seaside; the maids are assembling with garlands of
flowers, and the harpstrings are trembling in all the glad bowers. Swell,
swell the gay measure! roll trumpet and drum! 'mid greetings of
pleasure in splendor they come! The chancel is ready, the portal
stands wide for the lord and the lady, the bridegroom and bride.

Before the high altar young Maud stands array'd; with accents that
falter her promise is made — from father and mother forever to part,
for him and no other to treasure her heart. The words are repeated,
the bridal is done, the rite is completed — the two, they are one; the
vow, it is spoken all pure from the heart, that must not be broken till
life shall depart.

Hark! 'mid the gay clangor that compassed their car, loud accents
in anger come mingling afar! The foe's on the border, his weapons
resound where the lines in disorder unguarded are found.

As wakes the good shepherd, the watchful and bold, when the
ounce or the leopard is seen in the fold, so rises already the chief in
his mail, while the new-married lady looks fainting and pale. "Son,
husband, and brother, arise to the strife, for the sister and mother, for
children and wife! O'er hill and o'er hollow, o'er mountain and plain,
up, true men, and follow! let dastards remain!"

Hurrah! to the battle! they form into line — the shields, how they
rattle! the spears, how they shine! soon, soon shall the foeman his
treachery rue: on, burgher and yeoman, to die or to do!

The eve is declining in lone Malahide, the maidens are twining gay
wreaths for the bride; she marks them unheeding — her heart is afar,
where the clansmen are bleeding for her in the war.

Hark! loud from the mountain — 't is Victory's cry! o'er woodland and fountain it rings to the sky! The foe has retreated! he flies to the shore; the spoiler's defeated — the combat is o'er! With foreheads unruffled the conquerors come — but why have they muffled the lance and the drum? what form do they carry aloft on his shield? and where does he tarry, the lord of the field?

Ye saw him at morning how gallant and gay! in bridal adorning the star of the day: now weep for the lover, — his triumph is sped, his hope it is over! the chieftain is dead!

But, oh! for the maiden who mourns for that chief, with heart overladen and rending with grief! she sinks on the meadow, — in one morning-tide a wife and a widow, a maid and a bride! Ye maidens attending, forbear to condole! your comfort is rending the depths of her soul. True — true, 't was a story for ages of pride, he died in his glory — but, oh, he has died! The dead-bells are tolling in sad Malahide, the dead-wail is rolling along the seaside; the crowds, heavy-hearted, withdraw from the green, for the sun has departed that brighten'd the scene!

Gerald Griffin.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

T WAS at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son —
 Aloft in awful state the godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne; his valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
 (So should desert in arms be crown'd);
 The lovely Thais by his side sate like a blooming eastern bride
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride: —
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave, none but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair!

Timotheus placed on high amid the tuneful quire
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky and heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove who left his blissful seats above —
 Such is the power of mighty love!
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode

When he to fair Olympia prest,
And while he sought her snowy breast;
Then round her slender wrist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
— The listening crowd admire the lofty sound!
A present deity! they shout around:
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound!
With ravish'd ears the monarch hears,
Assumes the god; affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung:
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes! sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
Flush'd with a purple grace he shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young, drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure, drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain!
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he Heaven and Earth defied
Changed his hand and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse, soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good, by too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need, by those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies with not a friend to close his eyes.
— With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul the various turns of Chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole, and tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'T was but a kindred sound to move,

For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung is toil and trouble, honor but an empty bubble,
Never ending, still beginning; fighting still, and still destroying :
If the world be worth thy winning, think, O think, it worth enjoying :
Lovely Thais sits beside thee, take the good the gods provide thee !
— The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
At length with love and wine at once oppress'd
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !
Break his bands of sleep asunder
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark ! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head : as awaked from the dead,
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise ! see the snakes that they rear
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
Behold a ghastly band each a torch in his hand !
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain
And unburied remain inglorious on the plain :
Give the vengeance due to the valiant crew !
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
— The princes applaud with a furious joy :
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the way to light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy !

— Thus, long ago, ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute, Timotheus, to his breathing flute

And sounding lyre could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came, inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
— Let old Timotheus yield the prize or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies; she drew an angel down!

Dryden.

NATURE AND GOD.

EVERY moment of our lives, we breathe, stand, or move in the temple of the Most High; for the whole universe is that temple. Wherever we go, the testimony to His power, the impress of His hand are there.

Ask of the bright worlds around us, as they roll in the everlasting harmony of their circles; and they shall tell you of Him whose power launched them on their courses.

Ask of the mountains, that lift their heads among and above the clouds; and the bleak summit of one shall seem to call aloud to the snow-clad top of another, in proclaiming their testimony to the Agency which has laid their deep foundations.

Ask of ocean's waters; and the roar of their boundless waves shall chant from shore to shore a hymn of ascription to that Being, who hath said, "Hitherto shall ye come and no further."

Ask of the rivers; and as they roll onward to the sea, do they not bear along their ceaseless tribute to the ever-working Energy, which struck open their fountains and poured them down through the valleys?

Ask of every region of the earth, from the burning equator to the icy pole, from the rock-bound coast to the plain, covered with its luxuriant vegetation; and will you not find on them all, the record of the Creator's presence?

Ask of the countless tribes of plants and animals; and shall they not testify to the action of the great Source of Life?

Yes, from every portion, from every department of nature, comes the same voice: everywhere we hear Thy name, O God; everywhere we see Thy love. Creation, in all its depth and height, is the manifestation of Thy Spirit, and without Thee the world were dark and dead.

The universe is to us as the burning bush which the Hebrew leader saw: God is ever present in it, for it burns with His glory, and the ground on which we stand is always holy.

Francis.

HUNTING SONG.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
 On the mountain dawns the day;
 All the jolly chase is here
 With hawk and horse and hunting-spear;
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
 Merrily, merrily mingle they,
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 The mist has left the mountain gray,
 Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
 And foresters have busy been
 To track the buck in thicket green;
 Now we come to chant our lay,
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 To the greenwood haste away;
 We can show you where he lies,
 Fleet of foot and tall of size;
 We can show the marks he made
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
 You shall see him brought to bay;
 Waken, lords and ladies gay.

Louder, louder chant the lay,
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!
 Tell them youth and mirth and glee
 Run a course as well as we;
 Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
 Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk;
 Think of this, and rise with day,
 Gentle lords and ladies gay!

Scott

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell:
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 't was but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet;
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet —
 But, hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! arm! it is — it is the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
 And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
 He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Camerons' gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, — and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms, — the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial blent!

Byron.

DEATH OF MARMION.

BLOUNT and Fitz-Eustace rested still with Lady Clare upon the hill, on which (for far the day was spent) the western sunbeams now were bent. The cry they heard, its meaning knew, could plain their distant comrades view: sadly to Blount did Eustace say, "Unworthy office here to stay! no hope of gilded spurs to-day. — But see! look up — on Flodden bent the Scottish foe has fired his tent." And sudden as he spoke, from the sharp ridges of the hill, all downward to the banks of Till, was wreathed in sable smoke. Volumed and fast, and rolling far, the cloud enveloped Scotland's war, as down the hill they broke; nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone, announced their march; their tread alone, at times one warning trumpet blown, at times a stifled hum, told England, from his mountain-throne King James did rushing come. Scarce could they hear or see their foes, until at weapon-point they close. They close, in clouds of smoke and dust, with sword-sway, and with lance's thrust; . . . long looked the anxious squires; their eye could in the darkness naught descry.

At length the freshening western blast aside the shroud of battle cast; and first, the ridge of mingled spears above the brightening cloud appears; and in the smoke the pennons flew, as in the storm the white sea-mew. Then marked they, dashing broad and far, the broken billows of the war, and pluméd crests of chieftains brave, floating like foam upon the wave; but naught distinct they see: wide raged the battle on the plain; spears shook, and falchions flashed amain; fell England's arrow-flight like rain; crests rose, and stooped, and rose again, wild and disorderly. Amid the scene of tumult, high they saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly: and stainless Tunstall's banner white, and Edmund Howard's lion bright, still bear them bravely in the fight; although against them come of gallant Gordons many a one, with Huntly and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while, Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle; though there the western mountaineer rushed with bare bosom on the spear, and flung the feeble targe aside, and with both hands the broadsword plied, 't was vain: but Fortune, on the right, with fickle smile cheered Scotland's fight. Then fell that spotless banner white, the Howard's lion fell; yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew with wavering flight, while fiercer grew around the battle-yell. The Border slogan rent the sky! a Home! a Gordon! was the cry: loud were the clanging blows; advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high, the pennon sunk and rose; as bends the bark's mast in the gale, when rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail, it wavered 'mid the foes.

No longer Blount the view could bear: "By Heaven and all its saints! I swear, I will not see it lost! Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare may bid your beads, and patter prayer,—I gallop to the host." And to the fray he rode amain, followed by all the archer train. The fiery youth, with desperate charge, made, for a space, an opening large,—the rescued banner rose,—but darkly closed the war around, like pine-tree, rooted from the ground, it sunk among the foes. Then Eustace mounted too: yet stayed, as loath to leave the helpless maid, when, fast as shaft can fly, bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread, the loose rein dangling from his head, housing and saddle bloody red, Lord Marmion's steed rushed by; and Eustace maddening at the sight, a look and sign to Clara cast, to mark he would return in haste, then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels, left in that dreadful hour alone: perchance her reason stoops or reels; perchance a courage not her own braces her mind to desperate tone. The scattered van of England wheels; she only said, as loud in air the tumult roared, "Is Wilton there?"—they fly, or maddened by despair, fight but to die,— "Is Wilton there?" With that, straight up the hill there rode two horsemen drenched with gore, and in their arms, a helpless load, a wounded knight they bore. His hand still strained the broken brand; his arms were smeared with blood and sand. Dragged from among the horses' feet, with dinted shield, and helmet beat, the falcon-crest and plumage gone, can that be haughty Marmion! . . . Young Blount his armor did unlace, and, gazing on his ghastly face, said, "By Saint George, he's gone! that spear-wound has our master sped,—and see the deep cut on his head! good-night to Marmion."—"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease: he opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air, around 'gan Marmion wildly stare: "Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where? linger ye here, ye hearts of hare! redeem my pennon, — charge again! cry — 'Marmion to the rescue!' — Vain! last of my race — on battle-plain that shout shall ne'er be heard again! — Yet my last thought is England's — fly, to Dacre bear my signet ring: tell him his squadrons up to bring. Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie; Tunstall lies dead upon the field, his life-blood stains the spotless shield: Edmund is down: — my life is reft; the admiral alone is left. Let Stanley charge with spur of fire, — with Chester charge, and Lancashire, full upon Scotland's central host, or victory and England's lost. Must I bid twice? — hence, varlets! fly! leave Marmion here alone — to die." They parted, and alone he lay; Clare drew her from the sight away, till pain wrung forth a lowly moan, and half he murmured, "Is there none, of all my halls have nurst, page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring of blessed water from the spring, to slake my dying thirst?"

O woman! in our hours of ease, uncertain, coy, and hard to please, and variable as the shade by the light, quivering aspen made; when pain and anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou! — Scarce were the piteous accents said, when, with the baron's casque, the maid to the nigh streamlet ran: forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears; the plaintive voice alone she hears, sees but the dying man. She stooped her by the runnel's side, but in abhorrence backward drew; for, oozing from the mountain's side, where raged the war, a dark red tide was curdling in the streamlet blue. Where shall she turn! — behold her mark a little fountain cell, where water, clear as diamond-spark, in a stone basin fell. Above, some half-worn letters say, DRINK WEARY PILGRIM, DRINK AND PRAY, FOR THE KIND SOUL OF SYBIL GRAY, WHO BUILT THIS CROSS AND WELL. She filled the helm, and back she hied, and with surprise and joy espied a monk supporting Marmion's head; a pious man, whom duty brought to dubious verge of battle fought, to shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave, and, as she stooped his brow to lave, — "Is it the hand of Clare," he said, "or injured Constance, bathes my head?" Then as remembrance rose, — "Speak not to me of shrift or prayer! I must redress her woes. Short space, few words, are mine to spare; forgive and listen, gentle Clare!" "Alas!" she said, "the while, — O, think of your immortal weal! in vain for Constance is your zeal; she died at Holy Isle." Lord Marmion started

from the ground, as light as if he felt no wound: though in the action burst the tide, in torrents, from his wounded side. "Then it was truth," he said: "I knew that the dark presage must be true. I would the Fiend, to whom belongs the vengeance due to all her wrongs, would spare me but a day! for wasting fire, and dying groan, and priests slain on the altar stone, might bribe him for delay. It may not be! — this dizzy trance — curse on yon base marauder's lance, and doubly cursed my failing brand! a sinful heart makes feeble hand." Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk, supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labor, Clara bound, and strove to stanch the gushing wound: the monk with unavailing cares, exhausted all the Church's prayers. Ever, he said, that, close and near, a lady's voice was in his ear, and that the priest he could not hear; for that she ever sung, "*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying, where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!*" So the notes rung. "Avoid thee, Fiend! with cruel hand shake not the dying sinner's sand! O, look, my son, upon yon sign of the Redeemer's grace divine; O, think on faith and bliss! — By many a death-bed I have been, and many a sinner's parting seen, but never aught like this." The war, that for a space did fail, now trebly thundering swelled the gale, and — Stanley! was the cry, — a light on Marmion's visage spread, and fired his glazing eye: with dying hand, above his head, he shook the fragment of his blade, and shouted, "Victory! — charge. Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!" were the last words of Marmion.

Scott.

SOLILOQUIES FROM HAMLET.

I.

AY, so, God be wi' ye. [*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*] Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working all his visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty and appall the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Ha!
'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a trull, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon 't! foh! About, my brain! I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players

Play something like the murder of my father
 Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
 I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
 May be the devil: and the devil hath power
 To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
 Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
 As he is very potent with such spirits,
 Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
 More relative than this: the play's the thing
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

II.

TO *be* or *not* to be: that is the question:
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them? To *die*: to *sleep*;
 No more; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To *die*, to *sleep*;
 To *sleep*: perchance to *dream*! — ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause: there's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office and the spurs
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? who'd these fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Shakespeare.

OF STUDIES.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business: for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned.

To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar: they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts

made of them by others ; but that would be only in the less important argument, and the meaner sort of books ; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man ; and therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory ; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit ; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

If a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics ; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again : if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen ; if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases ; so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

Bacon.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
 The earth, and every common sight to me did seem
 Apparell'd in celestial light, the glory and the freshness of a dream.
 It is not now as it hath been of yore ; —
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more !

 The rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the rose ;
 The moon doth with delight look round her when the heavens are bare ;
 Waters on a starry night are beautiful and fair ;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound as to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief :

A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng;
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay; land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity, and with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday. Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy!

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all. O evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning this sweet May morning,
And the children are pulling on every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone;
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting, and cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy;
Shades of the prison-house begin to close upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows, he sees it in his joy;

The youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And even with something of a mother's mind
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
 A six years' darling of a pygmy size!
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes!
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly learned art;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral;
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song:
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love or strife;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little actor cons another part;
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
 With all the Persons down to palsied Age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity ;

Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage ; thou eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted forever by the eternal Mind —

Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !

On whom those truths do rest

Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
 Thou, over whom thy immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by ;
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

O joy ! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That Nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction — not, indeed,
 For that which is most worthy to be blest ;
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise ;

But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things, fallings from us, vanishings,

Blank misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,

High instincts before which our mortal nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;
But for those first affections, those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake, to perish never,
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor, nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy, can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence, in a season of calm weather, though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds! sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be,
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Think not of any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;

I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Wordsworth.

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

YOUNG Harry was a lusty drover, and who so stout of limb as he? His cheeks were red as ruddy clover, his voice was like the voice of three. Auld Goody Blake was old and poor, ill fed she was, and thinly clad; and any man who passed her door, might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling, and then her three hours work at night! alas! 't was hardly worth the telling, it would not pay for candle-light. This woman dwelt in Dorsetshire, her hut was on a cold hillside, and in that country coals are dear, for they come far by wind and tide. . . .

Now when the frost was past enduring, and made her poor old bones to ache, could anything be more alluring, than an old hedge to Goody Blake? And now and then, it must be said, when her old bones were cold and chill, she left her fire, or left her bed, to seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected this trespass of old Goody Blake, and vowed that she should be detected, and he on her would vengeance take. And oft from his warm fire he'd go, and to the fields his road would take, and there, at night, in frost and snow, he watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once behind a rick of barley, thus looking out did Harry stand; the moon was full and shining clearly, and crisp with frost the stubble land. He hears a noise — he's all awake — again! — on tiptoe down

the hill he softly creeps. 'T is Goody Blake! she's at the hedge of Harry Gill. Right glad was he when he beheld her: stick after stick did Goody pull: he stood behind a bush of elder, till she had filled her apron full. When with her load she turned about, the by-road back again to take, he started forward with a shout, and sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her, and by the arm he held her fast, and fiercely by the arm he shook her, and cried, "I've caught you then at last!" Then Goody, who had nothing said, her bundle from her lap let fall; and kneeling on the sticks, she prayed to God that is the judge of all. She prayed, her withered hand uprearing, while Harry held her by the arm, "God! who art never out of hearing, O may he never more be warm!" The cold, cold moon above her head, thus on her knees did Goody pray: young Harry heard what she had said, and icy cold he turned away.

No word to any man he utters, abed or up, to young or old; but ever to himself he mutters, "Poor Harry Gill is very cold." Abe^d or up, by night or day, his teeth they chatter, chatter still: now think, ye farmers all, I pray, of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

Wordsworth.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THE king sits in Dunfermline town, drinking the blude-red wine:
 "O where will I get a skeety skipper, to sail this new ship of mine?"

O up and spake an eldern knight, sat at the king's right knee,—
 "Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor, that ever sailed the sea."

Our king has writtē a braid letter, and sealed it with his hand,
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens, was walking on the strand.
 "To Noroway, to Noroway, to Noroway o'er the faem;
 The king's daughter of Noroway, 't is thou maun bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read, sae loud, loud laughed he;
 The neist word that Sir Patrick read, the tear blindit his e'e.
 "O wha is this has done this deed, and tauld the king o' me,
 To send us out, this time of the year, to sail upon the sea?"

"Be't wind, be't weet, be't hail, be't sleet, one ship must sail the
 faem;
 The king's daughter of Noroway, 't is we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn, wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway, upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week, in Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway began aloud to say, —
“Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd, and a' our queenis fee,”
“Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud! fu' loud I hear ye lie!

“For I hae brought as much white monie, as gane my men and me,
And I hae brought a half-fou o' gude red goud, out o'er the sea wi' me.”
“Make ready, make ready, my merry men a'! our gude ship sails the
morn.”

“Now, ever alake! my master dear, I fear a deadly storm!

“I saw the new moon, late yestreen, wi' the auld moon in her arm,
And if we gang to sea, master, I fear we'll come to harm.”
They hadna sailed a league, a league, a league, but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud, and gurlly grew the
sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap, it was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves came o'er the broken ship, till a' her sides were torn.
“O where will I get a gude sailor, to take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast, to see if I can spy land?”

“O here am I, a sailor gude, to take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast; but I fear you'll ne'er spy land.”
He hadna gane a step, a step, a step, but barely ane,
When a bolt flew out of our goodly ship, and the salt sea it came in.

“Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith, another of the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side, and letna the sea come in.”
They fetched a web o' the silken claith, another of the twine,
And they wrapped them roun' that gude ship's side, — but still the sea
came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords to weet their cork-heeled shoon,
But lang or a' the play was played, they wat their hats aboon.
And mony was the feather-bed, that floated on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son, that never mair came hame.

The laydes wrang their fingers white, the maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves; for them they'll see na mair.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit, wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit, w Their gowd kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves! for them they'll see na mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen, 't is fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens, wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

Old Ballad.

Anonymous.

MIDSUMMER.

AROUND this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise.
O, softly on yon banks of haze
Her rosy face the Summer lays!
Becalmed along the azure sky,
The argosies of Cloudland lie,
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.
Through all the long midsummer day
The meadow-sides are sweet with hay.
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the field and forest meet, —
Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland,
The ancient oaks austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.
I watch the mowers, as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row.
With even stroke their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring.
Behind, the nimble youngsters run,
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.
The cattle graze, while, warm and still,
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, where summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.
The butterfly and humble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
Her chickens skulk behind the rail;

High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
 And the woodpecker pecks and flits,
 Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
 The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,
 The swarming insects drone and hum,
 The partridge beats his throbbing drum.
 The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
 And chatters in his leafy house,
 The oriole flashes by; and, look!
 Into the mirror of the brook,
 Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,
 Two tiny feathers fall and float.
 As silently, as tenderly,
 The down of peace descends on me.
 O, this is peace! I have no need
 Of friend to talk, of book to read:
 A dear Companion here abides;
 Close to my thrilling heart He hides:
 The holy silence is His voice:
 I lie and listen, and rejoice.

J. T. Trowbridge.

From "The Vagabonds, and Other Poems."

TO THE DAISY.

WITH little here to do or see, of things that in the great world
 be, sweet Daisy! oft I talk to thee, for thou art worthy, thou
 unassuming commonplace of Nature, with that homely face, and yet
 with something of a grace which love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease I sit and play with similes, loose
 types of things through all degrees, thoughts of thy raising; and many
 a fond and idle name I give to thee, for praise or blame as is the humor
 of the game, while I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port; or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,
 in thy simplicity the sport of all temptations; a queen in crown of
 rubies drest; a starveling in a scanty vest; are all, as seems to suit
 thee best, thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye staring to threaten and defy, that
 thought comes next — and instantly the freak is over, the shape will
 vanish, and behold! a silver shield with boss of gold that spreads itself
 some fairy bold in fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar — and then thou art a pretty star, not

quite so fair as many are in heaven above thee! Yet like a star, with glittering crest, self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest; — may peace come never to his nest who shall reprove thee!

Sweet Flower! for by that name at last when all my reveries are past I call thee, and to that cleave fast, sweet silent creature! that breath'st with me in sun and air, do thou, as thou art wont, repair my heart with gladness, and a share of thy meek nature!

Wordsworth.

LETTER SCENE FROM MACBETH.

*L*ADY MACBETH. [*Reading a letter.*] “They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves — air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, ‘Thane of Cawdor’; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, ‘Hail, king that shalt be!’ This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.”

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
 What thou art promised. — Yet do I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o’ the milk of human kindness,
 To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
 Art not without ambition, but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
 That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou’dst have, great Glamis,
 That which cries, “Thus thou must do, if thou have it”;
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
 And chastise with the valor of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crown’d withal.

[*Enter MESSENGER.*

What is your tidings?

Messenger. The king comes here to-night.

L. Macb.

Thou’rt mad to say it

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

L. Macb. Give him tending; [Exit MESSENGER]
He brings great news. — The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. — Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry "Hold, hold!" — [Enter MACBETH]

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macbeth. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

L. Macb. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, — as he purposes.

L. Macb. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,

But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak farther.

L. Macb.

Only look up clear;

To alter favor ever is to fear.

Leave all the rest to me.

Shakespeare.

HELEN TO THE SOLDIERS.

BOLDLY she spoke, — "Soldiers, attend!

My father was the soldier's friend;

Cheer'd him in camps, in marches led,

And with him in the battle bled.

Not from the valiant or the strong,

Should exile's daughter suffer wrong."

Scott.

THE ELOQUENCE OF ADAMS.

WHEN public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, further than as it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction.

True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech shock and disgust men, when

their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object, — this, this is eloquence; or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence; it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

In July, 1776, the controversy had passed the stage of argument. An appeal had been made to force, and opposing armies were in the field. Congress, then, was to decide whether the tie which had so long bound us to the parent State was to be severed at once, and severed forever. All the Colonies had signified their resolution to abide by this decision, and the people looked for it with the most intense anxiety. And surely, fellow-citizens, never, never were men called to a more important political deliberation. If we contemplate it from the point where they then stood, no question could be more full of interest: if we look at it now, and judge of its importance by its effects, it appears in still greater magnitude.

Let us, then, bring before us the assembly which was about to decide a question thus big with the fate of empire. Let us open their doors, and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious and care-worn countenances, let us hear the firm-toned voices, of this band of patriots.

Hancock presides over the solemn sitting; and one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute independence is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the Declaration.

“Let us pause! This step, once taken, cannot be retraced.

This resolution, once passed, will cut off all hope of reconciliation. If success attend the arms of England, we shall then be no longer Colonies, with charters and with privileges: these will all be forfeited by this act; and we shall be in the condition of other conquered peoples, at the mercy of the conquerors. For ourselves, we may be ready to run the hazard; but are we ready to carry the country to that length? Is success so probable as to justify it? Where is the military, where the naval power, by which we are to resist the whole strength of the arm of England? . . .

“While we stand on our old ground, and insist on redress of grievances, we know we are right, and are not answerable for consequences. Nothing then can be imputed to us. But if we now change our object, carry our pretensions further, and set up for absolute independence, we shall lose the sympathy of mankind. We shall no longer be defending what we possess, but struggling for something which we never did possess, and which we have solemnly and uniformly disclaimed all intention of pursuing, from the very outset of the troubles. Abandoning thus our old ground of resistance only to arbitrary acts of oppression, the nations will believe the whole to have been mere pretence, and they will look on us, not as injured, but as ambitious subjects.

“I shudder before this responsibility. It will be on us, if, relinquishing the ground on which we have stood so long, and stood so safely, we now proclaim independence, and carry on the war for that object, while these cities burn, these pleasant fields whiten and bleach with the bones of their owners, and these streams run blood. It will be upon us, it will be upon us, if, failing to maintain this unseasonable and ill-judged Declaration, a sterner despotism, maintained by military power, shall be established over our posterity, when we ourselves, given up by an exhausted, a harassed, a misled people, shall have expiated our rashness and atoned for our presumption on the scaffold.”

It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness.

“Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true indeed that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there’s a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms ; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his life and his own honor? Are not you, Sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

“If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston-Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we mean to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved

you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him. . . .

“Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day’s business. You and I indeed may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so; be it so! If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

“But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I began, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence now, and Independence forever.”

Webster.

THE BRAVE.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 With all their country's wishes blest?
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 It there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than blooming Fancy ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung:
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
 There Honor walks, a pilgrim gray,
 To deck the turf that wraps their clay,
 And Freedom shall a while repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

Collins.

THE INTERVIEWER.

[*Enter Reporter of the Daily Thunderstorm.*]

INTERVIEWER. Hoping it's no harm, I've come to interview you.

Author. Come to what?

Int. Interview you.

A. Ah, I see. Yes — yes. Um. Yes — yes. I say, — how do you spell it?

Int. Spell what?

A. Interview.

Int. Oh, my goodness! What do you want to spell it for?

A. I don't want to spell it; I want to see what it means.

Int. Well, this is astonishing, I must say. I can tell you what it means, if you — if you —

A. Oh, all right! That will answer, and much obliged to you.

Int. I-n—*in*, t-e-r—*ter*, *inter*.

A. Then you spell it with an *I*?

Int. Why certainly.

A. Oh, that is what took me so long!

Int. Why, my *dear* sir, what did *you* propose to spell it with?

A. Well, I — I — I — hardly know. I had the unabridged; and

I was ciphering around in the back end, hoping I might tree her among the pictures. But it's a very old edition.

Int. Why, my friend, they would not have a *picture* of it, even the latest e— My dear sir, I beg your pardon, I mean no harm in the world; but you do not look as — as intelligent as I had expected you would. No harm, — I mean no harm at all.

A. Oh, don't mention it! It has often been said, and by people who would not flatter, and who could have no inducement to flatter, that I am quite remarkable in that way. Yes — yes — they always speak of it with rapture.

Int. I can easily imagine it. But about this interview. You know it is the custom now to interview any man who has become notorious.

A. Indeed? I had not heard of it before. It must be very interesting. What do you do it with?

Int. Ah, well — well — well — this is disheartening. It *ought* to be done with a club, in some cases; but customarily it *consists* in the interviewer asking questions, and the interviewed answering them. It is all the rage now. Will you let me ask you certain questions calculated to bring out the salient points of your public and private history?

A. Oh, with pleasure, — with pleasure! I have a very bad memory, but I hope that you will not mind that. That is to say, it is an irregular memory, singularly irregular. Sometimes it goes at a gallop, and then again it will be as much as a fortnight passing a given point. This is a great grief to me.

Int. Oh, it is no matter, so you will try to do the best you can!

A. I will put my whole mind upon it.

Int. Thanks. Are you ready to begin?

A. Ready.

Int. How old are you?

A. Nineteen in June.

Int. Indeed, I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six. Where were you born?

A. In Missouri.

Int. When did you begin to write?

A. In 1836.

Int. Why, how could that be, if you are only nineteen now?

A. I don't know. It does seem curious, somehow.

Int. It does indeed. What was the date of your birth?

A. Monday, Oct. 31, 1693.

Int. What! Impossible! That would make you a hundred and eighty years old. How do you account for that?

A. I don't account for it at all.

Int. But you said at first you were only nineteen; and now, you make yourself out to be one hundred and eighty. It is an awful discrepancy.

A. Why, have you noticed that? [*Shaking hands.*] Many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy; but somehow I could not make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing?

Int. Thank you for the compliment, as far as it goes. Had you, or have you, any brothers or sisters?

A. Eh? I — I — I — I think so — yes — but I don't remember.

Int. Well, that is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard.

A. Why, what makes you think that!

Int. How could I think otherwise? Why, look here. Who is this a picture of on the wall? Is n't that a brother of yours?

A. Oh, yes, yes, yes. Now you remind me of it, that *was* a brother of mine. That's William, — *Bill* we called him. Poor old *Bill*.

Int. Why, is he dead, then?

A. Ah, well I suppose so. We could never tell. There *was* a great mystery about it.

Int. That is sad, very sad. He disappeared then?

A. Well, yes, in a sort of a general way. We buried him.

Int. Buried him! Buried him without knowing whether he *was* dead or not?

A. Oh, no! He was dead enough.

Int. Well, I confess that I can't understand this. If you buried him, — and you knew he was dead —

A. No, no. We only thought he was.

Int. Oh, I see! He came to life again?

A. No, he did n't.

Int. Well, I never heard anything like this. *Somebody* was dead. *Somebody* was buried. Now, where was the mystery?

A. Ah, that's just it. That's it exactly. You see we were twins, — defunct and I: and we got mixed in the bath-tub when we were only two weeks old, and one of us was drowned. But we did n't know which. Some think it was *Bill*; some think it was *me*.

Int. Well, that *is* remarkable. What do *you* think?

A. Goodness knows. I would give whole worlds to know. This solemn, this awful mystery has cast a gloom over my whole life. But I will tell you a secret now, which I never have revealed to any creature before. One of us had a peculiar mark, a large mole on the back of his left hand; that was *me*. *That was the child that was drowned.*

Int. Very well; then I don't see that there is any mystery about it, after all.

A. You don't? Well, I do. Anyway, I don't see how they could ever have been such a blundering lot as to go and bury the wrong child. But 'sh; don't mention it where the family can hear of it. Heaven knows they have heartbreaking troubles enough without adding this.

Arranged as a Dialogue, from Mark Twain.

THE BOYS.

HAS there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
 If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
 Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!
 Old Time is a liar; we're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
 He's tipsy, — young jackanapes! — show him the door!
 "Gray temples at twenty?" — Yes! *white* if we please;
 Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
 Look close, — you will see not a sign of a flake!
 We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
 And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, — we young fellows, — you may have been told,
 Of talking (in public) as if we were old;
 That boy we call "Doctor," and this, we call "Judge".
 It's a neat little fiction, — of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on the right;
 "Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
 That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
 There's the "Reverend" — what's his name! — don't make me laugh

That boy with the grave mathematical look
 Made believe he had written a wonderful book,

And the Royal Society thought it was *true*!
So they chose him right in, — a good joke it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's the "Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free, —
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee"!

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all.

Yes, we're boys, — always playing with tongue or with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of Thy children, the boys!

Holmes.

BENEDICK AND HIS FRIENDS.

I.

BENEDICK. I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe. I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armor: and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer; his words are a **very** fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so

converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but Love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair,—yet I am well; another is wise,—yet I am well; another virtuous,—yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbor. [Withdraws.]

Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO.

Don Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Benedick (aside). An he had been a dog, that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him; and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pe. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Clau. Oh, very well, my lord.

D. Pe. Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Clau. Oh, ay:—stalk on, stalk on: the fowl sits. (*Aside to PEDRO.*) I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leo. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviors seemed ever to abhor.

Ben. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner? (*Aside.*)

Leo. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pe. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Clau. Faith, like enough.

Leo. O, counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pe. Why, what effect of passion shows she?

Clau. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite. (*Aside.*)

Leo. What effects, my lord? She will sit you—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Clau. She did, indeed.

D. Pe. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leo. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Ben. (aside). I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

Clau. He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up. (*Aside.*)

D. Pe. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leo. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Clau. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says. "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

Leo. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

Clau. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;— "O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!"

Leo. She doth indeed; my daughter says so.

D. Pe. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Clau. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pe. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Clau. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pe. In everything, but in loving Benedick.

Leo. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pe. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daffed all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leo. Were it good, think you?

Clau. Hero thinks surely she will die: for she says, she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she makes her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pe. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you all know, hath a con-

temptible spirit. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Clau. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leo. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pe. Well, we will hear farther of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leo. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Clau. (aside). If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pe. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

Exeunt DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.

Ben. (advancing). This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. — They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. — I did never think to marry: — I must not seem proud. — Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair, — 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous, — 'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me. — By my troth, it is no addition to her wit; — nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage. But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humor? No; the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Beatrice (entering). Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Ben. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Bea. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Ben. You take pleasure then in the message?

Bea. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior; fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

Ben. Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you come to dinner." — There's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me." — That's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture.

[*Exit.*]

II.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, LEONATO, and BENEDICK.

D. Pe. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward Arragon.

Clau. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pe. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Ben. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leo. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

Clau. I hope he be in love.

D. Pe. Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Ben. I have the toothache.

D. Pe. Draw it.

Ben. Hang it!

Clau. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pe. What! sigh for the toothache?

Ben. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Clau. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pe. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet.

Clau. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pe. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Clau. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leo. Indeed, he looks younger than he did by the loss of a beard.

D. Pe. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Clau. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pe. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Clau. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pe. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Clau. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string, and now governed by stops.

D. Pe. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Clau. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pe. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Clau. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pe. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Ben. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. — Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. [*Exeunt BEN. and LEO.*]

D. Pe. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Clau. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Shakespeare.

THE TITMOUSE.

YOU shall not be overbold
 When you deal with arctic cold,
 As late I found my lukewarm blood
 Chilled wading in the snow-choked wood.
 How should I fight? my foeman flue
 Has million arms to one of mine:
 East, west, for aid I looked in vain,
 East, west, north, south, are his domain.
 Miles off, three dangerous miles, is home;
 Must borrow his winds who there would come.

Up and away for life ! be fleet !
The frost-king ties my fumbling feet,
Sings in my ears, my hands are stones,
Curdles the blood to the marble bones,
Tugs at the heart-strings, numbs the sense,
And hems in life with narrowing fence.
Well, in this broad bed lie and sleep,
The punctual stars will vigil keep,
Embalmed by purifying cold,
The winds shall sing their dead-march old,
The snow is no ignoble shroud,
The moon thy mourner, and the cloud.

Softly, — but this way fate was pointing,
'T was coming fast to such anointing,
When piped a tiny voice hard by,
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,
Chic-chic-a-dee-dee ! saucy note
Out of sound heart and merry throat,
As if it said, “ Good day, good sir !
Fine afternoon, old passenger !
Happy to meet you in these places,
Where January brings few faces.”

This poet, though he live apart,
Moved by his hospitable heart,
Sped, when I passed his sylvan fort,
To do the honors of his court,
As fits a feathered lord of land ;
Flew near, with soft wing grazed my hand.
Hopped on the bough, then, darting low,
Prints his small impress on the snow,
Shows feats of his gymnastic play,
Head downward, clinging to the spray.

Here was this atom in full breath,
Hurling defiance at vast death ;
This scrap of valor just for play
Frosts the north-wind in waistcoat gray,
As if to shame my weak behavior ;
I greeted loud my little savior :

"You pet! what dost here? and what for?
In these woods, thy small Labrador,
At this pinch, wee San Salvador!
What fire burns in that little chest
So frolic, stout, and self-possessed?
Henceforth I wear no stripe but thine;
Ashes and jet all hues outshine.
Why are not diamonds black and gray,
To ape thy dare-devil array?
And I affirm, the spacious North
Exists to draw thy virtue forth.
I think no virtue goes with size;
The reason of all cowardice
Is, that men are overgrown,
And, to be valiant, must come down
To the titmouse dimension."

"T is good-will makes intelligence,
And I began to catch the sense
Of my bird's song: "Live out of doors
In the great woods, on prairie floors.
I dine in the sun; when he sinks in the sea,
I too have a hole in a hollow tree;
And I like less when Summer beats
With stifling beams on these retreats,
Than noontide twilights which snow makes
With tempest of the blinding flakes.
For well the soul, if stout within,
Can arm impregnably the skin;
And polar frost my frame defied,
Made of the air that blows outside."

With glad remembrance of my debt,
I homeward turn; farewell, my pet!
When here again thy pilgrim comes,
He shall bring store of seeds and crumbs.
Doubt not, so long as earth has bread,
Thou first and foremost shalt be fed;
The Providence that is most large
Takes hearts like thine in special charge,

Helps who for their own need are strong,
And the sky dotes on cheerful song.
Henceforth I prize thy wiry chant
O'er all that mass and minster vaunt;
For men mis-hear thy call in spring,
As 't would accost some frivolous wing,
Crying out of the hazel copse, *Phe-be!*
And, in winter, *Chic-a-dee-dee!*
I think old Cæsar must have heard
In northern Gaul my dauntless bird,
And, echoed in frosty wold,
Borrowed thy battle-numbers bold.
And I will write our annals new,
And thank thee for a better clew,
I, who dreamed not when I came here
To find the antidote of fear,
Nor hear thee say in Roman key,
Pœan! Veni, vidi, vici.

Emerson.

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

NOON by the north clock!

Noon by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sun-beams which fall scarcely aslope upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains for a single moment the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed in perpetuity upon the Town Pump?

To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business and the constancy with which I stand at my post. Summer or winter nobody seeks me in vain: for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor

alike ; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and to keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall at a muster day, I cry aloud to all, in my plainest accents and at the tip-top of my voice. "Here it is, gentlemen ! Here is the good liquor ! Walk up ! walk up, gentlemen ! walk up ! walk up ! Here is the superior stuff ! Here is the unadulterated ale of Father Adam ! better than cognac, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine at any price : here it is by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay. Walk up, gentlemen, walk up and help yourselves !"

It were a pity if all this outcry should bring no customers.

Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen. Quaff and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat within and fire without, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish.

Drink and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations which he drained from no cup of mine.

Welcome, most rubicund sir ! You and I have been great strangers hitherto : nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent.

Mercy on you, man ! the water absolutely hisses down your red gullet, and is converted quite into steam, in the miniature Tophet which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me on the word of an honest toper, did you ever in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your

children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now for the first time these ten years you know the flavor of good cold water. Good by, and whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand.

Who next? O, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferrule, and other school-boy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life; take it, and may your heart and tongue never thirst with a fiercer thirst than now.

There, my dear child, put down the cup and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them.

What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine cellars. Well, well, sir, no harm done I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter, but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout it is all one to the Town Pump.

This thirsty dog with his red tongue lolling out does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jouler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Ahem! dry work this speechifying, especially to all unpractised orators. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturer undergoes for my sake. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir. My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated through my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire in honor of the Town Pump! And when I shall have decayed like my predecessors, let a marble fountain richly sculptured take my place upon this spot. Such monuments should be erected

everywhere and inscribed with the distinguished champions of their cause.

One o'clock! Nay then, if the dinner-bell begins to ring I may as well hold my peace; but here comes a pretty girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old. Hold out your pitcher, my dear. There! it is full to the brim. Now run home, peeping at your own image in the pitcher as you go, and forget not in a glass of my own liquor to drink success to the Town Pump.

Hawthorne.

THE BARD.

“**R**UIN seize thee, ruthless King!
 Confusion on thy banners wait!
 Tho’ fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk’s twisted mail,
 Nor e’en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears!”
 — Such were the sounds that o’er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon’s shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array: —
 Stout Glo’ster stood aghast in speechless trance;
 “To arms!” cried Mortimer, and couch’d his quivering lance.
 On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o’er old Conway’s foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
 (Loose his beard and hoary hair
 Stream’d like a meteor to the troubled air,)
 And with a master’s hand and prophet’s fire
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:
 “Hark, how each giant oak and desert-cave
 Sighs to the torrent’s awful voice beneath!

O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 That hush'd the stormy main:
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
 Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;
 The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries,—
 No more I weep; they do not sleep;
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 I see them sit; they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land:
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 The winding-sheet of Edward's race:
 Give ample room and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace.
 Mark the year and mark the night
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 The shrieks of death thro' Berkley's roof that ring,
 Shrieks of an agonizing king!
 She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
 That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 The scourge of Heaven! What terrors round him wait!
 Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
 And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord,
 Low on his funeral couch he lies!
 No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 A tear to grace his obsequies.
 Is the sable warrior fled?
 Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
 The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born?
 — Gone to salute the rising morn.
 Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes:
 Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm:
 Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
 That hush'd in grim repose expects his evening prey.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 The rich repast prepare;
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
 Close by the regal chair
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
 And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's fame,
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head!
 Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twined with her blushing foe, we spread;
 The bristled boar in infant-gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursèd loom,
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof; The thread is spun;)
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 (The web is wove; The work is done;)

Stay, O stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
In yon bright track that fires the western skies
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height,
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail :—
All hail, ye genuine kings ! Britannia's issue, hail !

“ Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old,
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine !
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line :
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play !
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-color'd wings,

“ The verse adorn again
Fierce War and faithful Love,
And Truth severe by fairy Fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures wove
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice as of the cherub-choir
Gales from blooming Eden bear,
And distant warblings lessen on my ear
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud
Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

Enough for me : with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign :
Be thine Despair and sceptred Care ;
To triumph and to die are mine."
— He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

Gray.

EARLY DAWN AND SUNRISE.

MUCH as we are indebted to our observatories for elevating our conceptions of the heavenly bodies, they present, even to the unaided sight, scenes of glory which words are too feeble to describe. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston ; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night ; the sky was without a cloud, the winds were hushed.

The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day ; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east ; Lyra sparkled near the zenith ; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye, in the south ; the steady Pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up, from the depths of the north, to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible ; the intense blue of the sky began to soften ; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest ; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together ; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens ; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn.

The blue sky now turned more softly gray ; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes ; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky ; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance ; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flush of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy teardrops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who, in the morning of the world, went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of His hand. But I am filled with amazement when I am told that, in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator and yet say in their hearts, " There is no God."

Edward Everett.

GATHERING SONG OF DONALD THE BLACK.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu Pibroch of Donuil
Wake thy wild voice anew, summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away, hark to the summons !
Come in your war-array, gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and from mountain so rocky ;
The war-pipe and pennon are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill-plaid, and true heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd, the flock without shelter ;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd, the bride at the altar ;
Leave the deer, leave the steer, leave nets and barges :
Come with your fighting gear, broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when forests are rended,
 Come as the waves come, when navies are stranded :
 Faster come, faster come, faster and faster,
 Chief, vassal, page and groom, tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ; see how they gather !
 Wide waves the eagle plume blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades, forward each man set !
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu knell for the onset !

Scott.

THE VAGABONDS.

WE are two travellers, Roger and I.
 Roger's my dog. Come here, you scamp.
 Jump for the gentleman — mind your eye !

Over the table — look out for the lamp !
 The rogue is growing a little old :
 Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
 And slept out doors when nights were cold,
 And ate, and drank, and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you :
 A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
 A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow,
 The paw he holds up there has been frozen),
 Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
 (This out-door business is bad for strings),
 Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
 And Roger and I set up for kings.

No, thank you, sir, I never drink.

Roger and I are exceedingly moral.
 Are n't we Roger ? See him wink.

Well, something hot then, we won't quarrel.
 He's thirsty too — see him nod his head.
 What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk ;
 He understands every word that's said,
 And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
 I've been so sadly given to grog,
 I wonder I've not lost the respect
 (Here's to you, sir) even of my dog.

But he sticks by through thick and thin,
And this old coat with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He 'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There is n't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master.
No, sir! see him wag his tail and grin —
By George! it makes my old eyes water —
That is, there 's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow, but no matter.

We 'll have some music if you are willing,
And Roger here (what a plague a cough is, sir)
Shall march a little. Start, you villain!
Paws up! eyes front! salute your officer!
'Bout face! attention! take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms you see.) Now hold
Your cap while the gentlemen give a trifle
To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence;
Now tell how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps, that 's five — he 's mighty knowing;
The night 's before us, fill the glasses;
Quick, sir! I 'm ill; my brain is going;
Some brandy; thank you: there, it passes.

Why not reform? That 's easily said.
But I 've gone through such wretched treatment.
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach 's past reform,
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I 'd sell out Heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?

At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,

A dear girl's love; but I took to drink;

The same old story, you know how it ends.

If you could have seen these classic features —

You need n't laugh, sir, I was not then

Such a burning libel on God's creatures;

I was one of your handsome men.

If you had seen her, so fair, so young,

Whose head was happy on this breast;

If you could have heard the songs I sung

When the wine went round, you would n't have guess'd

That ever I, sir, should be straying

From door to door, with fiddle and dog,

Ragged and penniless, and playing

To you to-night for a glass of grog.

She's married since, a parson's wife;

'T was better for her that we should part;

Better the soberest, prosiest life

Than a blasted home and a broken heart.

I have seen her? Once! I was weak and spent

On the dusty road; a carriage stopped,

But little she dreamed as on she went,

Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped.

You've set me talking, sir, I'm sorry;

It makes me wild to think of the change.

What do you care for a beggar's story?

Is it amusing? you find it strange?

I had a mother so proud of me,

'T was well she died before. Do you know,

If the happy spirits in Heaven can see

The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong to deaden

This pain; then Roger and I will start.

I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,

Aching thing, in place of a heart?

He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could,
No doubt remembering things that were :
A virtuous kennel with plenty of food,
And himself a sober respectable cur.

I'm better now ; that glass was warming.
You rascal ! limber your lazy feet !
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead you think ?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink ;
The sooner the better for Roger and me.

From " The Vagabonds, and Other Poems."

Trowbridge.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

IF I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts, — you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave, and hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty ; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army — out of what ? Englishmen, — the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen, — the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what ? Englishmen, — their equals. This man manufactured his army out

of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass he forged a thunderbolt, and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreath a laurel, rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro, — rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons, — anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword. I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but

Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history shall put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Wendell Phillips.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 't is my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls by fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;

Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning star shines dead ;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on my airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.

From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I march,
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-colored bow;
 The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 From the depth of their gloom, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

Shelley

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

CASSIUS. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
 Wherein my letters, praying on his side
 Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cass. In such a time as this it is not meet
 That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
 Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
 To sell and mart your offices for gold
 To undeservers.

Cass. I an itching palm!

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cass. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, — shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the Moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cass. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, ay,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not Cassius.

Cass. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cass. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cass. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cass. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. Ail this? ay, more: fret, till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cass. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of abler men.

Cass. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus ;
I said an elder soldier, not a better :
Did I say *better*?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cass. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cass. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cass. What, durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cass. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ; —
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. — I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me : Was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces !

Cass. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cass. I did not : he was but a fool

That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath riv'd my heart.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cass. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cass. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cass. Come, Antony and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius! you are yokèd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cass. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cass. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cass. O Brutus, —

Bru. What's the matter?

Cass. Have you not love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Shakespeare.

THE BLIND MAN.

AS he passed by, he saw a man blind from his birth. And his disciples asked him, saying, Rabbi, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he should be born blind? Jesus answered, Neither did this man sin, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him. We must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work. When I am in the world, I am the light of the world. When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and anointed his eyes with the clay, and said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam (which is by interpretation, Sent). He went away therefore, and washed, and came seeing.

The neighbours, therefore, and they which saw him aforetime, that he was a beggar, said, Is not this he that sat and begged? Others said, It is he: others said, No, but he is like him. He said, I am he. They said therefore unto him, How then were thine eyes opened? He answered, The man that is called Jesus made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to Siloam, and wash: so I went away and washed, and I received sight. And they said unto him, Where is he? He saith, I know not.

They bring to the Pharisees him that aforetime was blind. Now it was the sabbath on the day when Jesus made the clay, and opened his eyes. Again therefore, the Pharisees also asked him how he received his sight. And he said unto them, He put clay upon mine eyes, and I washed, and do see. Some therefore of the Pharisees said, This man is not from God, be-

cause he keepeth not the sabbath. But others said, How can a man that is a sinner do such signs? And there was a division among them. They say therefore unto the blind man again, What sayest thou of him, in that he opened thine eyes? And he said, He is a prophet.

The Jews therefore did not believe concerning him, that he had been blind, and had received his sight, until they called the parents of him that had received his sight, and asked them, saying, Is this your son, who ye say was born blind? how then doth he now see? His parents answered and said, We know that this is our son, and that he was born blind: but how he now seeth, we know not; or who opened his eyes, we know not: ask him; he is of age; he shall speak for himself. These things said his parents, because they feared the Jews: for the Jews had agreed already, that if any man should confess him to be Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue. Therefore said his parents, He is of age; ask him.

So they called a second time the man that was blind, and said unto him, Give glory to God: we know that this man is a sinner. He therefore answered, Whether he be a sinner, I know not: one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see. They said therefore unto him, What did he to thee? how opened he thine eyes? He answered them, I told you even now, and ye did not hear: wherefore would ye hear it again? would ye also become his disciples? And they reviled him, and said, Thou art his disciple; but we are disciples of Moses. We know that God hath spoken unto Moses: but as for this man, we know not whence he is. The man answered, and said unto them, Why, herein is the marvel, that ye know not whence he is, and yet he opened mine eyes. We know that God heareth not sinners: but if any man be a worshipper of God, and do his will, him he heareth. Since the world began it was never heard that any one opened the eyes of a man born blind. If this man were not from God, he could do nothing. They answered and

said unto him, Thou wast altogether born in sins, and dost thou teach us? And they cast him out.

Jesus heard that they had cast him out; and finding him, he said, Dost thou believe on the Son of God? He answered and said, And who is he, Lord, that I may believe on him? Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both seen him, and he it is that speaketh with thee. And he said, Lord, I believe. And he worshipped him.

St. John.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
Its full glory, reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between our loved home and the war's desolation;

Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,

And this be our motto, "IN GOD IS OUR TRUST";

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Key.

DEATH OF COPERNICUS.

AT length he draws near his end. He is seventy-three years of age, and he yields his work on "The Revolutions of the Heavenly Orbs" to his friends for publication. The day at last has come on which it is to be ushered into the world. It is the 24th of May, 1543.

On that day — the effect, no doubt, of the intense excitement of his mind, operating upon an exhausted frame — an effusion of blood brings him to the gates of the grave. His last hour has come; he lies stretched upon the couch from which he will never rise.

The beams of the setting sun glance through the Gothic windows of his chamber; near his bedside is the armillary sphere which he has contrived to represent his theory of the heavens; his picture painted by himself, the amusement of his earlier years, hangs before him; beneath it are his astrolabe and other imperfect astronomical instruments; and around him are gathered his sorrowing disciples.

The door of the apartment opens; the eye of the departing sage is turned to see who enters: it is a friend who brings him the first printed copy of his immortal treatise. He knows that in that book he contradicts all that has ever been distinctly taught by former philosophers; he knows that he has rebelled against the sway of Ptolemy, which the scientific world has acknowledged for a thousand years; he knows that the popular mind will be shocked by his innovations; he knows that the

attempt will be made to press even religion into the service against him ; but he knows that his book is true.

He is dying, but he leaves a glorious truth as his dying bequest to the world. He bids the friend who has brought it place himself between the window and his bedside, that the sun's rays may fall upon the precious volume, and he may behold it once more before his eye grows dim. He looks upon it, takes it in his hands, presses it to his breast, and expires.

But no, he is not wholly gone. A smile lights upon his dying countenance ; a beam of returning intelligence kindles in his eye ; his lips move ; and the friend who leans over him can hear him faintly murmur the beautiful sentiments which the Christian lyrist of a later age has so finely expressed in verse : —

“Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell, with all your feeble light ;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon, pale empress of the night ;
And thou, effulgent orb of day, in brighter flames arrayed ;
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere, no more demands thy aid.
Ye stars are but the shining dust of my divine abode,
The pavement of these heavenly courts where I shall reign with God.”

So died the great Columbus of the heavens.

Edward Everett.

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre ;

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined,
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
To teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate —

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ;

“ There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

“ One morn I miss'd him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree :
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he ;

“ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne, —
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon agèd thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown :
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from heaven ('t was all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Gray.

THE BIBLE.

THE Bible is the treasure of the poor, the solace of the sick, and the support of the dying ; and while other books may amuse and instruct in a leisure hour, it is the peculiar triumph of that book to create light in the midst of darkness, to alleviate the sorrow which admits of no other alleviation, to direct a beam of hope to the heart which no other topic of consolation can reach ; while guilt, despair, and death vanish at the touch of its holy inspiration.

There is something in the spirit and diction of the Bible which is found peculiarly adapted to arrest the attention of the plainest and most uncultivated minds. The simple structure of its sentences, combined with a lofty spirit of poetry — its familiar allusions to the scenes of nature and the transactions of common life — the delightful intermixture of narration with the doctrinal and preceptive parts — and the profusion of miraculous facts which convert it into a sort of enchanted ground — its constant advertence to the Deity, whose perfections it renders almost visible and palpable — unite in bestowing upon it an interest which attaches to no other performance, and which, after assiduous

and repeated perusal, invests it with much of the charm of novelty ; like the great orb of day, at which we are wont to gaze with unabated astonishment from infancy to old age.

What other book besides the Bible could be heard in public assemblies from year to year, with an attention that never tires, and an interest that never cloy? With few exceptions, let a portion of the sacred volume be recited in a mixed multitude, and though it has been heard a thousand times, a universal stillness ensues, every eye is fixed, and every ear is awake and attentive. Select, if you can, any other composition, and let it be rendered equally familiar to the mind, and see whether it will produce this effect.

Robert Hall.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;
“I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord! — Oh! break my father’s chain!”

“Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day:
Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet him on his way.”
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger’s foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
With one that ’midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land:
“Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see.”

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek’s hue came
and went:

He reached that gray-haired chieftain’s side, and there, dismounting,
bent;

A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father’s hand he took —
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold, a frozen thing, — it dropped from his like lead!
He looked up to the face above, — the face was of the dead!

A plume waved o'er the noble brow, — the brow was fixed and white
He met, at last, his father's eyes, — but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed; — but who could paint that
gaze?

They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze: —
They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

“Father!” at length he murmured low, and wept like childhood then:
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown, —
He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,
“No more, there is no more,” he said, “to lift the sword for, now;
My king is false — my hope betrayed! My father — oh! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth!

“I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire, beside thee, yet!
I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met!
Thou wouldst have known my spirit, then; — for thee my fields were
won;

And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!”

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's
rein,

Amidst the pale and 'wildered looks of all the courtier train;
And, with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face — the king before the dead:

“Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me, what is this?
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought, — give answer, where are
they?

If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold
clay!

“Into these glassy eyes put light; — be still! keep down thine ire! —
Bid these white lips a blessing speak, — this earth is not my sire:
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed! —
Thou canst not? and a king! — his dust be mountains on thy head!”

He loosed the steed, — his slack hand fell ; — upon the silent face
 He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned from that sad place :
 His hope was crushed, his after fate untold in martial strain : —
 His banner led the spears no more, amidst the hills of Spain.

Mrs. Hemans.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

YOU know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
 A mile or so away

On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming-day ;
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, “ My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall — ”
 Out ’twixt the battery smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-gallop ; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse’s mane, a boy :
 You hardly could suspect —
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through)
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

“ Well,” cried he, “ Emperor, by God’s grace
 We’ve got you Ratisbon !
 The Marshal’s in the market-place,
 And you’ll be there anon

To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

Browning.

AMERICA'S DUTY TO RESIST.

IT is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth,—to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves, and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, Sir; it will prove a snare to your feet: suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our

waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, Sir: these are the implements of war and subjugation, — the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, Sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, Sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, Sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate

those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, Sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us.

They tell us, Sir, that we are weak — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week — or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible under any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, Sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, Sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, Sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged — their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; and let it come! I repeat it, Sir — let it come!

It is in vain, Sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace! peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to

our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

Patrick Henry.

PROSPICE.

FEAR death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe,
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go;
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
 The best and the last!

I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
 And bade me creep past.
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness, and cold.
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 Oh, thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

- Browning.

TO THE NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave, Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear, — swift be thy flight!
Wrap thy form in a mantle gray star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand — come, long-sought
When I arose and saw the dawn, I sigh'd for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turn'd to his rest
Lingering like an unloved guest, I sigh'd for thee.
Thy brother Death came, and cried, Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmur'd like a noontide bee,
Shall I restle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me? — And I replied, No, not thee!
Death will come when thou art dead, soon, too soon —
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovèd Night —
Swift be thine approaching flight, come soon, soon!

Shelley

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON.

HE is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. A mind, bold, independent, and decisive, — a will, despotic in

its dictates, — an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character, — the most extraordinary, perhaps, that in the annals of this world ever rose, or reigned, or fell. Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledge no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity! With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the list where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest, — he acknowledged no criterion but success, — he worshipped no God but ambition, and with an eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic; and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars.

C. Phillips.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
 Stands the old-fashioned country-seat;
 Across its antique portico
 Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
 And, from its station in the hall,
 An ancient timepiece says to all,
 "Forever — never!
 Never — forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,
 “Forever — never!
 Never — forever!”

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door,
 “Forever — never!
 Never — forever!”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,
 “Forever — never!
 Never — forever!”

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased, —
 “Forever — never!
 Never — forever!”

There groups of merry children played;
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
Oh, precious hours! oh, golden prime
And affluence of love and time!

Even as a miser counts his gold,
 Those hours the ancient timepiece told, —
 “Forever — never!
 Never — forever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
 The bride came forth on her wedding night;
 There, in that silent room below,
 The dead lay, in his shroud of snow;
 And, in the hush that followed the prayer,
 Was heard the old clock on the stair, —
 “Forever — never!
 Never — forever!”

All are scattered, now, and fled, —
 Some are married, some are dead;
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
 “Oh, when shall they all meet again?”
 As in the days long since gone by,
 The ancient timepiece makes reply,
 “Forever — never!
 Never — forever!”

Never here, forever there,
 Where all parting, pain, and care,
 And death, and time, shall disappear, —
 Forever there, but never here!
 The horologe of Eternity
 Sayeth this incessantly,
 “Forever — never!
 Never — forever!”

Longfellow.

THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS.

“THE stream,” he said, “is broad and deep, and stubborn is the foe;
 Yon island-strength is guarded well — say, brothers, will ye go?
 From home and kin for many a year our steps have wandered wide,
 And never may our bones be laid our fathers’ graves beside.
 No sisters have we to lament, no wives to wail our fall;
 The traitor’s and the spoiler’s hand has reft our hearths of all.
 But we have hearts, and we have arms, as strong to will and dare,
 As when our ancient banners flew within the northern air.

Come, brothers! let me name a spell shall rouse your souls again,
And send the old blood bounding free through pulse, and heart, and
vein!

Call back the days of bygone years — be young and strong once more;
Think yonder stream, so stark and red, is one we've crossed before.
Rise, hill and glen! rise, crag and wood! rise up on either hand! —
Again upon the Garry's banks, on Scottish soil we stand!
Again I see the tartans wave, again the trumpets ring;
Again I hear our leader's call — 'Upon them, for the King!'
Stayed we behind, that glorious day, for roaring flood or linn?
The soul of Græme is with us still — now, brothers! will ye in?" . . .

Thick blew the smoke across the stream, and faster flashed the flame:
The water plashed in hissing jets, as ball and bullet came.
Yet onward pushed the Cavaliers all stern and undismayed,
With thousand armed foes before, and none behind to aid.
Once, as they neared the middle stream, so strong the torrent swept,
That scarce that long and living wall their dangerous footing kept.
Then rose a warning cry behind, a joyous shout before:
"The current strong — the way is long — they'll never reach the shore!
See! see! they stagger in the midst, they waver in their line!
Fire on the madmen! break their ranks, and overwhelm them in the
Rhine!"

Have you seen the tall trees swaying, when the blast is piping shrill,
And the whirlwind reels in fury down the gorges of the hill?
How they toss their mighty branches, struggling with the tempest's
shock;

How they keep their place of vantage, cleaving firmly to the rock?
Even so the Scottish warriors held their own against the river;
Though the water flashed around them, not an eye was seen to quiver;
Though the shot flew sharp and deadly, not a man relaxed his hold:
For their hearts were big and thrilling with the mighty thoughts of
old.

One word was spoke among them, and through the ranks it spread —
"Remember our dead Claverhouse!" was all the captain said.
Then sternly bending forward, they struggled on awhile,
Until they cleared the heavy stream, then rushed towards the isle.

The German heart is stout and true, the German arm is strong;
The German foot goes seldom back where armed foemen throng:

But never had they faced in field so stern a charge before,
 And never had they felt the sweep of Scotland's broad claymore.
 Scarce swifter shoots the bolt from heaven, than came the Scottish
 band

Right up against the guarded trench, and o'er it sword in hand.
 In vain their leaders forward press — they meet the deadly brand!

O lonely island of the Rhine, where seed was never sown,
 What harvest lay upon thy sands, by those strong reapers thrown?
 What saw the winter moon that night, as, struggling through the rain,
 She poured a wan and fitful light on marsh, and stream, and plain?
 A dreary spot with corpses strewn, and bayonets glistening round;
 A broken bridge, a stranded boat, a bare and battered mound;
 And one huge watch-fire's kindled pile that sent its quivering glare
 To tell the leaders of the host, the conquering Scots were there!

And did they twine the laurel-wreath for those who fought so well?
 And did they honor those who lived, and weep for those who fell?
 What meed of thanks was given to them let aged annals tell.
 Why should they bring the laurel-wreath, — why crown the cup with
 wine?

It was not Frenchmen's blood that flowed so freely on the Rhine —
 A stranger band of beggared men hath done the venturous deed:
 The glory was to France alone, the danger was their meed.
 They bore within their breasts the grief that fame can never heal —
 The deep, unutterable woe, which none save exiles feel.
 Their hearts were yearning for the land they ne'er might see again —
 For Scotland's high and heathered hills, for mountain, loch, and glen —
 For those who haply lay at rest beyond the distant sea,
 Beneath the green and daisied turf where they would gladly be!

Aytoun.

ILLUSION AND DELUSION.

A BRAHAM had a few feet of earth, obtained by purchase, — beyond that, nothing; he died a stranger and a pilgrim in the land. Isaac had a little. So small was Jacob's hold upon his country, that the last years of his life were spent in Egypt, and he died a foreigner in a strange land. His descendants came into the land of Canaan, expecting to find it a

land flowing with milk and honey ; they found hard work to do — war and unrest, instead of rest. . . .

Now, the surprising point is, that Abraham, deceived as you might almost say, did not complain of it as a deception ; he was even grateful for the non-fulfilment of the promise ; he does not seem to have expected its fulfilment ; he did not look for Canaan, but for “ a city which had foundations ” ; his faith appears to have consisted in disbelieving the letter, almost as much as in believing the spirit of the promise. . . .

And herein lies a principle, which, rightly expounded, can help us to interpret this life of ours. God’s promises never are fulfilled in the sense in which they seem to have been given. Life is a deception ; its anticipations, which are God’s promises to the imagination, are never realized ; they who know life best, and have trusted God most to fill it with blessings, are ever the first to say that life is a series of disappointments. . . .

There are two ways of considering life. One is the way of sentiment ; the other is the way of faith. The sentimental way is trite enough. Saint, sage, sophist, moralist, and preacher have repeated, in every possible image, till there is nothing new to say, that life is a bubble, a dream, a delusion, a phantasm. The other is the way of faith : the ancient saints felt as keenly as any moralist could feel the brokenness of its promises ; they confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims here ; they said that here they had no continuing city ; but they did not mournfully moralize on this ; they said it cheerfully, and rejoiced that it was so. They felt that all was right ; they knew that the promise itself had a deeper meaning ; they looked undauntedly for “ a city which hath foundations. . . . ”

Life is not deception, but illusion. We distinguish between illusion and delusion. We may paint wood so as to be taken for stone, iron, or marble — this is delusion ; but you may paint a picture, in which rocks, trees, and sky are never mistaken for what they seem, yet produce all the emotion which real rocks,

trees, and sky would produce. This is illusion, and this is the painter's art; never for one moment to deceive by attempted imitation, but to produce a mental state in which the feelings are suggested which the natural objects themselves would create.

To a child the rainbow is a real thing — substantial and palpable; its limb rests on the side of yonder hill. He believes that he can appropriate it to himself; and when, instead of gems and gold, hid in its radiant bow, he finds nothing but damp mist — cold, dreary drops of disappointment — that disappointment tells that his belief has been delusion.

To the educated man that bow is a blessed illusion, yet it never once deceives; he does not take it for what it is not; he does not expect to make it his own. He feels its beauty as much as the child could feel it; nay, infinitely more — more even from the fact that he knows that it will be transient; but, besides and beyond this, to him it presents a deeper loveliness; he knows the laws of light, and the laws of the human soul which gave it being. He has linked it with the laws of the universe, and with the invisible mind of God; and it brings to him a thrill of awe, and the sense of a mysterious, nameless beauty, of which the child did not conceive. It is illusion still; but it has fulfilled the promise. In the realm of spirit, in the temple of the soul, it is the same. All is illusion; “but we look for a city which hath foundations”; and in this the promise is fulfilled.

Life is an education. The object for which you educate your son is to give him strength of purpose, self-command, discipline of mental energies; but you do not reveal to your son this aim of his education; you tell him of his place in his class, of the prizes at the end of the year, of the honors to be given at college. These are not the true incentives to knowledge; such incentives are not the highest — they are even mean, and partially injurious; yet these mean incentives stimulate and lead

on, from day to day, and from year to year, by a process the principle of which the boy himself is not aware of.

This is what God does. His promises are true, though illusive ; far truer than we at first take them to be. We work for a mean, low, sensual happiness, all the while He is leading us on, to a spiritual blessedness, unfathomably deep. This is the life of faith. We live by faith, and not by sight. We do not preach that all is disappointment — the dreary creed of sentimentalism ; but we preach that *nothing* here is disappointment, if rightly understood. We do not comfort the poor man by saying that the riches that he has not now he will have hereafter, — the difference between himself and the man of wealth being only this, that the one has for time what the other will have for eternity ; but what we say is, that that which you have failed in reaping here, you never will reap, if you expected the harvest of Canaan. God has no Canaan for His own ; no milk and honey for the luxury of the senses ; for the city which hath foundations is built in the soul of man. He in whom Godlike character dwells has all the universe for his own.

Robertson.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore —
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
“ ‘T is some visitor,” I muttered, “ tapping at my chamber door —
Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow, — vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before ;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
 " 'T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door —
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; —
 This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
 " Sir," said I, " or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
 But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
 That I scarce was sure I heard you " — here I opened wide the door; —
 Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word " Lenore? "
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word " Lenore! " —
 Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
 Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
 " Surely," said I, — " surely that is something at my window lattice;
 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore —
 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore; —
 'T is the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
 In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore:
 Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door, —
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door, —
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
 " Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, " art sure no
 craven,

Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven wandering from the Nightly shore —
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
 Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door —
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered — not a feather then he fluttered —
Till I scarcely more than muttered, “Other friends have flown before —
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before.”
Then the bird said, “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast, and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore —
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of ‘Never — nevermore.’”

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer;
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee — by these angels he hath
sent thee
Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff! O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil! —
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted —
 On this home by horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore —
 Is there — is there balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell me, I implore! ”

Quoth the Raven, “ Nevermore.”

“ Prophet! ” said I, “ thing of evil — prophet still, if bird or devil!
 By that Heaven that bends above us — by that God we both adore —
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aiden
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”

Quoth the Raven, “ Nevermore.”

“ Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend! ” I shrieked, up-
 starting —

“ Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore!
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
 Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door!
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”

Quoth the Raven, “ Nevermore.”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming,
 And the lamplight o’er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor:
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
 Shall be lifted — nevermore!

Poe.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
 The village master taught his little school:
 A man severe he was, and stern to view:
 I knew him well, and every truant knew;
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day’s disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.

Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault;
 The village all declared how much he knew —
 'T was certain he could write, and cipher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
 For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
 While words of learnèd length and thundering sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.
 But past is all his fame. The very spot
 Where many a time he triumphed is forgot. *Goldsmith.*

THE AMERICAN SENATOR IN ITALY.

I.

LA CICA. Does ze scene please you, my Senator?
 Senator. Very much indeed.

Cica. Your countrymen haf tol me zey would like to stay here alloway.

Sen. It is a beautiful place.

Cica. Did you alver see any thin moaire loafely?

Sen. Never.

Cica. Helas! my Senator, that it is not pairmitted to moartals to sociate as zey would laiike.

Sen. (*aside*). Your Senator; how fond, how tender — poor thing! poor thing! (*Aloud*.) I wish that Italy was nearer to the States.

Cica. How I adamiar your style of mind, so differente from ze Italiana. You are so strong — so nobile. Yet would I laiike to see moar of ze poetic in you.

Sen. I always loved poetry, marm.

Cica. Ah — good — nais — eccelente. I am plees at zat. You would loafe it more eef you knew Italiano. Your lingua ees not suficiente musicale for poatry.

Sen. It is not so soft a language as the *I*-talian.

Cica. Ah — no — not so soft. Very well. And what theenka you of ze Italiano?

Sen. The sweetest language I ever heard in all my born days.

Cica. Ah, now — you hev not heard much of ze Italiano, my Senator.

Sen. I have heard you speak often.

Cica. Ah, you compliment! I sot you was aboove flattera. What Ingelis poet do you loafe best?

Sen. Poet? English poet? Oh — why, marm, I think Watts is about the best of the lot.

Cica. Watt? Was he a poet? I did not know zat. He who invented ze stim-injaine? And yet if he was a poet it is naturale zat you loafe him best.

Sen. Steam-engine? Oh, no! This one was a minister.

Cica. A meeneestaire? Ah! an abbe? I know him not. Yet I haf read mos of all youar poets.

Sen. He made up hymns, marm, and psalms — for instance: “Watt’s Divine Hymns and Spiritual Songs.”

Cica. Songs! Spirituelle! Ah, I mus at once procuaire ze works of Watt, which was favorit poet of my Senator.

Sen. A lady of such intelligence as you would like the poet Watts. He is the best known by far of all our poets.

Cica. What! better zan Shakespeare, Milton, Bairon? You much surpass me.

Sen. Better known and better loved than the whole lot. Why, his poetry is known by heart through all England and America.

Cica. Merciful Heaven! what you tell me! ees eet possibl! An yet he is not known here efen by name. It would please me mooch, my Senator, to haire you make one quotatione. Know you Watt? Tell me some words of his which I may remembraire.

Sen. I have a shocking bad memory.

Cica. Bad memora! Oh, but you remember somethin, zis most beautiful charm naft — you haf a nobile soul — you must be affecta by beauty — by ze ideal. Make for me one quotatione.

Sen. You will not let me refuse you anything.

Cica. Aha! you are vera willin to refuse. It is difficulty for me to excitare youar regards. You are fill with the grands ideas. But come — will you spik for me som from your favorit Watt?

Sen. Well, if you wish it so much.

Cica. Ah — I do wish it so much! Begin. Behold me. I listen. I hear everysin, and will remember it forava.

Sen. "My willing soul would stay —"

Cica. Stop one moment; — I weesh to learn it from you. "Ma willina sol wooda sta —"

Sen. "In such a frame as this."

Cica. "Een socha framas zees." Wait — "Ma willina sol wooda sta in socha framas zees." Ah, appropriat! but could I hope zat you were true to zose lines, my Senator? Well?

Sen. "And sit and sing herself away."

Cica. "Ansit ansin hassaf awai."

Sen. I — Ehem! I forget.

Cica. Forget? Impossible!

Sen. I do, really.

Cica. Ah now! Forget? I see by your face — you desave. Say on. Have you fear? Ah, cruel!

Sen. "To everlasting bliss" — there!

Cica. "To affarlastin blees thar." Stop. I repeat it all: "My willina sol wooda sta in socha frame as zees, ansit ansin hassaf awai to affarlastin blees thar." Am I right?

Sen. Yes.

Cica. I knew you were a poetic sola. You air honesto — true — you cannot desave. When you spik I can beliv you. Ah, my Senator! an you can spik zis poetry! — at soch a toime! I nefare knew before zat you so impassione! — an you air so artaful! You breeng ze confersazione to beauty — to poatry — to ze poet Watt — so you may spik verses mos impassione! Ah! what do you mean? Santissima madre! how I wish you spik Italiano.

Sen. (*aside*). How that poor thing does love me! Law bless it! she can't help it — can't help it nohow. She is a goner and what can I do? I'll have to leave Florence.

Cica. What ails my Senator?

Sen. Why the fact is, marm — I feel sad — at leaving Florence. I must go shortly. My wife has written summoning me home. The children are down with the measles.

Cica. But my Senator — did you not say you wooda seeng yousellef away to affarlasteen belees?

Sen. Oh, marm, it was a quotation — only a quotation.

II.

Austriah General. Do you know *La Cica*?

Sen. I do.

Gen. You know her well? You are one of her intimate friends?

Sen. Am I?

Gen. Are you not?

Sen. I am friendly with her. She is an estimable woman, with much feeling and penetration.

Gen. Well, Sir, you may as well confess. We know you, Sir. We know you. You are one of the chosen associates of that infamous Garibaldian plotter and assassin, whose hotel is the hot-bed of conspiracy and revolution. We know you. Do you dare to come here and deny it?

Sen. I did not come here; I was brought. I do not deny that you know me, though I have n't the pleasure of knowing you. But I do deny that I am the associate of conspirators.

Gen. Are you not the American whom *La Cica* so particularly distinguished with her favor?

Sen. I have reason to believe that she was partial to me — somewhat.

Gen. He confesses! You came from her to this place, communicating on the way with her emissaries.

Sen. I communicated on the way with none but brigands among the mountains. If they were her emissaries I wish her joy of them. My means of communication was an iron crow-bar; and my remarks left some deep impression on them, I do believe.

Gen. Tell me now — and tell me truly. To whom are you sent in this city?

Sen. To no one.

Gen. Sir! I warn you that I will not be trifled with.

Sen. I tell you, I tell you that I have come here to no one. What more can I say?

Gen. You must confess.

Sen. I have nothing to confess.

Gen. Sir! you have much to confess, and I will wring it out of you. Beware how you trifle with my patience. If you wish to regain your liberty confess at once, and you may escape your just punishment. But if you refuse, I'll shut you up in a dungeon for ten years!

Sen. You will do no such thing.

Gen. What! Won't I?

Sen. You will not. On the contrary, you will have to make apologies for these insults.

Gen. I! — Apologies! Insults.

Sen. You have arrested us on a false charge, based on some slanderous or stupid information of some of your infernal spies. What right have you to pry into the private affairs of an American traveller? We have nothing to do with you.

Gen. You are associated with conspirators. You are charged with treasonable correspondence with rebels. You countenanced revolution in Florence. You openly took part with Republicans. You are a notorious friend of *La Cica*. And you came here with the intention of fomenting treason in Venice!

Sen. Whoever told you that, told miserable lies — most horrid lies. I am no emissary of any party. I am a private traveller.

Gen. Sir, we have correspondents in Florence on whom we can rely better than on you. They watched you.

Sen. Then the best thing you can do is to dismiss those correspondents and get rogues who have half an idea.

Gen. Sir, I tell you that they watched you well. You had better confess all. Your antecedents in Florence are known. You are in a position of imminent danger. I tell you — *beware!*

Sen. Then you, General, I tell you — *beware!* Do you know who you've got hold of? No conspirator; no contemptible Italian bandit, or Dutchman either; but an American citizen. Your government has already tried the temper of Americans on one or two remarkable occasions. Don't try it on a third time, and don't try it on with me. Since you want to know who I am, I'll tell you. I, Sir, am an American Senator. I take an active and prominent part in the government of that great and glorious country. I represent a constituency of several hundred thousand. You tell me to *beware*. I tell you — **BEWARE!** for, if you don't let me go, you'll have to give me up at the cannon's mouth. If you don't let me off by evening, I won't go at all till I am delivered up with humble and ample apologies, both to us and to our country, whom you have insulted in our persons.

Gen. Sir, you are bold!

Sen. Bold! Send for the American Consul of this city and see if he don't corroborate this. But you had better make haste; for if you subject me to further disgrace it will be the worse for your government, and particularly for *you*, my friend. You'll have the town battered down about your ears. Don't get another nation down on you, and above all, don't let that nation be the American. What I tell you

is the solemn truth, and if you don't mind it you will know it some day to your sorrow.

Gen. Let the Consul be called. [*Enter American Consul.*]

Gen. Do you know the prisoner?

Consul. I do.

Gen. He is here under a very heavy accusation. I have well substantiated charges by which he is implicated in treason and conspiracy. He has been connected with Revolutionists of the worst stamp in Florence, and there is strong proof that he has come here to communicate with Revolutionists in this city.

Con. Who accuses him of this? Are they here?

Gen. No; but they have written from Florence warning me of his journey here.

Con. Does the prisoner confess?

Gen. Of course not. He denies. He requested me to send for you. I don't want to be unjust; so if you have anything to say, say on.

Con. These charges are impossible.

Gen. Impossible?

Con. He is altogether a different man from what you suppose. He is an eminent member of the American Senate. Any charges made against one like him will have to be well substantiated; and any injury done to him will be dangerous in the highest degree. Unless you have undeniable proofs of his guilt, it will be best to free him at once — or else —

Gen. Or else what?

Con. Or else there will be very grave complications.

Gen. (to Senator). How does it happen that you were so particularly intimate with all the Revolutionists in Florence, and an *habitué* of *La Cica's* salon? that your mission was well known throughout the city? that you publicly acknowledged the Florentine rebellion in a speech? that the people carried you home in triumph? and that before leaving you received private instructions from *La Cica*?

Sen. To your questions I will reply in brief: *First*, I am a free and independent citizen of the great and glorious American Republic. If I associated with Revolutionists in Florence, I did so because I am accustomed to choose my own society, and not to recognize any law or any master that can forbid my doing so. I deny, however, that I was in any way connected with plots, rebellions, or conspiracies. *Secondly*, I was friendly with the Countess because I considered her

a most remarkably fine woman, and because she showed a disposition to be friendly with me — a stranger in a strange land. *Thirdly*, I confess I made a speech, but what of that? It's not the first time, by a long chalk. I don't know what you mean by "acknowledging." As a private citizen I congratulated them on their success, and would do so again. If a crowd calls on me for a speech, I'm there. The people of Florence dragged me home in a carriage. Well, I don't know why they did so. I can't help it if people will take possession of me and pull me about. *Fourthly*, and lastly, I had an interview with the Countess, had I? Well, is it wrong for a man to bid good by to a friend? I ask you, what upon earth do you mean by such a charge as that? Do you take me for a puling infant?

Gen. On that occasion she taught you some mysterious words which were to be repeated among the Revolutionists here.

Sen. Never did anything of the kind. That's a full-blown fiction.

Gen. I have the very words.

Sen. That's impossible. You've got hold of the wrong man.

Gen. I will read them. It is a mysterious language with no apparent meaning, nor have I been able to find the key to it in any way. It is very skilfully made, for all the usual tests of cipher writing fail in this. The person who procured it did not get near enough till the latter part of the interview, so that he gained no explanation whatever from the conversation. Listen: "*Ma ouillina sola ouda ste ensoce fremas dis ansit ansin assalf a oue tu affa lastinna belis.*"

Sen. Oh dear! Oh *de-ar*! Oh DEE-AR! OH! Will you allow me to look at the paper? I will not injure it at all.

Gen. Certainly.

Sen. You see, gentlemen, the Florence correspondent has been too sharp. I can explain all this at once. I was with the Countess, and we got talking of poetry. Now, I don't know any more about poetry than a horse.

Gen. Well?

Sen. Well, she insisted on my making a quotation. I had to give in. The only one I could think of was a line or two from Watts.

Gen. Watts? Ah! I don't know him.

Sen. He was a minister — a parson. So I said it to her, and she repeated it. These friends of yours, General, have taken it down, but their spellin' is a little unusual. Listen. Here is the key: —

"My willing soul would stay in such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away to everlasting bliss."

Gen. Give these gentlemen our apologies. In times of trouble, when States have to be held subject to martial law, proceedings are abrupt. Their own good sense will, I trust enable them to appreciate the difficulty of our position.

Arranged as a dialogue from De Mille.

ENGLAND AND SWITZERLAND.

TWO Voices are there, one is of the Sea,
 One of the Mountains, each a mighty voice:
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
 There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
 Thou fought'st against him, — but hast vainly striven:
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
 — Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft;
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left —
 For, high-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would it be
 That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee!

Wordsworth.

TRAY.

SING me a hero. Quench my thirst of soul, ye bards!
 Quoth Bard the first: "Sir Olaf, the good knight, did don his
 helm and eke his habergeon," — Sir Olaf and his bard.

"That sin-scathed brow" (quoth Bard the second), "that eye wide
 ope as though Fate beckoned my hero to some steep, beneath which
 precipice smiled tempting Death" — You too, without your host have
 reckoned.

"A beggar-child" (let's hear this third) "sat on a quay's edge;
 like a bird sang to herself at careless play, and fell into the stream.
 'Dismay! help, you the standers-by!' None stirred. By-standers
 reason, think of wives and children ere they risk their lives. Over the
 balustrade has bounded a mere instinctive dog, and pounced plumb on
 the prize. 'How well he dives!'

"Up he comes with the child, see, tight in mouth, alive too,
 clutched from quite a depth of ten feet — twelve, I bet! Good dog!

“ ‘What, off again? There’s yet another child to save? All right! How strange we saw no other fall! It’s instinct in the animal. Good dog!’

“ ‘But he’s a long while under; if he got drowned, I should not wonder — strong current, that against the wall!’

“ ‘Here he comes, holds in mouth this time — what may the thing be? Well, that’s prime! Now, did you ever? Reason reigns in man alone, since all Tray’s pains have fished — the child’s doll from the slime.’

“ ‘And so, amid the laughter gay, trotted my hero off, — old Tray, — till somebody, prerogated with reason, reasoned, ‘Why he dived, his brain would show us, I should say. John, go and catch, — or, if needs be, purchase that animal for me. By vivisection, at expense of half an hour and eighteen pence, how brain secretes dog’s soul, we’ll see!’ ”

Browning.

PRELUDE TO DRAMATIC IDYLS.

“ ‘You are sick, that’s sure,’ they say. ‘Sick of what?’ they disagree. “ ‘Tis the brain,” thinks Doctor A; “ ‘Tis the heart,” holds Doctor B. “The liver, — my life I’d lay.” “The lungs!” “The lights!”

“ ‘Ah me! So ignorant of man’s whole of bodily organs plain to see, — so sage and certain, frank and free, about what’s under lock and key — man’s soul.’ ”

Browning.

THE INQUIRY.

TELL me, ye wingèd winds, that round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered — “No.”

Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play,
Know’st though some favored spot, some island far away,
Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs, —
Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer — “No.”

And thou, serenest moon, that, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth, asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man might find a happier lot?

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet, but sad, responded — "No."

Tell me, my secret soul; — oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place from sorrow, sin, and death? —
Is there no happy spot, where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?

Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered — "Yes, in Heaven!"

Charles Mackay.

THE DREAM OF CLARENCE.

BRAKENBURY. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day?

Clarence. Oh, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time!

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we passed along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O heaven! Methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
 A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon:
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea:
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mocked the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure, in the time of death,
 To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
 But smothered it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. No, no! my dream was lengthened after life;
 Oh, then began the tempest to my soul!
 I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul
 Was my great father-in-law, renown'd Warwick,
 Who cried aloud, "*What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?*"
 And so he vanish'd. Then came wandering by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out aloud,
 "*Clarence is come, — false, fleeting, perjured Clarence, —
 That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury!
 Seize on him, Furies! take him to your torments!*"
 With that, methought a legion of foul fiends
 Environed me, and howl'd in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
 I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell;
 Such terrible impression made my dream

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah! Brakenbury, I have done those things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me! —
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease Thee,
But Thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute Thy wrath on me alone:
Oh, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children! —
I prithee, Brakenbury, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your Grace good rest! —

[CLARENCE *reposes himself on a chair.*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honor for an inward toil:
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Shakespeare.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

AND are ye sure the news is true? and are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark? ye jades, lay by your wheel;
Is this the time to spin a thread, when Colin's at the door?
Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay, and see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house, there's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house when our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet, my bishop's satin gown;
For I maun tell the bailie's wife that Colin's in the town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on, my stockins pearly blue.
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman, for he's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside, put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her button gown and Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes, their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman, for he's been long awa'.

There 's twa fat hens upo' the coop been fed this month and mair;
 Mak haste and thraw their necks about, that Colin weel may fare;
 And spread the table neat and clean, gar ilka thing look braw,
 For wha can tell how Colin fared, when he was far awa?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech, his breath like caller air;
 His very foot has music in 't as he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again? and will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought, in troth I'm like to greet!

If Colin's weel, and weel content, I hae nae mair to crave:
 And gin I live to keep him sae, I'm blest aboon the lave:
 And will I see his face again, and will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought, in troth I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck about the house, there's nae luck at a';
 There's little pleasure in the house when our gudeman's awa'.

Mickle.

THE STAGE-COACH.

WHEN the coach came round at last, with "London" blazoned in letters of gold upon the boot, it gave Tom such a turn, that he was half disposed to run away. But he did n't do it; for he took his seat upon the box instead, and looking down upon the four grays, felt as if he were another gray himself, or, at all events, a part of the turn-out; and was quite confused by the novelty and splendor of his situation.

And really it might have confused a less modest man than Tom to find himself sitting next that coachman; for of all the swells that ever flourished a whip, professionally, he might have been elected emperor. He did n't handle his gloves like another man, but put them on—even when he was standing on the pavement, quite detached from the coach—as if the four grays were, somehow or other, at the ends of the fingers. It was the same with his hat. He did things with his hat, which nothing but an unlimited knowledge of horses and the wildest freedom of the road could ever have made him perfect in. Valuable

little parcels were brought to him with particular instructions, and he pitched them into his hat, and stuck it on again, as if the laws of gravity did not admit of such an event as its being knocked off or blown off, and nothing like an accident could befall it. The guard too! Seventy breezy miles a day were written in his very whiskers. His manners were a canter; his conversation a round trot. He was a fast coach upon a downhill turnpike road; he was all pace. A wagon couldn't have moved slowly, with that guard and his key-bugle on the top of it.

These were all foreshadowings of London, Tom thought, as he sat upon the box, and looked about him. Such a coachman and such a guard never could have existed between Salisbury and any other place; the coach was none of your steady-going, yokel coaches, but a swaggering, rakish, dissipated, London coach; up all night, and lying by all day, and leading a terrible life. It cared no more for Salisbury than if it had been a hamlet. It rattled noisily through the best streets, defied the cathedral, took the worst corners sharpest, went cutting in everywhere, making everything get out of its way; and spun along the open country-road, blowing a lively defiance out of its key-bugle, as its last glad parting legacy.

It was a charming evening. Mild and bright. And even with the weight upon his mind which arose out of the immensity and uncertainty of London, Tom could not resist the captivating sense of rapid motion through the pleasant air. The four grays skimmed along, as if they liked it quite as well as Tom did; the bugle was in as high spirits as the grays; the coachman chimed in sometimes with his voice; the wheels hummed cheerfully in unison; the brass-work on the harness was an orchestra of little bells; and thus as they went clinking, jingling, rattling smoothly on, the whole concern, from the buckles of the leaders' coupling-reins to the handle of the hind boot, was one great instrument of music.

Yoho ! past hedges, gates, and trees ; past cottages and barns, and people going home from work. Yoho ! past donkey-chaises, drawn aside into the ditch, and empty carts with rampant horses, whipped up at a bound upon the little water-course, and held by struggling carters close to the five-barred gate, until the coach had passed the narrow turning in the road. Yoho ! by churches dropped down by themselves in quiet nooks, with rustic burial-grounds about them, where the graves are green, and daisies sleep — for it is evening — on the bosoms of the dead. Yoho ! past streams, in which the cattle cool their feet, and where the rushes grow ; past paddock-fences, farms and rick-yards ; past last year's stacks, cut, slice by slice, away, and showing, in the waning light, like ruined gables, old and brown. Yoho ! down the pebbly dip, and through the merry water-splash, and up at a canter to the level road again. Yoho ! Yoho !

Yoho ! among the gathering shades ; making of no account the deep reflections of the trees, but scampering on through light and darkness, all the same, as if the light of London, fifty miles away, were quite enough to travel by, and some to spare. Yoho ! beside the village green, where cricket-players linger yet, and every little indentation made in the fresh grass by bat or wicket, ball or player's foot, sheds out its perfume on the night. Away with four fresh horses from the Bald-faced Stag, where toppers congregate about the door admiring ; and the last team, with traces hanging loose, go roaming off towards the pond, until observed and shouted after by a dozen throats, while volunteering boys pursue them. Now with the clattering of hoofs and striking out of fiery sparks, across the old stone bridge, and down again into the shadowy road, and through the open gate, and far away, away, into the wold. Yoho !

See the bright moon ! High up before we know it : making the earth-reflect the objects on its breast like water. Hedges, trees, low cottages, church steeples, blighted stumps and flour-

ishing young slips, have all grown vain upon the sudden, and mean to contemplate their own fair images till morning. The poplars yonder rustle, that their quivering leaves may see themselves upon the ground. Not so the oak; trembling does not become *him*; and he watches himself in his stout old burly steadfastness, without the motion of a twig. The moss-grown gate, ill-poised upon its creaking hinges, crippled and decayed, swings to and fro before its glass like some fantastic dowager; while our own ghostly likeness travels on, Yoho! Yoho! through ditch and brake, upon the ploughed land and the smooth, along the steep hillside and steeper wall, as if it were a phantom-hunter.

Clouds too! And a mist upon the hollow! Not a dull fog that hides it, but a light airy gauze-like mist, which in our eyes of modest admiration gives a new charm to the beauties it is spread before: as real gauze has done ere now, and would again, so please you, though we were the Pope. Yoho! Why, now we travel like the moon herself. Hiding this minute in a grove of trees, next minute in a patch of vapor; emerging now upon our broad clear course; withdrawing now, but always dashing on, our journey is a counterpart of hers. Yoho! A match against the moon!

The beauty of the night is hardly felt, when day comes leaping up. Yoho! Two stages and the country roads are almost changed to a continuous street. Yoho! past market gardens, rows of houses, villas, crescents, terraces, and squares; past wagons, coaches, carts; past early workmen, late stragglers, drunken men, and sober carriers of loads; past brick and mortar in its every shape; and in among the rattling pavements, where a jaunty-seat upon a coach is not so easy to preserve! Yoho! down countless turnings, and through countless mazy ways, until an old inn-yard is gained, and Tom Pinch, getting down, quite stunned and giddy, is in London.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

THE minstrel boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him,
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.
 "Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
 "Though all the world betrays thee,
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell! — but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder;
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery;
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery!"

Moore.

MICE AT PLAY.

FOUR children sat around a wood-fire, in an old-fashioned country-house. The red embers blazed up merrily, and showed four flushed little faces, four very tangled heads of hair, eight bright, merry eyes, and — I regret extremely to add — eight very dirty little hands, belonging, respectively, to Bess, Bob, Archie, and Tom. Mamma was away, you may be sure. If she were at home, the children would have made a very different appearance. O yes, indeed, quite and entirely different!

The round table was wheeled in front of the fire, and the student-lamp in the centre shed its light on Tom's letter, which he was writing to his mother. Archie was leaning back in the large chair; his arm, which he had broken in riding the trick-mule of the circus the day before, was in a splint; but judging from the rapid disappearance of the gingerbread on the plate near him, it is to be doubted if new cider, trick-mules, or broken arms seriously impair the appetite. "Bess, stop jogging the table! How on earth can a fellow write with you around?"

"Read what you've written," said Bess.

"Yes, do," chimed in Archie. They were both anxious to know what account their mother would receive of their performance. "Wait till

it's done," answered Tom. Writing a letter was no joke for Thomas Bradley, junior.

"How on earth do you spell *circus*?" he asked.

"S-u-r-k-e-ss," answered Bess, promptly. "No you don't!" cried Tom. "I know better."

"If you know so much, why do you ask?" retorted Bess. "Oh, come, Bess! do think, can't you?"

"There is a *c* in it," put in Archie; "for I saw the big red-and-blue posters in the village, and I know there was a *c* in *circus*." "Then it's c-i-r-k-i-s," said Bess.

"Yes; I guess that's right," said Tom, thoughtfully, writing the word, and then holding his head back from the paper, first on one side and then on the other, to see if it looked natural.

"I'm not exactly sure," he said at last. "It looks kinder queer. And mamma does make such a row if I don't spell right! What's the use in spelling, any way? If the folks know what you mean, that's enough — one way is as good as another. Pshaw!" he continued, "I don't believe it is right. See here, Bob! you're a first-rate little boy — a real, regular first-rate good boy, you are." "If it's up-stairs, I won't," declared Bob, who knew that flattery always preceded errands. Bob was one of the kind who learned by experience.

"Oh, yes, Bobby! That's a lovely harness you've made for pussy. I could n't have done better myself. You know where my dictionary is, up in my room, on the table. Run along and get it, — that's a good boy." Bob kept on with his work.

"Come, Bobby," said Tom, encouragingly. "Go yourself!" was Bob's polite suggestion.

"Oh, I'm so tired. I've done nothing but run for doctors all day long. Come, Bob, I'll tell mamma what a good boy you are, if you will."

"Won't you tell her I dropped the teapot down the well?" asked Bob. "Oh, did you?" cried Tom, Bess, and Archie, all in a breath.

Bob nodded his head, and looked at them all with a calm stare. "Which one?" asked the three children, anxiously.

"The big silver one," said Bob. "How? Why? What were you doing with it?"

"The gardener would n't lend me the watering-pot and I wanted to water my garden, so I just thought that would do instead; and I went to fill it at the well, and the bucket hit it right over into the well. It was the bucket's fault. I ain't to blame."

"Whe-e-ew!" at last whistled Tom. "If you won't tell mamma, I'll go for your book," said Bob.

"Well, I won't tell her in this letter, any way." "Don't tell her at all," insisted Bob.

"If you don't go right off and get it, I'll write it this moment."

"I'll go, I'll go!" cried Bob. "That's the worst scrape yet," said Bess. "For if I did get lost, I was found again; and if I did tear my clothes, they are all mended now; and if Archie did break his arm, he's got it mended now, too; but the teapot! That's dropped down the well, and there it is." Bessie's argument was convincing. There was no more to be said.

After a while, Tom's letter was finished, and ran as follows:—

"DEAR MAMMA: I wish you was home. We have dun a good menny bad things. Bess got lost in the woods, and most drowned in Rainy Pond. I shot Kate thru the head with a squirt of water, and most killed her. Archie broke his arm trying to wride the trik-mule at the curkis. Bob has dun worst of all; but I said I wood n't tel that. Bob has dun a dredful thing; but I sed I wood n't tel, so I won't. It's orful. Papa is very good to us, and don't make us wash too much. The bred is orful; Maggy is cross. But we're all well, except Archy's arm, and Dr. Jarvis says if he don't get fever he will get wel.

"Your loveing son,

"Tom.

"P. S. You will feel orful bad about what Bob's dun."

The next morning all four children were gathered around the well, at the bottom of which lay the silver teapot.

"I see it, I see it!" cried Tom, eagerly. "It's down at the bottom."

"Did you suppose it would float?" asked Bess.

"Let me see," cried Bob.

"You clear out," said Archie; "you've made all this mischief. You'd better go before you tumble in yourself, you little goose. I can't go after it, with my broken arm."

"Now, I suppose we will hear of nothing but your broken arm for a month, and you'll shirk everything for it. 'I can't study 'cause my arm's broken; I can't go errands 'cause my arm's broken; I can't go to church 'cause my arm's broken': that will be your whim, Archie; but don't try your dodges on me, for I won't stand it. If it really hurts you, I'm sorry, and I'll lick any fellow that touches you till you get well again; but none of your humbug. Of course you can't go down the well; you could n't if your arm was n't broken."

Meanwhile Bess had gone to the house for a long fishing-pole, and soon returned carrying it.

"We'll fasten a hook to the end of it and fish the teapot up," said she. "Ho, ho! Do you suppose it will bite like a fish?" laughed Tom.

"No, I do not, Tom Bradley. But I suppose if I tie a string to the pole, and fasten an iron hook to one end, that I can wiggle it round in the water till the hook catches in the handle, and then we can draw it up. That's what I suppose." "There's something in that, Bess. Let me try." "No; go and get one for yourself." "But where can I find one?" "In the smoke-house, where I got mine." "Oh, get me one, too," cried Bob. "And me one, too," cried Archie.

Before half an hour had passed, the four children, all armed with fishing-poles, were intently wiggling in the water, catching their hooks in the stones by the side of the well, entangling their lines, digging their elbows into each other's sides, in their frantic attempts to pull their hooks loose, scolding, pushing, and getting generally excited. Every few minutes Tom would pull Bess back by her sunbonnet, and save her from tumbling over in her eagerness; but so far from being grateful to her deliverer, Bess resented the treatment indignantly.

"Stop jerking my head so!" she cried. "You'll be in, in a minute; you'd have been in then, if I had n't jerked you," answered Tom.

"Well, what if I had? Let me alone. If I go in, that's my own lookout." "Your own look in, you mean. My gracious! wouldn't you astonish the toads down there! But you'd get your face clean."

"Now, Tom, you let me be. I'most had it that time." "So you've said forty times. This is all humbug. I'm going down on the rope for it." "Oh, no, Tom; please don't. Indeed you'll be drowned; the rope will break; you'll kill yourself; you'll catch cold," cried Bess, in alarm. "Pooh! girl! coward!" retorted thankless Tom. "Who's afraid of what? Stand back, small boys, I'm going in." "You'll poison the water," suggested Archie.

"It will be so cold," moaned Bob. "I'll scream for a hundred years, without stopping, Tom," cried Bess, wildly. "You sha'n't go down—you; I'll call some one. Murray! Peter! Maggie! c-o-o-o-o-o-o-me! O-o-o-o-h, c-o-o-o-o-me!" "Stop screaming, and help. Now, do you three hold on tight to this bucket; don't let go for a moment; pull away as hard as you can when I tell you to. Now for it."

And, without more ado, Tom clung to the other rope with his hands, and twisted his feet around the bucket-handle. "Hold on tight, and let me down easy," said Tom; and the three children lowered him little by little.

A sudden splash and shiver told them he had reached water, and a shout of triumph declared that the teapot was rescued. As Tom shouted, all the children let go the rope and rushed to the side of the

well to look at the victorious hero. It was a most fortunate circumstance that the water in the well was low. As it was, he stood in the cold water up to his shoulders. "What made you let go?" roared Tom. "Oh, Tom, have you got it? Have you, really? Ain't it cold? Are you hurt? Were you scared? Is the teapot broken?" "Draw me up? You silly children! You goose of a Bess! Why don't you draw me up?"

"I will, Tom; I'm going to," answered Bess. But all the united efforts could not raise Tom.

"I'll run next door and call Mr. Wilson," said Bess, hopefully, and started. As Bess ran, she was suddenly stopped at the gate by the sight of a carriage which had just driven up, and out of which now stepped Aunt Maria and Aunt Maria's husband, Uncle Daniel. These were the very grimmest and grandest of all the relations.

For one awful moment Bess stood stunned. Then her anxiety for Tom overcame every other consideration, and before Aunt Maria could say, "How do you do, Elizabeth?" she had caught her uncle by his august coat-tail, and, in a piteous voice, besought him to come and pull on the rope. "Pull on a rope, Elizabeth!" said Uncle Daniel, who was a very slow man; "why should I pull on a rope, my dear?"

"Oh, come quick! hurry faster! Tom's down in the well!" cried Bess. "Tom down a well! How did he get there?"

"He went down for the teapot," sobbed Bess; "the silver teapot, and we can't pull him up again; and he's cramped with cold. Oh, do hurry!" Uncle Daniel leisurely looked down at Tom. Then he slowly took off his coat, and as slowly carried it into the house, stopped to give an order to his coachman, came with measured pace to the three frightened children; then took hold of the rope, gave a long, strong, calm pull, and in an instant Tom, "dripping with coolness, arose from the well."

Neil Forest.

THE SAILOR'S SONG.

TO sea! to sea! the calm is o'er,
The wanton water leaps in sport,
And rattles down the pebbly shore,
The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,
An unseen mermaid's pearly song
Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.
Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar:
To sea! to sea! the calm is o'er.

To sea! to sea! our white-winged bark
 Shall billowing cleave its watery way,
 And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
 Break the caved Tritons' azure day,
 Like mountain eagle soaring light
 O'er antelopes on Alpine height.
 The anchor heaves! The ship swings free!
 Our sails swell full! To sea! to sea!

Beddoes.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar;
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these, our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
 Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war, —
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Like the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, — what are they?
 Thy waters wasted them when they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou,
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play —
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime —
 The image of Eternity — the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers — they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear;
 For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

Byron.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

NEARER, my God, to thee, nearer to thee! E'en though it be a
 cross that raiseth me; still all my song shall be, — nearer, my
 God, to thee, nearer to thee.

Though, like the wanderer, the sun gone down, darkness be over me,
 my rest a stone; yet in my dreams I'd be nearer, my God, to thee,
 nearer to thee.

There let the way appear steps unto heaven; all that thou sendest
 me in mercy given; angels to beckon me nearer, my God, to thee,
 nearer to thee.

Then with my waking thoughts, bright with thy praise, out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise; so by my woes to be nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

Or, if on joyful wing cleaving the sky, sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly; still all my song shall be, — nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

Adams.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

NEAR yonder copse where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, or wished to change, his place;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train;
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire and talked the night away, —
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests the good man learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.
 Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
 But, in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all:
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries

To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
 Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
 At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
 And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man
 With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
 E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed.
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Goldsmith.

DOGBERRY AND VERGES.

I.

DOGBERRY. Are you good men and true?

Verges. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Prince's watch.

Ver. Well, give them their charge, neighbor Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

I Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbor Seacoal: God hath bless'd you with a

good name: to be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable —

Dog. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go: and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Ver. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's subjects. — You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. — Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled; the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Ver. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Ver. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Ver. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the Prince's own person; if you meet the Prince in the night, you may stay him.

Ver. Nay by'r Lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the Prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Ver. By'r Lady, I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. — Come, neighbor.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors: I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt DOG. and VER.*]

II.

Leo. What would you with me, honest neighbor?

Dog. Marry, sir; I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leo. Brief, I pray you; for you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir.

Ver. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leo. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. An old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Ver. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living that is an old man, and no honestest than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous.

Leo. Neighbors, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your Worship.

Leo. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

Dog. Yea, and 't were a thousand pound more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Ver. And so am I.

Leo. I must leave you.

Dog. Our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your Worship.

Leo. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me. I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you. [Exit LEONATO.

Dog. It shall be suffigance. Go, good partner, go; get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and ink-horn to the jail; we are now to examination these men.

Ver. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that (*touching his forehead*) shall drive some of them to a *non com*; only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail. [Exeunt.

III.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Ver. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sex. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Ver. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? Let them come before Master Constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me. — What is your name, friend?

Bor. Borachio.

Dog. Pray write down Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dog. Write down master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?

Con. Bor. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dog. Write down that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend, but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir. I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bor. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down that they are none?

Sex. Master Constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the efastest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the Prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the Prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down Prince John a villain. Why this is flat perjury to call a prince's brother, villain.

Bor. Master Constable —

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sex. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Ver. Yea, by the Mass, that it is.

Sex. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is

this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and, upon the grief of this, suddenly died. Master Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and show him their examination. [Exit.

Dog. Come, let them be opinioned.

Ver. Let them be in the hands.

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dog. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down the Prince's officer, coxcomb. Come, bind them: — thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? — O, that he were here to write me down an ass! — but, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. — No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass!

[Exeunt.

Shakespeare.

THE BELLS.

HEAR the sledges with the bells — silver bells —
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, in the icy air of night!
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to tinkle with a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells —
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells, golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night how they ring out their delight!
 From the molten-golden notes, and all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats on the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells! how it dwells
On the Future! how it tells of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing of the bells, bells, bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells — brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek, out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher, with a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor, now — now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon. Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar! What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the air, it fully knows,
By the twanging and the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows; yet the ear distinctly tells
In the jangling and the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells — of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells — iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people —
They that dwell up in the steeple, all alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling, in that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling on the human heart a stone —
 They are neither man nor woman —
 They are neither brute nor human — they are Ghouls :
 And their king it is who tolls ;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls a pæan from the bells !
 And his merry bosom swells with the pæan of the bells !
 And he dances and he yells ;
 Keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells — of the bells :
 Keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells — of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the sobbing of the bells ; keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells, in a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells — of the bells, bells, bells —
 To the tolling of the bells, of the bells, bells, bells, bells —
 Bells, bells, bells —
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Edgar A. Poe

UNION AND LIBERTY.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
 Borne through our battle-fields' thunder and flame,
 Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
 Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame !
 Up with our banner bright,
 Sprinkled with starry light,
 Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore ;
 While through the sounding sky,
 Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
 Union and Liberty ! — one evermore !

 Light of our firmament, guide of our nation,
 Pride of her children, and honored afar,
 Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
 Scatter each cloud that would darken a star !

 Empire unsceptred ! what foe shall assail thee,
 Bearing the standard of Liberty's van ?
 Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
 Striving with men for the birthright of man !

Yet, if by madness and treachery blighted,
 Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,
 Then, with the arms of thy millions united,
 Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!

Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us,
 Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
 Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
 Keep us, O keep us the many in one!
 Up with our banner bright,
 Sprinkled with starry light,
 Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
 While through the sounding sky
 Loud rings the Nation's cry —
 Union and Liberty! One evermore!

Holmes.

CICELY AND THE BEARS.

“OH, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! ding-dong!” The bellman’s voice is loud and strong; so is his bell: “Oh, yes! ding-dong!” He wears a coat with golden lace; see how the people of the place come running to hear what the bellman says! “Oh, yes! Sir Nicholas Hildebrand has just returned from the Holy Land, and freely offers his heart and hand — Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! ding-dong!” all the women hurry along, maids and widows, a clattering throng. “Oh, sir, you are hard to understand! To whom does he offer his heart and hand? Explain your meaning, we do command!” “Oh, yes! ding-dong! you shall understand! Oh, yes! Sir Nicholas Hildebrand invites the ladies of this land to feast with him, in his castle strong, this very day at three. Ding-dong! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes, ding-dong!” Then all the women went off to dress, Mary, Margaret! Bridget, Bess, Patty, and more than I can guess. They powdered their hair with golden dust, and bought new ribbons — they said they must — but none of them painted, we will trust. Long before the time arrives, all the women that could be wives are dressed within an inch of their lives. Meanwhile Sir Nicholas Hildebrand had brought with him from the Holy Land a couple of bears — Oh, that was grand! He tamed the bears, and they loved him true: whatever he told them they would do — hark! ’t is the town clock striking two!

Among the maidens of low degree the poorest of all was Cicely—a shabbier girl could hardly be. “Oh, I should like to see the feast, but my frock is old, my shoes are pieced, my hair is rough!” (It never was greased.) The clock struck three! she durst not go! But she heard the band, and, to see the show, crept after the people that went in a row. When Cicely came to the castle gate, the porter exclaimed, “Miss Shaggypate, the hall is full, and you come too late!” Just then the music made a din, flute, and cymbal, and culverin, and Cicely with a squeeze, got in. Oh, what a sight! Full fifty score of dames that Cicely knew, and more, filling the hall from dais to door! The dresses were like a garden bed, green and gold, and blue and red—poor Cicely thought of her tossy head! She heard the singing—she heard the clatter—clang of flagon and clink of platter—but, oh, the feast was no such matter! For she saw Sir Nicholas himself, raised on a dais just like a shelf, and fell in love with him—shabby elf! Her heart beat quick; aside she stepped: under the tapestry she crept, tousling her tossy hair, and wept! Her cheeks were wet, her eyes were red. “Who makes that noise?” the ladies said; “turn out that girl with the shaggy head!”

Just then there was heard a double roar, that shook the place, both wall and floor: everybody looked to the door. It was a roar, it was a growl; the ladies set up a little howl, and flapped and clucked like frightened fowl. Sir Hildebrand for silence begs—in walked the bears on their hinder legs, wise as owls, and merry as grigs! The dark girls tore their hair of sable; the fair girls hid underneath the table; some fainted; to move they were not able. But most of them could scream and screech. Sir Nicholas Hildebrand made a speech: “Order, ladies, I do beseech!” The bears looked hard at Cicely, because her hair hung wild and free—“Related to us, miss, you must be!” Then Cicely, filling two plates of gold as full of cherries as they could hold, walked up to the bears, and spoke out bold: “Welcome to you! and to *you*, Mr. Bear! Will you take a chair? will *you* take a chair? This is an honor, we do declare!” Sir Hildebrand strode up to see, saying, “Who may this maiden be? Ladies, this is the wife for me!” Almost before they could understand, he took up Cicely by the hand, and danced with her a saraband. Her hair was rough as a parlor broom; it swung, it swirled all round the room—those ladies were vexed, we may presume. Sir Nicholas kissed her on the face, and set her beside him on the dais, and made her the lady of

the place. The nuptials soon they did prepare, with a silver comb for Cicely's hair: there were bands of music everywhere. And in that beautiful bridal show both the bears were seen to go upon their hind legs to and fro! Now every year on the wedding day the boys and girls come out to play, and scramble for cherries as they may. With a cheer for this and the other bear, and a cheer for St. Nicholas, free and fair, and a cheer for Cis, of the tossy hair — with one cheer more (if you will wait) for every girl with a curly pate, who keeps her hair in a proper state. Sing bear's grease! curling-irons to sell! Sing combs and brushes! Sing tortoise-shell! Oh, yes! ding-dong! the crier, the bell! Isn't this a pretty tale to tell?

Lilliput Levee.

THE SANDPIPER.

A CROSS the narrow beach we flit,
 One little sandpiper and I,
 And fast I gather, bit by bit,
 The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
 The wild waves reach their hands for it,
 The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
 As up and down the beach we flit, —
 One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
 Scud black and swift across the sky;
 Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
 Stand out the white lighthouses high.
 Almost as far as eye can reach
 I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
 As fast we flit along the beach,
 One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
 Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
 He starts not at my fitful song,
 Or flash of fluttering drapery.
 He has no thought of any wrong;
 He scans me with a fearless eye.
 Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
 The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
 When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
 My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
 To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
 I do not fear for thee, though wroth
 The tempest rushes through the sky:
 For are we not God's children both,
 Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

Celia Thaxter.

ECHO AND THE FERRY.

AY, Oliver! I was but seven, and he was eleven;
 He looked at me pouting and rosy. I blushed where I stood.
 They had told us to play in the orchard (and I only seven,
 A small guest at the farm); but he said, "Oh! a girl was no good!"
 So he whistled and went, he went over the stile to the wood.
 It was sad, it was sorrowful! Only a girl — only seven!
 At home in the dark London smoke I had not found it out.
 The pear-trees looked on in their white, and bluebirds flashed about,
 And they, too, were angry as Oliver. Were they eleven?
 I thought so. Yes, every one else was eleven — eleven.
 So Oliver went, but the cowslips were tall at my feet,
 And all the white orchard with fast-falling blossom was littered;
 And under and over the branches those little birds twittered,
 While hanging head downward they scolded because I was seven.
 A pity — a very great pity. One should be eleven.

But soon I was happy, the smell of the world was so sweet,
 And I saw a round hole in an apple-tree rosy and old.
 Then I knew, for I peeped, and I found it was right they should scold.
 Eggs small and eggs many. For gladness I broke into laughter;
 And then some one else — oh! how softly — came after, came after
 With laughter — with laughter came after.
 And no one was near us to utter that sweet, mocking call,
 That soon very tired sank low with a mystical fall.
 But this was the country, perhaps it was close under heaven;
 Oh! nothing so likely; the voice might have come from it even.
 I knew about heaven. But this was the country, of this
 Light, blossom, and piping, and flashing of wings not at all,
 Not at all. No. But one little bird was an easy forgiver:
 She peeped, she drew near as I moved from her domicile small,

Then flashed down her hole like a dart — like a dart from the quiver,
And I waded atween the long grasses, and felt it was bliss.

So this was the country; clear dazzle of azure and shiver,
And whisper of leaves, and a humming all over the tall
White branches, a humming of bees. And I came to the wall —
A little, low wall — and looked over, and there was the river,
The lane that led on to the village, and then the sweet river,
Clear shining and slow, she had far, far to go from her snow;
But each rush gleamed a sword in the sunlight to guard her long flow,
And she murmured, methought, with a speech very soft, very low.
“The ways will be long, but the days will be long,” quoth the river,
“To me a long liver, long, long,” quoth the river — the river.
I dreamed of the country that night, of the orchard, the sky,
The voice that had mocked coming after and over and under.

But at last — in a day or two namely — Eleven and I
Were very fast friends, and to him I confided the wonder.
He said that was Echo. “Was Echo a wise kind of bee
That had learned how to laugh: could it laugh in one’s ear and then fly,
And laugh again yonder?” “No; Echo” — he whispered it low —
“Was a woman, they said, but a woman whom no one could see
And no one could find; and he did not believe it, not he;
But he could not get near for the river that held us asunder.
Yet I that had money — a shilling, a whole silver shilling —
We might cross if I thought I would spend it.” “Oh! yes, I was
willing” —

And we ran hand in hand, we ran down to the ferry, the ferry,
And we heard how she mocked at the folk with a voice clear and merry
When they called for the ferry; but, oh! she was very — was very
Swift footed. She spoke and was gone; and when Oliver cried,
“Hie over! hie over! you man of the ferry — the ferry!”
By the still water’s side she was heard far and wide — she replied,
And she mocked in her voice sweet and merry, “You man of the ferry,
You man of — you man of the ferry!”
“Hie over!” he shouted. The ferryman came at his calling;
Across the clear reed-bordered river he ferried us fast.

Such a chase! Hand in hand, foot to foot, we ran on; it surpassed
All measure her doubling, so close, then so far away falling,
Then gone, and no more. Oh! to see her but once unaware,
And the mouth that had mocked, but we might not (yet sure she was
there),

Nor behold her wild eyes, and her mystical countenance fair.
 We sought in the wood, and we found the wood-wren in her stead;
 In the field, and we found but the cuckoo that talked overhead;
 By the brook, and we found the reed-sparrow deep-nested, in brown;
 Not Echo, fair Echo, for Echo, sweet Echo was flown.

So we came to the place where the dead people wait till God call.
 The church was among them, gray moss over roof, over wall.
 Very silent, so low. And we stood on the green, grassy mound
 And looked in at the window, for Echo, perhaps, in her round
 Might have come in to hide there. But, no; every oak-carven seat
 Was empty. We saw the great Bible, old, old, very old,
 And the parson's great prayer-book beside it; we heard the slow beat
 Of the pendulum swing in the tower; we saw the clear gold
 Of a sunbeam float down to the aisle, and then waver and play
 On the low chancel step and the railing; and Oliver said,
 "Look, Katie! look, Katie! when Lettice came here to be wed
 She stood where that sunbeam drops down, and all white was her
 gown;

And she stepped upon flowers they strewed for her." Then quoth
 small Seven,

"Shall I wear a white gown and have flowers to walk upon ever?"
 All doubtful: "It takes a long time to grow up," quoth Eleven;
 "You're so little, you know, and the church is so old, it can never
 Last on till you're tall." And in whispers,—because it was old
 And holy, and fraught with strange meaning, half felt, but not told,
 Full of old parsons' prayers, who were dead, of old days, of old folk,
 Neither heard nor beheld, but about us—in whispers we spoke.
 Then we went from it softly, and ran hand in hand to the strand,
 While bleating of flocks and birds' piping made sweeter the land.
 And Echo came back e'en as Oliver drew to the ferry.

"O Katie!" "O Katie!" "Come on then!" "Come on then!"

"For, see,

The round sun, all red, lying low by the tree—by the tree."

"By the tree." Ay, she mocked him again, with her voice sweet and
 merry;

"Hie over!" "Hie over!" "You man of the ferry"—"the ferry."

"You man of the ferry—"

"You man of—you man of—the ferry."

Ay, here—it was here that we woke her, the Echo of old;

All life of that day seems an echo, and many times told.

Shall I come by the ferry to-morrow, and come in my white
To that little low church? And will Oliver meet me anon?
Will it all seem an echo from childhood passed over — passed on?
Will the grave parson bless us? “Hark! hark! in the dim failing light
I hear her!” As then the child’s voice clear and high, sweet and
 merry,
Now she mocks the man’s tone with “Hie over! Hie over, the ferry!”
“And, Katie!” “And, Katie!” “Art out with the glow-worms
 to-night,
My Katie?” “My Katie!” For gladness I break into laughter
And tears. Then it all comes again as from far-away years;
Again, some one else — oh, how softly! — with laughter comes after,
Comes after — with laughter comes after.

Ingelow.

THE OLD POLITICIAN.

NOW that Tom Dunstan’s cold, our shop is duller; scarce a story
 is told! And our chat has lost the old red Republican color!
Though he was sickly and thin, he gladdened us with his face: how,
warming at rich man’s sin, with bang of the fist, and chin thrust out,
he argued the case! He prophesied folk should be free, and the
money-bags be bled; “She’s coming, she’s coming!” said he; “Cour-
age, boys! wait and see! Freedom’s ahead!”

All day we sat in the heat, like spiders spinning, stitching full fine
and fleet, while the old Jew on his seat sat greasily grinning; and
there Tom said his say, and prophesied Tyranny’s death; and the tal-
low burnt all day, and we stitched and stitched away in the thick smoke
of our breath, wearily, wearily; with hearts as heavy as lead; but
“Patience, she’s coming!” said he; “Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom’s ahead!”

And at night, when we took here the pause allowed to us, the paper
came with the beer, and Tom read, sharp and clear, the news out loud
to us; and then in his witty way, he threw the jest about, — the cutting
things he’d say of the wealthy and the gay! How he turned them
inside out, and it made our breath more free to hearken to what he
said: “She’s coming, she’s coming!” says he; “Courage, boys, wait
and see! Freedom’s ahead!”

But grim Jack Hart, with a sneer would mutter, “Master! if Free-
dom means to appear, I think she might step here a little faster!”

Then it was fine to see Tom flame, and argue and prove and preach, till Jack was silent for shame, or a fit of coughing came o' sudden to spoil Tom's speech. Ah! Tom had the eyes to see, when Tyranny should be sped; "She's coming, she's coming!" said he; "Courage, boys! wait and see! Freedom's ahead!"

But Tom was little and weak; the hard hours shook him; hollower grew his cheek, and when he began to speak the coughing took him. Ere long the cheery sound of his chat among us ceased, and we made a purse all round, that he might not starve, at least; his pain was sorry to see, yet there, on his poor sick bed, "She's coming, in spite of me! courage and wait!" cried he, "Freedom's ahead!"

A little before he died, to see his passion! "Bring me a paper!" he cried, and then to study it tried in his old sharp fashion; and, with eyeballs glittering, his look on me he bent, and said that savage thing of the lords of Parliament. Then darkening, smiling on me, "What matter if one be dead? She's coming, at least!" said he; "Courage, boys! wait and see! Freedom's ahead!"

Ay, now Tom Dunstan's cold, the shop feels duller; scarce a story is told. Our talk has lost the old red Republican color. But we see a figure gray, and we hear a voice of death, and the tallow burns all day, and we stitch and stitch away in the thick smoke of our breath. Ay, here in the dark sit we, while, wearily, wearily, we hear him call from the dead: "She's coming, she's coming!" said he. "Freedom's ahead!"

How long, O Lord, how long doth thy handmaid linger — she who shall right the wrong, make the oppressed strong? Sweet morrow, bring her! Hasten her over the sea, O Lord, ere hope be fled; bring her to men and to me! O slave, pray still on thy knee, — "Freedom's ahead!"

Buchanan.

DOUGLAS TO THE MOB.

HEAR, gentle friends, ere yet for me
Ye break the bands of fealty.

My life, my honor, and my cause
I tender free to Scotland's laws.
Are these so weak as must require
The aid of your misguided ire?
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,

My sense of public weal so low,
 That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
 Those cords of love I should unbind,
 Which knit my country and my kind?
 Oh, no! Believe in yonder tower
 It will not soothe my captive hour,
 To know those spears our foes should dread,
 For me in kindred gore are red;
 To know, in fruitless brawl begun,
 For me that mother wails her son;
 For me, that widow's mate expires;
 For me that orphans weep their sires:
 That patriots mourn insulted laws,
 And curse the Douglas for the cause.
 Oh let your patience ward such ill,
 And keep your right to love me still."

Scott.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
 And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
 The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by their side,
 And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he
 sighed:
 And truly 't was a gallant thing to see that crowning show —
 Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.
 Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their
 paws:
 With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled on one another,
 Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother;
 The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air;
 Said Francis then, "Faith! gentlemen, we're better here than there!"
 De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, — a beauteous lively dame,
 With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the same;
 She thought, "The Count my lover is brave as brave can be —
 He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me:
 King, ladies, lovers, all look on: the occasion is divine!
 I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine!"

She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled;

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild.

The leap was quick, return was quick — he has regained the place —

Then threw the glove — but not with love — right in the lady's face.

"By Heaven," cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat:

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that!"

Leigh Hunt.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

COULD we but know

The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low, —

Ah, if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?

Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us, —
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah, who would fear!

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely;
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only, —
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure?

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note, as his corse to the
rampart we hurried; not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
o'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night, the sods with our bayonets
turning; by the struggling moonbeam's misty light and the lantern
dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast, not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him; but he lay like a warrior taking his rest, with his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said, and we spoke not a word of sorrow, but we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead, and we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed and smoothed down his lonely pillow, that the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head, and we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone and o'er his cold ashes upbraid him; but little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on, in the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done when the clock struck the hour for retiring: and we heard the distant and random gun that the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down, from the field of his fame fresh and gory; we carved not a line, and we raised not a stone — but we left him alone with his glory.

Wolfe.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thy happiness, —
 That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
 And purple-stainèd mouth;

That I might drink, and leave the world unseen
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs ;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards.
Already with thee ! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays ;
But here there is no light
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit tree wild ;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath ;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,

To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music: — do I wake or sleep?

Keats.

THE SINGING LESSON

A NIGHTINGALE made a mistake; she sang a few notes out of tune;
 Her heart was ready to break, and she hid from the moon.
 She wrung her claws, poor thing, but was far too proud to speak;
 She tucked her head under her wing, and pretended to be asleep.

A lark, arm-in-arm with a thrush, came sauntering up to the place;
 The nightingale felt herself blush, though feathers hid her face;
 She knew they had heard her song, she felt them snicker and sneer;
 She thought this life was too long, and wished she could skip a year.

"O nightingale!" cooed a dove; "O nightingale! what's the use;
You bird of beauty and love, why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight, like a common, contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight, why behave like an owl?"

"Only think of all you have done; only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun from such a bird as you!
Lift up your proud little crest; open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best, you need only to speak."

The nightingale shyly took her head from under her wing,
And giving the dove a look, straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass; the night was divinely calm;
And the people stood on the grass to hear that wonderful psalm!

The nightingale did not care, she only sang to the skies;
Her songs ascended there, and there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below she knew but little about;
And this story's a moral, I know, if you'll try to find it out!

Ingelow.

HOW THE KING LOST HIS CROWN.

THE King's men, when he had slain the boar,
Strung him aloft on the fisher's oar,
And, two behind, and two before,
In triumph bore him along the shore.

"An oar!" says the King; "'t is a trifle! why
Did the fisher frown and the good wife sigh?"

"A trifle, sire!" was the Fool's reply;

"Then frown or laugh who will: for I,

Who laugh at all and am only a clown,

Will never more laugh at trifles!"

A runner next day leaped down the sand,

And launched a skiff from the fisher's strand;

For he cried, "An army invades the land!

The passes are seized on either hand!

And I must carry my message straight

Across the lake to the castle gate!"

The castle he neared, but the waves were great,

The fanged rocks foamed like jaws of Fate;

And lacking an oar the boat went down.

The Furies laugh at trifles.

CLASSIC SELECTIONS.

The swimmer against the waves began
To strive, as a valiant swimmer can.
"Methinks," said the Fool, "'t were no bad plan
If succor were sent to the drowning man!"
To succor a perilled pawn instead,
The monarch moving his rook ahead —
Bowed over the chessman, white and red —
Gave "check" — then looked on the lake and said,
"The boat is lost, the man will drown!"

O King! beware of trifles!

To the lords and mirthful dames the bard
Was trolling his latest song; the guard
Were casting dice in the castle yard;
And the captains all were drinking hard,
Then came the chief of the halberdiers,
And told to the King's astounded ears:
"An army on every side appears!
An army with banners and bows and spears!
They have gained the wall and surprised the town!"

Our fates are woven of trifles!

The red usurper reached the throne;
The tidings over the realm were blown:
And, flying to alien lands alone
With a trusty few, the king made moan,
But long and loudly laughed the clown:
"We broke the oar and the boat went down,
And so the messenger chanced to drown;
The messenger lost, we lost the town;
And the loss of the town has cost a crown;
And all these things are trifles!"

From the Lost Earl and other Poems.

Trowbridge.

THE SKATER'S SONG.

AWAY! away! our fires stream bright along the frozen river; and
their arrowy sparkles of frosty light on the forest branches
quiver. Away! away! for the stars are forth, and on the pure snows
of the valley, in a giddy trance, the moonbeams dance — come, let us
our comrades rally!

Away! away! o'er the sheeted ice, away, away we go; on our steel-bound feet we move as fleet as deer o'er the Lapland snow. What though the sharp north winds are out, the skater heeds them not; midst the laugh and shout of the jocund rout, gray winter is forgot.

'Tis a pleasant sight, the joyous throng in the light of the reddening flame, while, with many a wheel on the ringing steel, they wage their riotous game; and though the night-air cutteth keen, and the white moon shineth coldly, their homes, I ween, on the hills have been — they should breast the strong blast boldly.

Let others choose more gentle sports by the side of the winter hearth; or 'neath the lamps of the festal hall seek for their share of mirth; but as for me, away! away! where the merry skaters be — where the fresh wind blows and the smooth ice glows, there is the place for me!

Peabody.

THE ERL-KING.

○ WHO rides by night thro' the woodland so wild?
It is the fond father embracing his child;
And close the boy nestles within his loved arm,
To hold himself fast, and to keep himself warm.

"O father, see yonder! see yonder!" he says;
"My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?" —
"Oh, 'tis the Erl-King with his crown and his shroud."
"No, my son, it is but a dark wreath of the cloud."

"O, come and go with me, thou loveliest child;
By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled;
My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,
And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my boy."

"O father, my father, and did you not hear
The Erl-King whisper so low in my ear?" —
"Be still, my heart's darling — my child, be at ease;
It was but the wild blast as it sung thro' the trees."

"O wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy?
My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy;
She shall bear thee so lightly thro' wet and thro' wild,
And press thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my child."

"O father, my father, and saw you not plain,
The Erl-King's pale daughter glide past thro' the rain?" —
"O yes, my loved treasure, I knew it full soon;
It was the gray willow that danced to the moon."

"O, come and go with me, no longer delay,
Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away." —
"O father! O father! now, now keep your hold,
The Erl-King has seized me — his grasp is so cold!"

Sore trembled the father; he spurr'd thro' the wild,
Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child;
He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread,
But, clasp'd to his bosom, the infant was *dead*!

Translated by Scott.

Goethe.

SCENE FROM THE POOR GENTLEMAN.

MISS L. MAC TAB. Show the gentleman in. The country, then, has heard of my arrival at last. A woman of condition in a family can never long conceal her retreat. Ollapod! that sounds like an ancient name. If I am not mistaken, he is nobly descended.

[*Enter OLLAPOD.*

Ollapod. Madam, I have the honor of paying my respects. Sweet spot here, among the cows; good for consumptions. Charming woods hereabouts. Pheasants flourish; so do agues. Sorry not to see the good lieutenant; admire his room; hope soon to have his company. Do you take, good madam? — do you take?

Miss L. I beg, sir, you will be seated.

Ollapod. (*Places chairs and sits down.*) Oh, dear madam. A charming chair to bleed in. (*Aside.*)

Miss L. I am sorry Mr. Worthington is not at home to receive you, sir.

Ollapod. You are a relation of the lieutenant, madam?

Miss L. I! only by his marriage, I assure you, sir. Aunt to his deceased wife. But I am not surprised at your question. My friends in town would wonder to see the Honorable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, sister to the late Lord Lofty, cooped up in a farm-house.

Ollapod. (*Aside.*) The honorable! Humph! a bit of quality tumbled into decay. The sister of a dead peer in a pigstye!

Miss L. You are of the military, I am informed, sir.

Ollapod. He, he! yes, madam. Cornet Ollapod, of our volunteers; a fine healthy troop, ready to give the enemy a dose whenever they dare to attack us.

Miss L. I was always prodigiously partial to the military. My great-grandfather, Marmaduke, Baron Lofty, commanded a troop of horse under the Duke of Marlborough, that famous general of his age.

Ollapod. Marlborough was a hero of a man, madam, and lived at Woodstock — a sweet, sporting country, where Rosamond perished by poison — arsenic as like as anything.

Miss L. And have you served much, Mr. Ollapod?

Ollapod. He, he! Yes, madam; served all the nobility and gentry for miles round.

Miss L. Sir!

Ollapod. And shall be happy to serve the good lieutenant and his family.

Miss L. We shall be proud of your acquaintance, sir. A gentleman of the army is always an acquisition among the Goths and Vandals of the country, where every sheepish squire has the air of an apothecary.

Ollapod. Madam! An apothecary — Zounds! — hum! He, he! I — You must know, I — I deal a little in Galenicals myself.

Miss L. Galenicals! Oh, they are for operations, I suppose, among the military.

Ollapod. Operations! He, he! Come, that's very well, very well, indeed. Thank you, good madam; I owe you one. Galenicals, madam, are medicines.

Miss L. Medicines!

Ollapod. Yes, physic — buckthorn, senna, and so forth.

Miss L. (*Rising.*) Why, then, you are an apothecary!

Ollapod. (*Rising and bowing.*) At your service, madam.

Miss L. At my service, indeed!

Ollapod. Yes, madam; Cornet Ollapod, at the "Gilt Galen's Head" — of the Volunteer Association Corps of cavalry; as ready for a foe as a customer — always willing to charge them both. Do you take, good madam? — do you take?

Miss L. And has the Honorable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab been talking all this while to a petty dealer in drugs?

Ollapod. Drugs! (*Aside.*) Humph! she turns up her honorable nose as if she was going to swallow them! (*Aloud.*) No man more

respected than myself, madam — courted by the corps — idolized by invalids; and, for a shot, ask my friend, Sir Charles Cropland.

Miss L. Is Sir Charles Cropland a friend of yours, sir?

Ollapod. Intimate. He doesn't make wry faces at physic, whatever others may do, madam. This village flanks the intrenchments of his park — full of fine fat venison, which is as light a food for digestion as —

Miss L. But he is never on his estate here, I am told.

Ollapod. He quarters there at this moment.

Miss L. Bless me! has Sir Charles, then —

Ollapod. Told me all — your accidental meeting in the metropolis, and his visits when the lieutenant was out.

Miss L. Oh, shocking! I declare I shall faint!

Ollapod. Faint! Never mind that, with a medical man in the room; I can bring you about in a twinkling.

Miss L. And what has Sir Charles Cropland presumed to advance about me?

Ollapod. Oh, nothing derogatory — respectful as a duck-legged drummer to a commander-in-chief.

Miss L. I have only proceeded in this affair from the purest motives, and in a mode becoming a Mac Tab.

Ollapod. None dare to doubt it.

Miss L. And if Sir Charles has dropped in to a dish of tea with myself and Emily in London, when the lieutenant was out, I see no harm in it.

Ollapod. Nor I neither; except that tea shakes the nervous system to shatters. But to the point. The baronet's my bosom friend; having heard you were here, "Ollapod," says he, squeezing my hand in his own, which had strong symptoms of fever, — "Ollapod," says he, "you are a military man, and may be trusted." "I'm a cornet," says I, "and close as a pill-box." "Fly, then, to Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, that honorable picture of prudence —"

Miss L. He, he! Did Sir Charles say that?

Ollapod. (*Aside*) How these tabbies love to be toadied.

Miss L. In short, Sir Charles, I perceive, has appointed you his emissary to consult with me when he may have an interview.

Ollapod. Madam, you are the sharpest shot at the truth I ever met in my life. And now we are in consultation, what think you of a walk with Miss Emily by the old elms, at the back of the village, this evening?"

Miss L. Why, I am willing to take any steps which may promote Emily's future welfare.

Ollapod. Take steps! What, in a walk? He, he! Come, that's very well — very well, indeed! Thank you, good madam; I owe you one! I shall communicate to my friend with due despatch. Command Cornet Ollapod on all occasions; and whatever the gilt Galen's Head can produce —

Miss L. (*Curtesying.*) Oh, sir!

Ollapod. By the by, I have some double-distilled lavender water, much admired in our corps. Permit me to send a pint bottle by way of present.

Miss L. Dear sir, I shall rob you.

Ollapod. Quite the contrary — (*Aside*) — for I'll set it down to Sir Charles as a quart. (*Bowing to LUCRETIA.*) Madam, your slave! (*Going.*) You have prescribed for our patient like an able physician. (*LUCRETIA crosses.*) Not a step!

Miss L. Nay, I insist!

Ollapod. Then I must follow in the rear. The physician always before the apothecary.

Miss L. Apothecary! Sir, in this business, I look upon you as a general officer.

Ollapod. Do you? Thank you, good ma'am; I owe you one!

Cobnan.

A LAUGHING SONG.

WHEN the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;

When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene:
When Mary, and Susan, and Emily,
With their sweet round mouths sing, "Ha, ha, he!"

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread:
Come live, and be merry, and join with me
To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, ha, he!"

Blake.

THE "OLD, OLD SONG."

WHEN all the world is young, lad, and all the trees are green;
 And every goose a swan, lad, and every lass a queen;
 Then hey for boot and horse, lad, and round the world away;
 Young blood must have its course, lad, and every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad, and all the trees are brown;
 And all the sport is stale, lad, and all the wheels run down;
 Creep home and take your place there, the spent and maimed among;
 God grant you find one face there you loved when all was young.

Kingsley.

LADY UNA AND THE LION.

ONE day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
 From her unhasty beast she did alight;
 And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay,
 In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
 From her fair head her fillet she undight,
 And laid her stole aside: her angel's face,
 As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place:
 Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood
 A ramping lion rushèd suddenly,
 Hunting full greedy after savage blood:
 Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily
 To have at once devour'd her tender corse;
 But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
 His bloody rage assuagèd with remorse,
 And, with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

Instead thereof, he kiss'd her weary feet,
 And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue,
 As he her wrongèd innocence did weet.
 Oh, how can beauty master the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
 Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
 Still dreading death, when she had markèd long,
 Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion,
 And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"

Quoth she, " his princely puissance doth abate,
 And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
 Forgetful of the hungry rage which late
 Him prick'd, in pity of my sad estate : —
 But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
 How does he find in cruel heart to hate
 Her that him loved, and ever most adored
 As the god of my life? why hath he me abhorr'd? "

Redounding tears did choak th' end of her plaint,
 Which softly echo'd from the neighbour wood;
 And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
 With pity calm'd, down fell his angry mood.
 At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
 Arose the virgin born of heavenly brood,
 And to her snowy palfrey got again,
 To seek her strayed Champion if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along as a strong guard
 Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
 And when she waked, he waited diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepared :
 From her fair eyes he took commandement,
 And ever by her looks conceivèd her intent,

Edmund Spenser.

BE PATIENT.

BE patient! oh, be patient! Put your ear against the earth;
 Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed has birth —
 How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way,
 Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands up in day.

Be patient! oh, be patient! The germs of mighty thought
 Must have their silent undergrowth — must underground be wrought,
 But as sure as there's a Power that makes the grass appear,
 Our land shall be green with liberty, the blade-time shall be here.

Be patient! oh, be patient! — go and watch the wheat-ears grow —
 So imperceptibly that ye can mark nor change nor throe —
 Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully grown —
 And then again day after day, till the ripened field is brown.

Be patient! oh, be patient! — though yet our hopes are green,
 The harvest-fields of freedom shall be crowned with sunny sheen.
 Be ripening! be ripening! — mature your silent way,
 Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on freedom's harvest-day.

Linton.

EACH AND ALL.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
 Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
 The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
 Far heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
 The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
 Deems not that great Napoleon
 Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
 Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
 Nor knowest thou what argument
 Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
 All are needed by each one;
 Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
 Singing at dawn on the alder-bough;
 I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
 He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
 For I did not bring home the river and sky; —
 He sang to my ear, — they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
 The bubbles of the latest wave
 Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
 And the bellowing of the savage sea
 Greeted their safe escape to me.
 I wiped away the weeds and foam,
 I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
 But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
 Had left their beauty on the shore,
 With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
 As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
 Nor knew her beauty's best attire
 Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
 At last she came to his hermitage,
 Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage; —
 The gay enchantment was undone,
 A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;
 Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
 I leave it behind with the games of youth."
 As I spoke, beneath my feet
 The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
 Running over the club-moss burrs;
 I inhaled the violet's breath;
 Around me stood the oaks and firs;
 Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
 Over me soared the eternal sky,
 Full of light and of deity;
 Again I saw, again I heard,
 The rolling river, the morning bird; —
 Beauty through my senses stole;
 I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

Emerson.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, lead Thou me on;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home, lead Thou me on;
 Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou shouldst lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now lead Thou me on!
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

So long thy power has blest me, sure it still will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

Newman.

THE HAT.

WELL, yes! On Tuesday last the knot was tied —
Tied hard and fast; that cannot be denied.
Who would have thought it? Married! How? What for?
I who was ranked a strict old bachelor;
I who declined — and gave lame reasons why —
Five, six, good comfortable matches; I
Married! A married man! Beyond — a — doubt!
How, do you ask, came such a thing about?
What made so great a change, — a change like *that*?
Imagine. Guess. You give it up? A hat,
A hat, in short, like all the hats you see —
A plain silk stove-pipe hat. *This* did for me.
A plain black hat just like the one that's here.
A hat? Why, yes. But how? Well, lend an ear.
One day this winter I went out to dine.
All was first-rate — the style, the food, the wine.
The concert was announced for half past ten,
And at that hour I joined a crowd of men.
The ladies, arm to arm, sweet, white, we found,
Like rows of sugared almonds, seated round.
I leaned against the door — there was no chair.
A stout, fierce gentleman, got up with care
(A cuirassier I set him down to be),
Leaned on the other door-post, hard by me,
Whilst far off in the distance some poor girl
Sang, with her lovelorn ringlets out of curl,
Some trashy stuff of love and love's distress.
I could see nothing, and could hear still less,
Still, I applauded, for politeness' sake.
Next a dress-coat of fashionable make
Came forward and began. It clad a poet.
That's the last mode in Paris. Did you know it?
I blush to write it — poems, you must know,
All make me sleepy; and it was so now.
And a strange torpor I could not ignore
Came creeping o'er me. "Heavens! suppose I snore:
Let me get out," I cried, "or else —" With that
I cast my eyes around to find my hat.

The *console* where I laid it down, alas!
 Was now surrounded (not a mouse could pass)
 By triple rows of ladies gayly dressed,
 Who fanned and listened calmly, undistressed.
 No man through that fair crowd could work his way.
 Rank behind rank rose heads in bright array.
 Diamonds were there, and flowers, and, lower still,
 Such lovely shoulders! Not the smallest thrill
 They raised in me. My thoughts were of my hat.
 It lay beyond where all those ladies sat,
 Under a candelabrum, shiny, bright,
 Smooth as when last I brushed it, full in sight,
 Whilst I, far off, with yearning glances tried
 Whether I could not lure it to my side.
 "Why may my hand not put thee on my head,
 And quit this stifling room?" I fondly said.
 "Respond, dear hat, to a magnetic throb.
 Come, little darling; cleave this female mob.
 Fly over heads; creep under. Come, oh, come!
 Escape. We'll find no poetry at home."

And all the while did that dull poem creep
 Drearly on, till, sick at last with sleep,
 My eyes fixed straight before me with a stare,
 I groaned within me: "Come, my hat — fresh air!
 My darling, let us both get out together.
 Here all is hot and close; outside, the weather
 Is simply perfect, and the pavement's dry.
 Come, come, my hat — one effort! Do but try.
 Sweet thoughts the silence and soft moon will stir
 Beneath thy shelter." Here a voice cried: "Sir,
 Have you done staring at my daughter yet?
 By Jove! sir." My astonished glance here met
 The angry red face of my cuirassier.
 I did not quail before his look severe,
 But said, politely, "Pardon, sir, but I
 Do not so much as know her." "What, sir! Why,
 My daughter's yonder, sir, beside that table.
 Pink ribbons, sir. Don't tell me you're unable
 To understand." "But, sir —" "I don't suppose

You mean to tell me — ” “ Really — ” “ Who but knows
Your way of dealing with young ladies, sir?
I'll have no trifling, if you please, with her.”
“ Trifling? ” “ Yes, sir. You know you've jilted five.
Every one knows it — every man alive.”
“ Allow me — ” “ No, sir. Every father knows
Your reputation, damaging to those
Who — ” “ Sir, indeed — ” “ How dare you in this place
Stare half an hour in my daughter's face?”
“ *Sapristi monsieur!* I protest — I swear —
I never looked at her.” “ Indeed! What were
You looking at, then? ” “ Sir, I'll tell you *that*, —
My hat, sir.” “ *Morbleu!* looking at your hat!”
“ Yes, sir, it *was* my hat.” My color rose:
He angered me, this man who would suppose
I thought of nothing but his girl. Meantime
The black coat maundered on in dreary rhyme.
Papa and I, getting more angry ever,
Exchanged fierce glances, speaking both together,
While no one round us knew what we were at.
“ It was my daughter, sir.” “ No, sir — my hat.”
“ Speak lower, gentlemen,” said some one near.
“ You'll give account for this, sir. Do you hear?”
“ Of course, sir.” “ Then before the world's astir
You'll get my card, sir.” “ I'll be ready, sir.”
A pretty quarrel! Don't you think it so?
A moment after, all exclaimed, “ Bravo!”
Black coat had finished. All the audience made
A general move toward ice and lemonade.
The coast was clear; my way was open now;
My hat was mine. I made my foe a bow,
And hastened, fast as lover could have moved,
Through trailing trains, toward the dear thing I loved.
I tried to reach it. “ Here's the hat, I think,
You are in search of.” Shapely, soft, and pink,
A lovely arm, a perfect arm, held out
My precious hat. Impelled by sudden doubt,
I raised my eyes. Pink ribbons trimmed her dress.
“ Here, monsieur, take it. 'T was not hard to guess

What made you look this way. You longed to go.
You were so sleepy, nodding — see! — just so.
Ah, how I wished to help you, if I could!
I might have passed it possibly. I would
Have tried by ladies' chain, from hand to hand,
To send it to you, but, you understand,
I felt a little timid — don't you see? —
For fear they might suppose — Ah! pardon me;
I am too prone to talk. I'm keeping you.
Take it. Good night." Sweet angel, pure and true!
My looks to their real cause *she* could refer,
And never thought one glance was meant for her.
Oh, simple trust pure from debasing wiles!
I took my hat from her fair hand with smiles,
And hurrying back, sought out my whilom foe,
Exclaiming: "Hear me, sir. Before I go
Let me explain. You, sir, were in the right.
"I was not my hat attracted me to-night.
Forgive me, pardon me, I entreat, dear sir.
I love your daughter, and I gazed at her."
"You, sir?" He turned his big round eyes on me,
Then held his hand out. "Well, well, we will see."
Next day we talked. That's how it came about,
And the result you see. My secret's out.
It was last Tuesday, as I said, and even
Add, she's an angel, and my home is — heaven.
Her father, mild in spite of mien severe,
Holds a high office — is no cuirassier.
Besides — a boon few bridegrooms can command —
He is a widower — so — you understand.
Now all this happiness, beyond a doubt,
By this silk hat I hold was brought about,
Or by its brother. Poor old English tile!
Many have sneered at thy ungainly style;
Many, with ridicule and gibe — why not? —
Have dubbed thee "stove-pipe," called thee "chimney-pot."
They, as æsthetes, are not far wrong, maybe;
But I, for all that thou hast done for me,
Raise thee, in spite of nonsense sung or said,
With deep respect, and place thee on my head.

Well, yes! On Tuesday last the knot was tied —
 Tied hard and fast; that cannot be denied.
 I'm caught, I'm caged, from the law's point of view,
 Before two witnesses, good men and true.
 I'm licensed, stamped; undo the deed who can:
 Three hundred francs made me a married man.

Abridged from Harper's Magazine.

Normand.

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

AS May Margaret sat in her bowerie, in her bower all alone,
 Just at the parting o' midnight, she heard a mournful moan.
 "Oh, is it my father, oh, is it my mother, oh, is it my brother John;
 Or is it Sweet William, my ain true love, to Scotland new come home?"
 "It is na thy father, it is na thy mother, it is na thy brother John;
 But it is Sweet William, thy ain true love, to Scotland new come home."
 "Oh, hae ye brought onie fine things, onie new things for to wear,
 Or hae ye brought me a braid of lace to snood up my gowden hair?"
 "I've brought you no fine things, nor onie new things to wear,
 Nor have I brought you a braid of lace to snood up your gowden hair.
 O dear Margaret, O sweet Margaret, I pray thee speak to me;
 Gie me my faith and troth, Margaret, as I gave it to thee!"
 "Thy faith and troth thou's never get, nor yet will I thee lend,
 Till thou come within my bower and kiss my cheek and chin."
 "If I should come within thy bower, — I am no mortal man, —
 And should I kiss thy rosy lips, thy days would not be lang."
 "O dear Margaret, O sweet Margaret, I pray thee speak to me;
 Gie me my faith and treth, Margaret, as I gave it to thee!"
 "Thy faith and troth thou's never get, nor yet will I thee lend,
 Till thou take me to yon kirk-yard, and wed me with a ring."
 "My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard, afar beyond the sea,
 And 't is but my spirit, Margaret, that's speaking now to thee!"
 She stretched out her lily-white hand, and for to do her best;
 "Hae there your faith and troth, Willy, God send your soul to rest!"
 And now she has kilted her robes of green a piece below the knee,
 And a' the live-lang winter night the dead corpse followed she.
 "Is there onie room at your head, Willy, or onie room at your feet,
 Is there onie room at your side, Willy, wherein that I may creep?"

"There's na room at my head, Margaret, there's na room at my feet,
 There's na room at my side, Margaret, my coffin's made so meet."
 Then up and crew the red, red cock, and up then crew the gray;
 "'T is time, 't is time, my dear Margaret, that you were going away!"

No more the ghost to Margaret said, but with a grievous groan
 Evanished in a cloud of mist and left her all alone.

"O stay, my only true love, stay!" the constant Margaret cried;
 Wan grew her cheeks, she closed her een, stretched her soft limbs, and
 died.

Arranged from different editions.

Old Ballad.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
 How many a tale their music tells
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
 When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
 And many a heart that then was gay
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
 And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone, —
 That tuneful peal will still ring on;
 While other bards shall walk these dells,
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

Thomas Moore.

TINTERN ABBEY.

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length
 Of five long winters! and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
 With a sweet inland murmur. Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
 That on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view

These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedgerows — hardly hedgerows — little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees,
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye;
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration: feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure; such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life —
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime: that blessed mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened; that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power

Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

 If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart —
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again;
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For Nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite, a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more.

And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In Nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts; the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Wordsworth

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

OUR band is few, but true and tried, our leader frank and bold
The British soldier trembles when Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good green wood, our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us, as seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines, its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands within the dar' morass.
Wo to the English soldiery that little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight a strange and sudden fear:
When waking to their tents on fire they grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us are beat to earth again;

And they who fly in terror deem a mighty host behind,
 And hear the tramp of thousands upon the hollow wind.
 Then sweet the hour that brings release from danger and from toil;
 We talk the battle over, and share the battle's spoil.
 The woodland rings with laugh and shout, as if a hunt were up,
 And woodland flowers are gathered to crown the soldier's cup.
 With merry songs we mock the wind that in the pine-top grieves,
 And slumber long and sweetly, on beds of oaken leaves.
 Well knows the fair and friendly moon the band that Marion leads —
 The glitter of their rifles, the scampering of their steeds.
 'Tis life our fiery barbs to guide across the moonlit plains;
 'Tis life to feel the night-wind that lifts their tossing manes.
 A moment in the British camp — a moment — and away
 Back to the pathless forest, before the peep of day.
 Grave men there are by broad Santee, grave men with hoary hairs,
 Their hearts are all with Marion, for Marion are their prayers.
 And lovely ladies greet our band, with kindest welcoming,
 With smiles like those of summer, and tears like those of spring.
 For them we wear these trusty arms, and lay them down no more
 Till we have driven the Briton, forever, from our shore.

Bryant.

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER.

I SAID — Then, dearest, since 't is so,
 Since now at length my fate I know,
 Since nothing all my love avails,
 Since all my life seemed meant for fails,
 Since this was written and needs must be —
 My whole heart rises up to bless
 Your name in pride and thankfulness!
 Take back the hope you gave, — I claim
 Only a memory of the same,
 — And this beside, if you will not blame,
 Your leave for one more last ride with me.
 My mistress bent that brow of hers;
 Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs
 When pity would be softening through,
 Fixed me a breathing-while or two
 With life or death in the balance: right!

The blood replenished me again;
My last thought was at least not vain:
I and my mistress, side by side
Shall be together, breathe and ride,
So, one day more am I deified.

Who knows but the world may end to-night?

Hush! if you saw some western cloud
All billowy-bosomed, over-bowed
By many benedictions — sun's
And moon's and evening-star's at once —

And so, you, looking and loving best,
Conscious grew, your passion drew
Cloud, sunset, moonrise, star-shine too,
Down on you, near and yet more near,
Till flesh must fade for heaven was here! —
Thus leant she and lingered — joy and fear

Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

Then we began to ride. My soul
Smoothed itself out, a long-cramped scroll
Freshening and fluttering in the wind.
Past hopes already lay behind.

What need to strive with a life awry?
Had I said that, had I done this,
So might I gain, so might I miss.
Might she have loved me? just as well
She might have hated, who can tell!
Where had I been now if the worst befell?

And here we are riding, she and I.

Fall I alone, in words and deeds?
Why, all men strive and who succeeds?
We rode; it seemed my spirit flew,
Saw other regions, cities new,

As the world rushed by on either side.
I thought, — All labor, yet no less
Bear up beneath their unsuccess.
Look at the end of work, contrast
The petty done, the undone vast,
This present of theirs with the hopeful past!
I hoped she would love me; here we ride.

What hand and brain went ever paired?
 What heart alike conceived and dared?
 What act proved all its thought had been?
 What will but felt the fleshy screen?

We ride and I see her bosom heave.
 There's many a crown for who can reach.
 Ten lines, a statesman's life in each!
 The flag stuck on a heap of bones,
 A soldier's doing! what atones?
 They scratch his name on the Abbey-stones.
 My riding is better, by their leave.

What does it all mean, poet? Well,
 Your brains beat into rhythm, you tell
 What we felt only; you expressed
 You hold things beautiful the best,
 And pace them in rhyme so, side by side.
 'T is something, nay 't is much: but then,
 Have you yourself what's best for men?
 Are you — poor, sick, old ere your time —
 Nearer one whit your own sublime
 Than we who have never turned a rhyme?
 Sing, riding's a joy! For me, I ride.

And you, great sculptor — so, you gave
 A score of years to Art, her slave,
 And that's your Venus, whence we turn
 To yonder girl that fords the burn!

You acquiesce, and shall I repine?
 What, man of music, you grown gray
 With notes and nothing else to say,
 Is this your sole praise from a friend,
 "Greatly his opera's strains intend,
 But in music we know how fashions end!"
 I gave my youth; but we ride, in fine.

Who knows what's fit for us? Had fate
 Proposed bliss here should sublimate
 My being — had I signed the bond —
 Still one must lead some life beyond,
 Have a bliss to die with, dim-described.

This foot once planted on the goal,
 This glory-garland round my soul,
 Could I descry such? Try and test!
 I sink back shuddering from the quest.
 Earth being so good, would heaven seem best?
 Now, heaven and she are beyond this ride.

And yet — she has not spoke so long!
 What if heaven be that, fair and strong
 At life's best, with our eyes upturned
 Whither life's flower is first discerned,
 We, fixed so, ever should so abide?
 What if we still ride on, we two,
 With life forever old yet new,
 Changed not in kind but in degree,
 The instant made eternity, —
 And heaven just prove that I and she
 Ride, ride together, forever ride?

Browning.

RHYME OF THE DUCHESS MAY.

ON the south side and the west, a small river runs in haste, *Toll slowly.*
 And between the river flowing and the fair green trees a-growing
 Do the dead lie at their rest.

On the east I sate that day, up against a willow gray: *Toll slowly.*
 Through the rain of willow-branches, I could see the low hill-ranges,
 And the river on its way.

There I read this ancient rhyme, while the bell did all the time *Toll slowly.*
 And the solemn knell fell in with the tale of life and sin,
 Like a rhythmic fate sublime.

Broad the forests stood (I read) on the hills of Linteged — *Toll slowly.*
 And three hundred years had stood mute adown each hoary wood,
 Like a full heart having prayed.

And the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west, *Toll slowly.*
 And but little thought was theirs, of the silent antique years,
 In the building of their nest.

Down the sun dropt large and red, on the towers of Linteged, —*
 Lance and spear upon the height, bristling strange in fiery light,
 While the castle stood in shade.

And five hundred archers tall did besiege the castle wall, *Toll slowly.*
 And castle, seethed in blood, fourteen days and nights had stood,
 And to-night was near its fall.

Yet thereunto, blind to doom, three months since, a bride did come, —*
 One who proudly trod the floors, and softly whispered in the doois,
 “ May good angels bless our home.”

’T was a Duke’s fair orphan-girl, and her uncle’s ward, the Earl,*
 Who betrothed her, twelve years old, for the sake of dowry gold,
 To his son Lord Leigh, the churl.

But what time she had made good all her years of womanhood,*
 Unto both those Lords of Leigh, spake she out right sovranly,
 “ My will runneth as my blood.

And while this same blood makes red this same right hand’s veins,”
 she said, *Toll slowly.*

“ ’T is my will as lady free, not to wed a Lord of Leigh,
 But Sir Guy of Linteged.”

The old Earl he smilèd smooth, then he sighed for wilful youth, —*
 “ Good my niece, that hand withal looketh somewhat soft and small
 For so large a will, in sooth.”

She, too, smiled by that same sign, — but her smile was cold and fine, —*
 “ Little hand clasps muckle gold; or it were not worth the hold
 Of thy son, good uncle mine!”

Then the young lord jerked his breath, and sware thickly in his teeth,
 “ He would wed his own betrothed, an she loved him, and she loathed,
 Let the life come, or the death.”

Up she rose with scornful eyes, as her father’s child might rise,*
 “ Thy hound’s blood, my Lord of Leigh, stains thy knightly heel,” quoth
 she,

“ And he moans not where he lies;

But a woman’s will dies hard, in the hall or on the sward! — *Toll slowly.*
 By that grave, my lords, which made me orphaned girl and dowered
 lady,

I deny you wife and ward.”

Unto each she bowed her head, and swept past with lofty tread.*
 Ere the midnight-bell had ceased, in the chapel had the priest
 Blessed her, bride of Linteged.

Fast and fain the bridal train along the night-storm rode amain:*
 Hard the steeds of lord and serf struck their hoofs out on the turf,
 In the pauses of the rain.

Fast and fain the kinsmen's train along the storm pursued amain —*
 Steed on steed-track, dashing off — thickening, doubling hoof on hoof,

In the pauses of the rain.

And the bridegroom led the flight on his red-roan steed of might,*

And the bride lay on his arm, still, as if she feared no harm,

Smiling out into the night.

"Dost thou fear?" he said at last. — "Nay!" she answered him in
 haste, — *

"Not such death as we could find — only life with one behind —

Ride on fast as fear — ride fast!"

Up the mountain wheeled the steed — girth to ground, and fetlocks
 spread, — *Toll slowly.*

Headlong bounds, and rocking flanks, — down he staggered — down the
 banks,

To the towers of Linteged.

High and low the serfs looked out, red the flambeaus tossed about —*

In the court-yard rose the cry — "Live the Duchess and Sir Guy!"

But she never heard them shout.

On the steed she dropt her cheek, kissed his mane and kissed his
 neck, — *Toll slowly.*

'ad happier died by thee, than lived on a Lady Leigh,"

Were the first words she did speak.

: three months' joyaunce lay 'twixt that moment and to-day,*

When five hundred archers tall stand beside the castle wall,

To recapture Duchess May.

And the castle standeth black, with the red sun at its back, — *Toll slowly.*

And a fortnight's siege is done — and, except the Duchess, none

Can misdoubt the coming wrack.

Then the captain, young Lord Leigh, with his eyes so gray of blee,*

And thin lips that scarcely sheath the cold white gnashing of his teeth

Gnashed in smiling, absently,

Cried aloud — "So goes the day, bridegroom fair of Duchess May! — *

Look thy last upon that sun. If thou seest to-morrow's one,

"T will be through a foot of clay."

O the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west, *Toll slowly.*

O, and laughed the Duchess May, and her soul did put away

All his boasting, for a jest.

In her chamber did she sit, laughing low to think of it, — *Toll slowly.*

"Tower is strong and will is free — thou canst boast, my Lord of Leigh,

But thou boastest little wit."

O, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west, *Toll slowly.*
On the tower the castle's lord leant in silence on his sword,
With an anguish in his breast.

With a spirit-laden weight, did he lean down passionate. *Toll slowly.*
They have almost sapped the wall,— they will enter there withal,
With no knocking at the gate.

“ If we met them at the wall, we should singly, vainly fall,— *Toll slowly.*
But if I die here alone, — then I die, who am but one,
And die nobly for them all.

These shall never die for me — life-blood falls too heavily: *Toll slowly.*
And if I die here apart, — o'er my dead and silent heart
They shall pass out safe and free.

When the foe hath heard it said — ‘ Death holds Guy of Linteged,’ — *
That new corse new peace shall bring; and a blessed, blessed thing,
Shall the stone be at its head.

Then my friends shall pass out free, and shall bear my memory,—*
Then my foes shall sleek their pride, soothing fair my widowed bride
Whose sole sin was love of me.

She will weep her woman's tears, she will pray her woman's prayers, — *
But her heart is young in pain, and her hopes will spring again
By the suntime of her years.

Ah, sweet May — ah, sweetest grief! — once I vowed thee my belief,*
That thy name expressed thy sweetness, — May of poets, in complete-
ness!

Now my May-day seemeth brief.”

All these silent thoughts did swim o'er his eyes grown strange and
dim,— *Toll slowly.*

Till his true men in the place, wished they stood there face to face
With the foe instead of him.

“ One last boon, young Ralph and Clare! faithful hearts to do and dare! *
Bring that steed up from his stall, which she kissed before you all,
Guide him up the turret stair.

Ye shall harness him aright, and lead upward to this height! *Toll slowly.*
Once in love and twice in war, hath he borne me strong and far,
He shall bear me far to-night.”

Then his men looked to and fro, when they heard him speaking so.*
— “ ‘Las! the noble heart,” they thought, — “ he in sooth is grief-dis-
traught.

Would, we stood here with the foe! ”

But a fire flashed from his eye, 'twixt their thought and their reply, — *

"Have ye so much time to waste! We who ride here, must ride *fast*,
As we wish our foes to fly."

They have fetched the steed with care, in the harness he did wear,*
Past the court and through the doors, across the rushes of the floors,
But they goad him up the stair.

Then from out her bower chambère, did the Duchess May repair.*

"Tell me now what is your need," said the lady, "of this steed,
That ye goad him up the stair?"

"Get thee back, sweet Duchess May! hope is gone like yesterday, — *
One half-hour completes the breach; and thy lord grows wild of speech,
Get thee in, sweet lady, and pray.

In the east tower, high'st of all, loud he cries for steed from stall.*
He would ride as far," quoth he, "as for love and victory,

Though he rides the castle wall.

Get thee in, thou soft ladie! — here is never a place for thee! — *

Braid thy hair and clasp thy gown, that thy beauty in its moan

May find grace with Leigh of Leigh."

She stood up in bitter case, with a pale yet stately face, — *Toll slowly.*

"Go to, faithful friends, go to! — Judge no more what ladies do, —

No, nor how their lords may ride!"

Then the good steed's rein she took, and his neck did kiss and stroke: *

Soft he neighed to answer her; and then followed up the stair,

For the love of her sweet look.

Oh, and steeply, steeply wound up the narrow stair around, — *

Oh, and closely speeding, step by step beside her treading,

Did he follow, meek as hound.

On the east tower, high'st of all, — there, where never a hoof did fall, — *

Out they swept, a vision steady, — noble steed and lovely lady,

Calm as if in bower or stall!

Down she knelt at her lord's knee, and she looked up silently, — *

And he kissed her twice and thrice, for that look within her eyes

Which he could not bear to see.

Quoth he, "Get thee from this strife, — and the sweet saints bless
thy life! — *Toll slowly.*

In this hour, I stand in need of my noble red-roan steed —

But no more of my noble wife."

"Now by womanhood's degree, and by wifehood's verity, *Toll slowly.*

In this hour if thou hast need of thy noble red-roan steed,

Thou hast also need of *me*."

Oh, he sprang up in the selle, and he laughed out bitter well, — *

“ Wouldst thou ride among the leaves, as we used on other eves,

To hear chime a vesper bell? ”

She clang closer to his knee — “ Ay, beneath the cypress-tree! — *

Mock me not; for otherwhere than along the green-wood fair,

Have I ridden fast with thee!

Fast I rode with new-made vows, from my angry kinsman’s house! ” *

Ho! the breach yawns into ruin, and roars up against her suing, —

With the inarticulate din, and the dreadful falling in —

Shrieks of doing and undoing!

Twice he wrung her hands in twain; but the small hands closed again.

Back he reined the steed — back, back! but she trailed along his track

With a frantic clasp and strain!

Evermore the foeman pour through the crash of window and door, —

And the shouts of Leigh and Leigh, and the shrieks of “ kill! ” and

“ flee! ”

Strike up clear amid the roar.

Thrice he wrung her hands in twain, — but they closed and clung

again, —

Toll slowly.

Wild she clung, as one, withstood, clasps a Christ upon the rood,

In a spasm of deathly pain.

Back he reined his steed back-thrown on the slippery coping-stone.*

Back the iron hoofs did grind on the battlement behind,

Whence a hundred feet went down.

And his heel did press and goad on the quivering flank bestrode,*

“ Friends and brothers, save my wife! — Pardon, sweet, in change for

life, —

But I ride alone to God.”

Straight as if the Holy name had upbreathed her like a flame, *Toll slowly.*

She upsprang, she rose upright, — in his selle she sate in sight;

By her love she overcame.

And her head was on his breast, where she smiled as one at rest, — *

“ Ring,” she cried, “ O vesper-bell, in the beach-wood’s old chapelle!

But the passing-bell rings best.”

They have caught out at the rein, which Sir Guy threw loose — in vain,*

For the horse in stark despair, with his front hoofs poised in air,

On the last verge rears amain.

Now he hangs, he rocks between — and his nostrils curdle in, — *

Now he shivers head and hoof — and the flakes of foam fall off;

And his face grows fierce and thin!

And "Ring, ring, — thou passing-bell," still she cried, "i' the old chappelle!"

Toll slowly.

Then back-toppling, crashing back, a dead weight flung out to wrack.
Horse and riders overfell!

Mrs. Browning.

* Toll slowly, in the original.

THE POET'S DREAM.

ON a poet's lips I slept,
Dreaming like a love-adept
In the sound his breathing kept;
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses
But feeds on the aerial kisses
Of shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses.
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illumine
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things they be, —
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of Immortality.

Shelley.

NATURE AND THE POET.

I WAS thy neighbor once, thou rugged pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
I saw thee every day; and all the while
Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.
So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I look'd, thy image still was there;
It trembled, but it never passed away.
How perfect was the calm! It seemed no sleep,
No mood, which season takes away, or brings:
I could have fancied that the mighty deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.
Ah! then, if mine had been the painter's hand,
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream, —

I would have planted thee, thou hoary pile!
Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house, a mine
Of peaceful years; a chronicle of Heaven:—
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine,
The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such picture would I at that time have made;
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A faith, a trust, that could not be betray'd.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more;
I have submitted to a new control:
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
A deep distress hath humanized my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, friend! who would have been the friend
If he had lived, of him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend,
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

Oh, 'tis a passionate work!—yet wise and well;
Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
That hulk which labors in the deadly swell,
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves
—Cased in the unfeeling armor of old time—
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
 Housed in a dream, at distance from the kind!
 Such happiness, wherever it be known,
 Is to be pitied; for 't is surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
 And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
 Such sights, or worse, as are before me here, —
 Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

On a Picture of Peel Castle in a Storm.

Wordsworth

AFTER BLENHEIM.

IT was a summer evening, old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door was sitting in the sun;
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin roll something large and round
 Which he beside the rivulet in playing there had found;
 He came to ask what he had found
 That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy who stood expectant by;
 And then the old man shook his head, and with a natural sigh,
 " 'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 " Who fell in the great victory.

" I find them in the garden, for there 's many hereabout;
 And often when I go to plough the ploughshare turns them out.
 For many thousand men," said he,
 " Were slain in that great victory."

" Now tell us what 't was all about," young Peterkin he cries;
 And little Wilhelmine looks up with wonder-waiting eyes;
 " Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they fought each other for."

" It was the English," Kaspar cried, " who put the French to rout;
 But what they fought each other for I could not well make out.
 But everybody said," quoth he,
 " That 't was a famous victory.

“My father lived at Blenheim then, yon little stream hard by;
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground, and he was forced to fly:
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

“With fire and sword the country round was wasted far and wide,
 And many a childing mother then and new-born baby died:
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.

“They say it was a shocking sight after the field was won;
 For many thousand bodies here lay rotting in the sun:
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

“Great praise the Duke of Marlbro’ won and our good Prince Eugene”;
 “Why, ’t was a very wicked thing!” said little Wilhelmine;
 “Nay, nay, my little girl,” quoth he,
 “‘It was a famous victory.

“And everybody praised the Duke who this great fight did win.”
 “But what good came of it at last?” quoth little Peterkin.
 “Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,
 “‘But ’t was a famous victory.”

Southey.

THROUGH THE METIDJA.

AS I ride, as I ride, with a full heart for my guide,
 So its tide rocks my side, as I ride, as I ride,
 That, as I were double-eyed, He, in whom our Tribes confide,
 Is descried, ways untried as I ride, as I ride.

As I ride, as I ride to our Chief and his Allied,
 Who dares chide my heart's pride as I ride, as I ride?
 Or are witnesses denied — Through the desert waste and wide
 Do I glide unespied as I ride, as I ride?

As I ride, as I ride, when an inner voice has cried,
 The sands slide, nor abide (as I ride, as I ride)
 O'er each visioned homicide that came vaunting (has he lied?)
 To reside — where he died, as I ride, as I ride.

As I ride, as I ride, ne'er has spur my swift horse plied,
 Yet his hide, streaked and pied, as I ride, as I ride,
 Shows where sweat has sprung and dried. — Zebra-footed, ostrich
 thighed —

How has vied stride with stride, as I ride, as I ride!

As I ride, as I ride, could I loose what Fate has tied,
 Ere I **pried**, she should hide (as I ride, as I ride)
 All that 's meant me — satisfied when the Prophet and the Bride
 Stop veins I'd have subside as I ride, as I ride!

Browning.

GAFFER GRAY.

“**H**O! why dost thou shiver and shake, Gaffer Gray?
 And why does thy nose look so blue?” —

“’Tis the weather that’s cold,

’Tis I’m grown very old,

And my doublet is not very new; Well-a-day!”

“Then line thy warm doublet with ale, Gaffer Gray,
 And warm thy old heart with a glass!”

“Nay, but credit I’ve none,

And my money’s all gone;

Then say how may that come to pass? — Well-a-day!”

“Hie away to the house on the brow, Gaffer Gray,
 And knock at the jolly priest’s door.”

“The priest often preaches

Against worldly riches,

But ne’er gives a mite to the poor, — Well-a-day!”

“The lawyer lives under the hill, Gaffer Gray;
 Warmly fenced both in back and in front.”

“He will fasten his locks

And threaten the stocks,

Should he ever more find me in want; — Well-a-day!”

“The squire has fat beeves and brown ale, Gaffer Gray;
 And the season will welcome you there.”

“His fat beeves and his beer

And his merry new year,

Are all for the flush and the fair, — Well-a-day!”

“My keg is but low, I confess, Gaffer Gray;
What then? while it lasts, man, we’ll live!”

“The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give, — Well-a-day!”

Holcroft.

BY THE SEA.

IT is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o’er the Sea:
Listen! the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder — everlastingly.
Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouch’d by solemn thought
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham’s bosom all the year,
And worship’st at the Temple’s inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

Wordsworth.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY LEAVING THE YORKSHIRE SCHOOL.

THE poor creature, Smike, paid bitterly for the friendship of Nicholas Nickleby; all the spleen and ill humor that could not be vented on Nicholas were bestowed on him. Stripes and blows, stripes and blows, morning, noon and night, were his penalty for being compassionated by the daring new master. Squeers was jealous of the influence which the said new master soon acquired in the school, and hated him for it; Mrs. Squeers had hated him from the first; and poor Smike paid heavily for all.

One night he was poring hard over a book, vainly endeavoring to master some task which a child of nine years could have conquered with ease, but which to the brain of the crushed boy

of nineteen was a hopeless mystery. Nicholas laid his hand upon his shoulder. "I can't do it."

"Do not try. You will do better, poor fellow, when I am gone."

"Gone? Are you going?"

"I cannot say. I was speaking more to my own thoughts than to you. I shall be driven to that at last! The world is before me, after all."

"Is the world as bad and dismal as this place?"

"Heaven forbid. Its hardest, coarsest toil is happiness to this."

"Should I ever meet you there?"

"Yes," — willing to soothe him.

"No! no! Should I — say I should be sure to find you."

"You would, and I would help and aid you, and not bring fresh sorrow upon you, as I have done here."

The boy caught both his hands, and uttered a few broken sounds which were unintelligible. Squeers entered at the moment, and he shrunk back into his old corner.

Two days later, the cold feeble dawn of a January morning was stealing in at the windows of the common sleeping-room.

"Now, then," cried Squeers, from the bottom of the stairs, "are you going to sleep all day up there?"

"We shall be down directly, sir."

"Down directly! Ah! you had better be down directly, or I'll be down upon some of you in less time than directly. Where's that Smike?"

Nicholas looked round. "He is not here, sir."

"Don't tell me a lie. He is."

Squeers bounced into the dormitory, and swinging his cane in the air ready for a blow, darted into the corner where Smike usually lay at night. The cane descended harmlessly. There was nobody there.

"What does this mean? Where have you hid him?"

"I have seen nothing of him since last night."

"Come, you won't save him this way. Where is he?"

"At the bottom of the nearest pond, for anything I know."

In a fright, Squeers inquired of the boys whether any one of them knew anything of their missing school-mate. There was a general hum of denial, in the midst of which one shrill voice was heard to say — as indeed everybody thought —

"Please, sir, I think Smike's run away, sir."

"Ha! who said that?"

Squeers made a plunge into the crowd, and caught a very little boy. "You think he has run away, do you, sir?"

"Yes, please, sir."

"And what reason have you to suppose that any boy would run away from this establishment? Eh?"

The child raised a dismal cry by way of answer, and Squeers beat him until he rolled out of his hands.

"There! Now if any other boy thinks Smike has run away, I shall be glad to have a talk with him." Profound silence.

"Well, Nickleby, you think he has run away, I suppose?"

"I think it extremely likely."

"Maybe you know he has run away?"

"I know nothing about it."

"He didn't tell you he was going, I suppose?"

"He did not. I am very glad he did not, for it would then have been my duty to tell you."

"Which no doubt you would have been sorry to do?"

"I should, indeed."

Mrs. Squeers now hastily made her way to the scene of action. "What's all this here to-do? What on earth are you talking to him for, Squeery? The cow-house and stables are locked up, so Smike can't be there; and he's not down-stairs anywhere. Now, if you takes the chaise and goes one road, and I borrows Swallow's chaise and goes t'other, one or other of us is moral sure to lay hold of him."

The lady's plan was put in execution without delay, Nicholas remaining behind in a tumult of feeling. Death, from want and exposure, was the best that could be expected from the prolonged wandering of so helpless a creature. Nicholas lingered on, in restless anxiety, picturing a thousand possibilities, until the evening of the next day, when Squeers returned alone.

“No news of the scamp!”

Another day came, and Nicholas was scarcely awake when he heard the wheels of a chaise approaching the house. It stopped, and the voice of Mrs. Squeers was heard, ordering a glass of spirits for somebody, which was in itself a sufficient sign that something extraordinary had happened. Nicholas hardly dared look out of the window, but he did so, and the first object that met his eyes was the wretched Smike, bedabbled with mud and rain, haggard and worn and wild.

“Lift him out,” said Squeers. “Bring him in, bring him in.”

“Take care,” cried Mrs. Squeers. “We tied his legs under the apron, and made ’em fast to the chaise, to prevent him giving us the slip again.”

With hands trembling with delight, Squeers loosened the cord; and Smike, more dead than alive, was brought in and locked up in a cellar, until such a time as Squeers should deem it expedient to operate upon him.

The news that the fugitive had been caught and brought back ran like wildfire through the hungry community, and expectation was on tiptoe all the morning. In the afternoon, Squeers, having refreshed himself with his dinner and an extra libation or so, made his appearance, accompanied by his amiable partner, with a fearful instrument of flagellation, strong, supple, wax-ended and new.

“Is every boy here?” Every boy was there.

“Each boy keep his place. Nickleby! go to your desk, sir.”

There was a curious expression in the usher's face; but he

took his seat, without opening his lips in reply. Squeers left the room, and shortly afterward returned, dragging Smike by the collar — or rather by that fragment of his jacket which was nearest the place where his collar ought to have been.

“Now what have you got to say for yourself? Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear; I’ve hardly got room enough.”

“Spare me, sir!”

“O, that’s all you’ve got to say, is it? Yes, I’ll flog you within an inch of your life, and spare you that.”

One cruel blow had fallen on him, when Nicholas Nickleby cried “Stop!” “Who cried ‘Stop!’”

“I did. This must not go on.”

“Must not go on!”

“No! Must not! Shall not! I will prevent it! You have disregarded all my quiet interference in this miserable lad’s behalf; you have returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don’t blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself, not I.”

“Sit down, beggar!”

“Wretch, touch him again at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done. My blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. By Heaven! I will not spare you, if you drive me on! I have a series of personal insults to avenge, and my indignation is aggravated by the cruelties practised in this cruel den. Have a care, or the consequences will fall heavily upon your head!”

Squeers, in a violent outbreak, spat at him, and struck him a blow across the face. Nicholas instantly sprung upon him, wrested his weapon from his hand, and, pinning him by the throat, beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy. He then flung him away with all the force he could muster, and the violence of his fall precipitated Mrs. Squeers over an adjacent form;

Squeers, striking his head against the same form in his descent, lay at his full length on the ground, stunned and motionless.

Having brought affairs to this happy termination, and having ascertained to his satisfaction that Squeers was only stunned, and not dead, — upon which point he had had some unpleasant doubts at first, — Nicholas packed up a few clothes in a small valise, and finding that nobody offered to oppose his progress, marched boldly out by the front door, and struck into the road. Then such a cheer arose as the walls of Dotheboys Hall had never echoed before, and would never respond to again. When the sound had died away, the school was empty; and of the crowd of boys not one remained.

Dickens

MEMORABILIA.

AH, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new!

But you were living before that,
And also you are living after;
And the memory I started at —
My starting moves your laughter!

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
And a certain use in the world, no doubt,
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
'Mid the blank miles round about:

For there I picked up on the heather
And there I put inside my breast
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather!
Well, I forget the rest.

Browning.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

AMONG the beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest, that seemeth the best of all.
Not for its gnarled oaks olden, dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden that sprinkle the vale below;

Not for the milk-white lilies that lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunshine, and stealing its golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland, where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip, it seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother, with eyes that were dark and deep :
In the lap of that dim old forest he lieth in peace asleep.
Light as the down of a thistle, free as the winds that blow,
We roved there, the beautiful summers, the summers of long ago ;
But his feet on the hills grew weary, and one of the autumn eves
I made for my little brother a bed of yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded my neck in a warm embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty silently covered his face ;
And when the arrows of sunset lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell in his saint-like beauty asleep by the Gates of Light.
Therefore, of all the pictures that hang on memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest seemeth the best of all.

Alice Cary.

ZENOBIA TO HER CAPTOR.

THE gods preside not over treachery. And it must have been by treason among those in whom I have placed my most familiar trust that I am now where and what I am. I can but darkly surmise by whose baseness the act has been committed. It had been a nobler triumph to you, Roman, and a lighter fall to me, had the field of battle decided the fate of my kingdom, and led me a prisoner to your tent. Had not accursed treason given me up, like a chained slave, to your power, yonder walls must have first been beaten piecemeal down by your engines and buried me beneath their ruins, and famine clutched all whom the sword had spared, ere we had owned you master. What is life when liberty and independence are gone?

Was not that a woman's war that drove the Goths from upper Asia? Was not that a woman's war that hemmed Sapor in his capital, and seized his camp? and that which beat Heraclianus, and gained thereby Syria and Mesopotamia? and that which worsted Probus, and so won the crown of Egypt? Does it ask for more, to be beaten by Romans, than to conquer these? Rest assured, great prince, that the war was mine. My people were indeed with me, but it was I who roused, fired, and led them on. I had indeed great advisers. Their

names are known throughout the world. Why should I name the renowned Longinus, the princely Gracchus, the invincible Zabdas, the honest Otho? Their names are honored in Rome as well as here. They have been with me; but without lying or vanity, I may say I have been their head. You say a word from me would open these gates; it is a word I cannot speak. Wouldst thou that I too should turn traitor?

Wage.

THE PATRIOT.

An Old Story.

IT was roses, roses, all the way,
 With myrtle mixed in my path like mad;
 The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
 The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
 A year ago on this very day.

The air broke into a mist with bells,
 The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
 Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels —
 But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
 They had answered "And afterward, what else?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
 To give it my loving friends to keep!
 Naught man could do, have I left undone:
 And you see my harvest, what I reap
 This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now —
 Just a palsied few at the windows set;
 For the best of the sight is, all allow,
 At the Shambles' Gate — or, better yet,
 By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
 A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
 And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
 For they fling, whoever has a mind,
 Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go !

In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.

"Paid by the world, what dost thou owe

Me?" — God might question; now instead,

'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so.

Browning.

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG.

MOUNTED on Kyrat strong and fleet,
His chestnut steed with four white feet,
Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road, and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief,
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,
Never yet could any steed
Reach the dust-cloud in his course.
More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold and next to life
Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond,
Garden-girt his fortress stood;
Plundered khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men at arms his livery wore,
Did his bidding night and day.
Now, through regions all unknown,
He was wandering, lost, alone,
Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
Loud the torrent roars unseen;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,
At the precipice's foot,
 Reyhan the Arab of Orfah
Halted with his hundred men,
Shouting upward from the glen,
 "La Illáh illa Alláh!"

Gently Roushan Beg caressed
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast;
 Kissed him upon both his eyes;
Sang to him in his wild way,
As upon the topmost spray
 Sings a bird before it flies.

"O my Kyrat, O my steed,
Round and slender as a reed,
 Carry me this peril through!
Satin housings shall be thine,
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,
 O thou soul of Kurroglou!

"Soft thy skin as silken skein,
Soft as woman's hair thy mane,
 Tender are thine eyes and true;
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright; O, life of mine,
 Leap, and rescue Kurroglou!"

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
 Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
 Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o'er sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
 Kyrat safe his rider bore;
Rattling down the deep abyss
Fragments of the precipice
 Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasselled cap of red
 Trembled not upon his head,
 Careless sat he and upright;
 Neither hand nor bridle shook,
 Nor his head he turned to look,
 As he galloped out of sight.
 Flash of harness in the air,
 Seen a moment like the glare
 Of a sword drawn from its sheath;
 Thus the phantom horseman passed,
 And the shadow that he cast
 Leaped the cataract underneath.
 Reyhan the Arab held his breath
 While this vision of life and death
 Passed above him. "Allahu!"
 Cried he. "In all Koordistan
 Lives there not so brave a man
 As this Robber Kurroglou!"

Longfellow.

THE FERRY OF GALLAWAY.

IN the stormy waters of Gallaway
 My boat had been idle the livelong day,
 Tossing and tumbling to and fro,
 For the wind was high and the tide was low.
 The tide was low and the wind was high,
 And we were heavy, my heart and I,
 For not a traveller all the day
 Had crossed the ferry of Gallaway.
 At set o' th' sun the clouds outspread
 Like wings of darkness overhead,
 When, out o' th' west, my eyes took heed
 Of a lady, riding at full speed.
 The hoof-strokes struck on the flinty hill
 Like silver ringing on silver, till
 I saw the veil in her fair hand float,
 And flutter a signal for my boat.

The waves ran backward as if 'ware
Of a presence more than mortal fair,
And my little craft leaned down and lay
With her side to th' sands o' th' Gallaway.

"Haste, good boatman! haste!" she cried,
"And row me over the other side!"
And she stript from her finger the shining ring,
And gave it to me for the ferrying.

"Woe's me, my lady! I may not go,
For the wind is high and th' tide is low,
And rocks like dragons lie in the wave; —
Slip back on your finger the ring you gave!"

"Nay, nay! for the rocks will be melted down,
And the waters they never will let me drown,
And the wind a pilot will prove to thee,
For my dying lover, he waits for me!"

Then bridle-ribbon and silver spur
She put in my hand, but I answered her:
"The wind is high and the tide is low;
I must not, dare not, and will not go!"

Her face grew deadly white with pain,
And she took her champing steed by th' mane,
And bent his neck to th' ribbon and spur
That lay in my hand, — but I answered her:

"Though you should proffer me twice and thrice
Of ring and ribbon and steed the price, —
The leave of kissing your lily-like hand, —
I never could row you safe to th' land."

"Then God have mercy!" she faintly cried,
"For my lover is dying the other side.
O cruel, O cruelest Gallaway,
Be parted, and make me a path, I pray!"

Of a sudden the sun shone large and bright,
As if he were staying away the night,

And the rain on the river fell as sweet
As the pitying tread of an angel's feet.

And spanning the water from edge to edge,
A rainbow stretched like a golden bridge;
And I put the rein in her hand so fair,
And she sat in her saddle, th' queen o' th' air.

And over the river, from edge to edge,
She rode on the shifting and shimmering bridge,
And landing safe on the farther side,—
“Love is thy conqueror, Death!” she cried.

Atice Cary.

ODE ON THE POETS.

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?
Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon;
With the noise of fountains wondrous,
And the parle of voices thund'rous;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease,
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;
Underneath large bluebells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, trancèd thing,
But divine melodious truth;
Philosophic numbers smooth;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;

And the souls ye left behind you
 Teach us, here, the way to find you,
 Where your other souls are joying,
 Never slumbered, never cloying.
 Here, your earth-born souls still speak
 To mortals, of their little week;
 Of their sorrows and delights;
 Of their passions and their spites;
 Of their glory and their shame;
 What doth strengthen and what maim.
 Thus ye teach us, every day,
 Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
 Ye have left your souls on earth!
 Ye have souls in heaven too,
 Double-lived in regions new!

Keats.

KALLUNDBORG CHURCH.

“**B**UILD at Kallundborg by the sea
 A church as stately as church may be,
 And there shalt thou wed my daughter fair,”
 Said the Lord of Nesvek to Esbern Snare.

And the Baron laughed. But Esbern said,
 “Though I lose my soul, I will Helva wed!”
 And off he strode, in his pride of will,
 To the Troll who dwelt in Ulshoi hill.

“Build, O Troll, a church for me
 At Kallundborg by the mighty sea;
 Build it stately, and build it fair,
 Build it quickly,” said Esbern Snare.

But the sly Dwarf said, “No work is wrought
 By Trolls of the Hills, O man, for naught.
 What wilt thou give for thy church so fair?”
 “Set thy own price,” quoth Esbern Snare.

“When Kallundborg church is builded well,
 Thou must the name of its builder tell,

Or thy heart and thy eyes must be my boon."
"Build," said Esbern, "and build it soon."

By night and by day the Troll wrought on;
He hewed the timbers, he piled the stone;
But day by day, as the walls rose fair,
Darker and sadder grew Esbern Snare.

He listened by night, he watched by day,
He sought and thought, but he dared not pray;
In vain he called on the Elle-maids shy,
And the Neck and the Nis gave no reply.

Of his evil bargain far and wide
A rumor ran through the country-side;
And Helva of Nesvek, young and fair,
Prayed for the soul of Esbern Snare.

And now the church was wellnigh done;
One pillar it lacked, and one alone;
And the grim Troll muttered, "Fool thou art!
To-morrow gives me thy eyes and heart!"

By Kallundborg in black despair,
Through wood and meadow, walked Esbern Snare,
Till, worn and weary, the strong man sank
Under the birches on Ulshoi bank.

At his last day's work he heard the Troll
Hammer and delve in the quarry's hole;
Before him the church stood large and fair:
"I have builded my tomb," said Esbern Snare.

And he closed his eyes the sight to hide,
When he heard a light step at his side:
"O Esbern Snare!" a sweet voice said,
"Would I might die now in thy stead!"

With a grasp by love and by fear made strong,
He held her fast, and he held her long;
With the beating heart of a bird afeared,
She hid her face in his flame-red beard.

"O love!" he cried, "let me look to-day
In thine eyes ere mine are plucked away;
Let me hold thee close, let me feel thy heart
Ere mine by the Troll is torn apart!

"I sinned, O Helva, for love of thee!
Pray that the Lord Christ pardon me!"
But fast as she prayed, and faster still,
Hammered the Troll in Ulshoi hill.

He knew, as he wrought, that a loving heart
Was somehow baffling his evil art;
For more than spell of Elf or Troll
Is a maiden's prayer for her lover's soul.

And Esbern listened, and caught the sound
Of a Troll-wife singing underground:
"To-morrow comes Fine, father thine:
Lie still and hush thee, baby mine!

"Lie still, my darling! next sunrise
Thou'lt play with Esbern Snare's heart and eyes!"
"Ho! ho!" quoth Esbern, "is that your game?
Thanks to the Troll-wife, I know his name!"

The Troll he heard him, and hurried on
To Kallundborg church with the lacking stone.
"Too late, Gaffer Fine!" cried Esbern Snare;
And Troll and pillar vanished in air!

That night the harvesters heard the sound
Of a woman sobbing underground,
And the voice of the Hill-Troll loud with blame
Of the careless singer who told his name.

Of the Troll of the Church they sing the rune
By the Northern Sea in the harvest moon;
And the fishers of Zealand hear him still
Scolding his wife in Ulshoi hill.

And seaward over its groves of birch
Still looks the tower of Kallundborg church,
Where, first at its altar, a wedded pair,
Stood Helva of Nesvek and Esbern Snare!

Whittier.

THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.

LIFE of Life! Thy lips enkindle
 With their love the breath between them;
 And thy smiles before they dwindle
 Make the cold air fire; then screen them
 In those looks, where whoso gazes
 Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! Thy limbs are burning
 Through the veil which seems to hide them,
 As the radiant lines of morning
 Through thin clouds, ere they divide them;
 And this atmosphere divinest
 Shrouds thee whereso'er thou shinest.

Fair are others: none beholds Thee;
 But thy voice sounds low and tender
 Like the fairest, for it folds thee
 From the sight, that liquid splendor;
 And all feel, yet see thee never, —
 As I feel now, lost forever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
 Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
 And the souls of whom thou lovest
 Walk upon the winds with lightness
 Till they fail, as I am failing,
 Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

Shelley

ODE TO MY INFANT SON.

THOU happy, happy elf!
 (But stop — first let me kiss away that tear,)
 Thou tiny image of myself!
 (My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
 Thou merry, laughing sprite!
 With spirits feather light,
 Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin
 (Dear me! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little, tricky duck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents! — (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub — but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls his tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble — that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint. —
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table — that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!

Toss the light ball — bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)

With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
 With many a lamb-like frisk,
 (He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)
 Thou pretty opening rose!
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
 Balmy and breathing music like the south,
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
 (I wish that window had an iron bar!)
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
 (I'll tell you what, my love,
 I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

Hood.

 THE LOST LEADER.

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
 Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat, —
 Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
 Lost all the others, she lets us devote;
 They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver
 So much was theirs who so little allowed:
 How all our copper had gone for his service!
 Rags — were they purple, his heart had been proud!
 We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
 Made him our pattern to live and to die!
 Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
 Burns, Shelley, were with us, — they watch from their graves!
 He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
 He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!
 We shall march prospering, — not thro' his presence;
 Songs may inspirit us, — not from his lyre;
 Deeds will be done, — while he boasts his quiescence,
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire;
 Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
 One task more declined, one more footpath untrod.

One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for angels,
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
 Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
 There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
 Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
 Never glad confident morning again!
 Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
 Menace our heart ere we master his own;
 Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
 Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

Browning.

AUX ITALIENS.

AT Paris it was, at the Opera there,
 And she looked like a queen in a book, that night,
 With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
 And the brooch on her breast, so bright.
 Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
 The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore*;
 And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
 The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
 And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
 As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
 “*Non ti scordar di me*”?
 The Emperor there, in his box of state,
 Looked grave, as if he had just then seen
 The red flag wave from the city gate,
 Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress, too, had a tear in her eye:
 You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
 For one moment, under the old blue sky,
 To the old glad life in Spain.
 Well! there in our front-row box we sat
 Together, my bride-betrothed and I;
 My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
 And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad.

Like a queen, she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was!
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
I wish him well for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood, 'neath the cypress-trees, together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather;
Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot),
And her warm white neck in its golden chain,
And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the jasmin-flower in her fair young breast;
Oh, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmin-flower!
And the one bird singing alone to his nest,
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring,
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over.
And I thought . . . "were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her!"
And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things were best,

That I smelt the smell of that jasmin-flower,
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
When a mummy is half unrolled.
And I turned and looked. She was sitting there
In a dim box, over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
And that jasmin in her breast!

I was here, and she was there,
And the glittering horseshoe curved between—
From my bride-betrothed, with her raven hair,
And her sumptuous, scornful mien,
To my early love, with her eyes down cast,
And over her primrose face the shade
(In short, from the Future back to the Past),
There was but one step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door;
I traversed the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.
My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again
With the jasmin in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then!
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.
The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still,
And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass—
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face; for old things are best,
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
 And Love must cling where it can, I say;
 For Beauty is easy enough to win,
 But one is n't loved every day.

And I think in the lives of most women and men,
 There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
 If only the dead could find out when
 To come back and be forgiven.

But oh, the smell of that jasmin flower!
 And oh, that music! and oh, the way
 That voice rang out from the donjon tower
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!

Bulwer-Lytton

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me and be my Love, and we will all the pleasures prove that hills and valleys, dale and field, and all the craggy mountains yield. There will we sit upon the rocks and see the shepherds feed their flocks, by shallow rivers, to whose falls melodious birds sing madrigals. There will I make thee beds of roses and a thousand fragrant posies, a cap of flowers, and a kirtle embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle. A gown made of the finest wool, which from our pretty lambs we pull, fair linèd slippers for the cold, with buckles of the purest gold. A belt of straw and ivy buds with coral clasps and amber studs: and if these pleasures may thee move, come live with me and be my Love. Thy silver dishes for thy meat as precious as the gods do eat, shall on an ivory table be prepared each day for thee and me. The shepherd swains shall dance and sing for thy delight each May-morning: if these delights thy mind may move, then live with me and be my Love.

Marlowe.

CLOSE OF THE ORATION ON THE CROWN.

THE people gave their voice, and the danger that hung upon our borders went by like a cloud. Then was the time for the upright citizen to show the world if he could suggest anything better:—now, his cavils come too late. The statesman and the adventurer are alike in nothing, but there is nothing in which they differ more than this. The statesman declares his mind before the event, and submits himself

to be tested by those who have believed him, by fortune, by his own use of opportunities, by every one and everything. The adventurer is silent when he ought to have spoken, and then, if there is a disagreeable result, he fixes an eye of malice upon that. As I have said, then was the opportunity of the man who cared for Athens and for the assertion of justice.

But I am prepared to go further:— If any one has had a new light as to something which it would have been expedient to do then, I protest that this ought not to be concealed from me. But if there neither is nor was any such thing; if no one to this very hour is in a position to name it; then what was your adviser to do? Was he not to choose the best of the visible and feasible alternatives? And this is what I did, Æschines, when the herald asked, “Who wishes to speak?” His question was not, Who wishes to rake up old accusations? or, Who wishes to give pledges of the future? In those days you sat dumb in the assemblies. I came forward and spoke.

Come now — it is better late than never: point out what argument should have been discovered — what opportunity that might have served has not been used by me in the interests of Athens — what alliance, what policy was available which I might better have commended to our citizens?

As, however, he bears so hardly upon the results, I am ready to make a statement which may sound startling. I say that, if the event had been manifest to the whole world beforehand, if all men had been fully aware of it, if you, Æschines, who never opened your lips, had been ever so loud or so shrill in prophecy or in protest, not even then ought Athens to have forsaken this course, if Athens had any regard for her glory, or for her past, or for the ages to come. Now, of course, she seems to have failed; but failure is for all men when Heaven so decrees. In the other case, she, who claims the first place in Greece, would have renounced it, and would have incurred the reproach of having betrayed all Greece to Philip. If she had indeed betrayed without a blow those things for which our ancestors endured every imaginable danger, who would not have spurned, Æschines, at you? Not at Athens — the gods forbid — nor at me. In the name of Zeus, how could we have looked visitors in the face if, things having come to their present pass, Philip having been elected leader and lord of all — the struggle against it had been sustained by others without our help, and this, though never once in her past history our city had preferred

inglorious safety to the perilous vindication of honor? What Greek, what barbarian does not know that the Thebans, and their predecessors in power, the Lacedæmonians, and the Persian king, would have been glad and thankful to let Athens take anything that she liked, besides keeping what she had got, if she would only have done what she was told, and allowed some other power to lead Greece?

Such a bargain, however, was for the Athenians of those days neither conditional or congenial nor supportable. In the whole course of her annals, no one could ever persuade Athens to side with dishonest strength, to accept a secure slavery, or to desist, at any moment in her career, and from doing battle and braving danger for pre-eminence, for honor, and for renown.

You, Athenians, find these principles so worthy of veneration, so accordant with your own character, that you praise none of your ancestors so highly as those who put them into action. You are right. Who must not admire the spirit of men who were content to quit their country, and to exchange their city for their triremes in the cause of resistance to dictation; who put Themistocles, the author of his course, at their head, while as for Kyrtilos, the man who gave his voice for accepting the enemy's terms, they stoned him to death, yes, and his wife was stoned by the women of Athens? The Athenians of those days were not in search of an orator or a general who should help them to an agreeable servitude. No, they would not hear of life itself if they were not to live free. Each one of them held that he had been born the son, not only of his father and his mother, but of his country also. And wherein is the difference? It is here. He that recognizes no debt of piety save to his parents awaits his death in the course of destiny and of nature. But he that deems himself the son of his country also will be ready to die sooner than see her enslaved. 'n his estimate those insults, those dishonors which must be suffered in his city when she has lost her freedom will be accounted more terrible than death.

If I presumed to say that it was I who thus inspired you with a spirit worthy of **your** ancestors, there is not a man present who might not properly rebuke me. What I do maintain is that these principles of conduct were **your** own; that this spirit existed in the city before my intervention, **but** that, in the successive chapters of events, I had my share of merit as your servant. Æschines, on the contrary, denounces our **policy** as a whole, invokes your resentment against me as

the author of the city's terrors and dangers, and, in his anxiety to wrest from me the distinction of the hour, robs you of glories which will be celebrated as long as time endures. For, if you condemn Ktesiphon on the ground that my public course was misdirected, then you will be adjudged guilty of error: you will no longer appear as sufferers by the perversity of fortune.

But never, Athenians, never can it be said that you erred when you took upon you that peril for the freedom and the safety of all. No, by our fathers who met the danger at Marathon; no, by our fathers who stood in the ranks at Platæa; no, by our fathers who did battle on the waters of Salamis and Artemision; no, by all the brave who sleep in tombs at which their country paid those last honors which she had awarded, Æschines, to all of them alike, not alone to the successful or the victorious! And her award was just. The part of brave men had been done by all. The fortune experienced by the individual among them had been allotted by a power above man.

Here is the proof. Not when my extradition was demanded, not when they sought to arraign me before the Amphictyonic Council, not for all their menaces or their offers, not when they set these villains like wild beasts upon me, have I ever been untrue to the loyalty I bear you. From the outset, I chose the path of a straight-forward and righteous statesmanship, to cherish the dignities, the prerogatives, the glories of my country: to exalt them: to stand by their cause. I do not go about the market-place radiant with joy at my country's disasters, holding out my hand and telling my good news to any one who, I think, is likely to report it in Macedon; I do not hear of my country's successes with a shudder and a groan and a head bent to earth, like the bad men who pull Athens to pieces, as if, in so doing, they were not tearing their own reputations to shreds, who turn their faces to foreign lands, and, when an alien has triumphed by the ruin of the Greeks, give their praises to that exploit, and vow that vigilance must be used to render that triumph eternal.

Never, powers of Heaven, may any brow of the immortals be bent in approval of that prayer. Rather, if it may be, breathe even into these men a better mind and heart; but if so it is that to these can come no healing, then grant that these, and these alone, may perish utterly and early on land and on the deep: and to us, the remnant, send the swiftest deliverance from the terrors gathered above our heads, send us the salvation that stands fast perpetually.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste ;
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account fore-bemoanèd moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before :
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

Shakespeare

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

*A naked house, a naked moor,
 A shivering pool before the door,
 A garden bare of flowers and fruit,
 And poplars at the garden foot, —
 Such is the place that I live in,
 Bleak without and bare within.*

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
 The incomparable pomp of eve,
 And the cold glories of the dawn
 Behind your shivering trees be drawn ;
 And when the wind from place to place
 Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
 Your garden gloom and gleam again,
 With leaping sun, with dancing rain.
 Here shall the wizard moon ascend
 The heavens, in the crimson end
 Of day's declining splendor ; here
 The army of the stars appear.
 The neighbor hollows dry or wet,
 Spring shall with tender flowers beset ;
 And oft the morning muser see
 Larks rising from the broomy lea,
 And every fairy wheel and thread
 Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.
 When daisies go, shall winter time

Silver the simple grass with rime,
 Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
 And make the cart-ruts beautiful.
 And when snow-bright the moor expands,
 How shall your children clap their hands !
 To make this earth, our hermitage,
 A cheerful and a pleasant page,
 God's bright and intricate device
 Of days and seasons doth suffice.

Robert Louis Stevenson

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main, —
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare ;
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl, —
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl !
 And every chambered cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed, —
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil !
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap forlorn !
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is borne
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings :

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll !
 Leave thy low-vaulted past !
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

O. W. Holmes

THE VOICES.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.
 Speak ye home to the heart of Jerusalem and call unto her,
 That her affliction is ended, that her debt is paid ;
 That she hath received from the hand of Jehovah double for all her sins.

Hark, one calling :

“ In the wilderness prepare ye a way for Jehovah !
 Make straight in the desert a highway for our God !
 Let every valley be exalted,
 And every mountain and hill be made low ;
 And let the rugged be made a plain,
 And the ledges of rocks a valley,
 And the glory of Jehovah be revealed,
 And all flesh shall see it together ;
 For the mouth of Jehovah hath spoken it.”

Hark ! one saying, “ Cry ! ”

And I said :

“ What can I cry ?

All flesh is grass,
 And all its beauty as a wild-flower.
 Grass is withered, flower faded :
 For the breath of Jehovah hath blown upon it.
 Surely grass is the people.”

“ Grass withereth, flower fadeth :
 Yet the word of our God will stand forever.”

Up on a high mountain, get thee up,
 O Evangelistess Zion !
 Lift up thy voice with strength,
 Evangelistess Jerusalem !
 Lift up, be not afraid, say to the cities of Judah :
 Behold your God.
 Behold the Lord, Jehovah : as a mighty one will he come,

His arm ruling for Him ;
Behold, His reward is with Him,
And His recompence before Him.
He will feed His flock like a shepherd,
Gather the lambs with His right arm
And carry them in His bosom,
And tenderly lead the ewe-mothers.

Who hath measured the waters with the hollow of His hand, and regulated the heavens with a span, and taken up the dust of the earth in a third measure, and weighed the mountains with scales, and the hills in a balance ? Who hath directed the spirit of Jehovah, and instructed Him as His counsellor ? With whom took He counsel, and who would have explained to Him and instructed Him in the path of judgment, and taught Him knowledge, and helped Him to know the way of intelligence ? Behold, nations ! as a drop from a bucket, and like a grain of sand in a balance, are they esteemed ; behold, islands ! like an atom of dust that rises in the air. And Lebanon is not enough for burning, nor its game enough for an offering. All the nations are as nothing before Him ; as spent and as waste are they regarded for Him.

To whom then can ye liken God, and what kind of image can ye place beside Him ?

The image ! A smith cast it, a smelter plates it with gold, and smelts for it silver chains. He that is straitened for an offering, — he chooses a block of wood that will not rot ; he seeketh for himself a skilful carver to set up an image that will not totter.

Have ye not known ? Have ye not heard ? Hath it not been told you from the beginning ? Have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth ? He who is enthroned above the vault of the earth, and its dwellers are before him as grasshoppers ; who stretcheth the heavens as a fine veil, and spreadeth them like a dwelling tent. He who bringeth great men to nothing, maketh judges of the earth like a desolation. They are hardly planted, hardly sown, their stem has hardly taken root in the earth, and he only blows upon them, and they dry up, and the storm carries them away like stubble. “ To whom then will ye liken me that I may match with him ? ” saith the Holy One.

Lift up your eyes on high, and see ! Who hath created these ? It is He who bringeth out their host by number, calleth them all by names, by the greatness of His might, for He is powerful in strength : there is not one that is missing. Why sayest thou then, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, “ My way is hidden from Jehovah, and my right is overlooked by my God ” ?

Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that an everlasting God is Jehovah, Creator of the ends of the earth? He fainteth not, neither becomes weary. His understanding is unsearchable. Giver to the weary of strength! And upon him that is of no might He lavisheth power. Even youths may grow faint and weary, and young men utterly fall; but they who hope in Jehovah shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.

Isaiah xl.

A WOMAN'S LAST WORD.

LET'S contend no more, Love, strive nor weep :
 All be as before, Love, — only sleep !
 What so wild as words are ? I and thou
 In debate, as birds are, — hawk on bough !
 See the creature stalking while we speak !
 Hush and hide the talking, cheek on cheek !
 What so false as truth is, false to thee ?
 Where the serpent's tooth is, shun the tree —
 Where the apple reddens, never pry —
 Lest we lose our Edens, Eve and I.
 Be a god, and hold me with a charm !
 Be a man, and fold me with thine arm !
 Teach me, only teach, Love ! As I ought
 I will speak thy speech, Love, think thy thought —
 Meet, if thou require it, both demands,
 Laying flesh and spirit in thy hands.
 That shall be to-morrow, not to-night :
 I must bury sorrow out of sight, —
 Must a little weep, Love, (Foolish me !),
 And so fall asleep, Love, loved by thee.

Browning.

LAST APPEARANCE OF LADY MACBETH.

Doctor. I HAVE two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked ?

Gentlewoman. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed ; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doc. A great perturbation in nature ! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say ?

Gen. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doc. You may, to me ; and 't is most meet you should.

Gen. Neither to you, nor any one, — having no witness to confirm my speech. [*Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.*] Lo you, here she comes ! This is her very guise ; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her ; stand close.

Doc. How came she by that light ?

Gen. Why, it stood by her : she has light by her continually ; 't is her command.

Doc. You see, her eyes are open.

Gen. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doc. What is it she does now ? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gen. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands : I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth. Yet, here 's a spot.

Doc. Hark ! she speaks : I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

L. Macb. Out, damned spot ! out, I say ! — One ; two : why, then 't is time to do 't. — Hell is murky ! — Fie, my lord, fie ! a soldier, and afeard ? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account ? — Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him ?

Doc. Do you mark that ?

L. Macb. The thane of Fife had a wife : where is she now ? — What, will these hands ne'er be clean ? — No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that : you mar all with this starting.

Doc. Go to, go to ! you have known what you should not.

Gen. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that : Heaven knows what she has known.

L. Macb. Here 's the smell of the blood still : all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

Doc. What a sigh is there ! the heart is sorely charged.

Gen. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doc. Well, well, well, —

Gen. Pray God, it be, sir.

Doc. This disease is beyond my practice : yet I have known those which walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

L. Macb. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown ; look not so pale : — I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried ; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doc. Even so ?

L. Macb. To bed, to bed ! there 's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come ! give me your hand. What 's done cannot be undone : to bed, to bed, to bed !

[*Exit* LADY MACBETH.]

Doc. Will she go now to bed ?

Gen. Directly.

Doc. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles : infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician. —
God, God, forgive us all ! Look after her ;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her : — so, good-night.
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight :
I think, but dare not speak.

Shakespeare.

WORLD-STRANGENESS.

STRANGE the world about me lies, never yet familiar grown, —
Still disturbs me with surprise, haunts me like a face half known.
In this house with starry dome, floored with gem-like plains and seas,
Shall I never feel at home, never wholly be at ease ?

On from room to room I stray, yet my Host can ne'er espy ;
And I know not to this day whether guest or captive I.
So between the starry dome and the floor of plains and seas
I have never felt at home, never wholly been at ease.

William Watson.

THE CONCORD HYMN.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept ;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps ;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free !
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

Emerson.

IN the far North stands a Pine-tree, lone, upon a wintry height ;
 It sleeps : around it snows have thrown a covering of white.
 It dreams forever of a Palm that, far i' the Morning-land,
 Stands silent in a most sad calm midst heaps of burning sand.

From Heine.

Lanier

IDENTITY.

SOMEWHERE — in desolate wind-swept space —
 In Twilight land — in No-man's land —
 Two hungry Shapes met face to face,
 And bade each other stand.

“ And who are you ? ” cried one, agape,
 Shuddering in the gloaming light.
 “ I know not,” said the second Shape,
 “ I only died last night ! ”

T. B. Aldrich.

MY REST.

ROUND yon snowy house green woods dream ;
 'Twixt the giant boughs moonbeams stream.
 Ah ! fain I 'd adore ev'ry tree ;
 Here dreamt I of yore happily.
 All my many songs found I here,
 'Mid thy branches heard, woodland dear !

In my tiny room, vine entwin'd,
 Can I those sweet thoughts once more find ?
 Here the Rhine like to silv'ry band,
 Like to sunbeam, flows o'er the land.
 Wind, which 'mid green boughs o'er me blows,
 Once thy lullaby brought repose.

Carmen Sylva.

L'ESPÉRANCE.

ONLY a brave old maple,
 Shorn of its scarlet and gold,
 And traced in the scroll of sunset
 As a handwriting — black and bold.

A low, wailing wind frets the branches,
 The dead leaves start up in surprise,
 Till, in the hush of the gloaming,
 The dryad's sad monody dies.

O desolate tree in the meadow,
 With pleading hands stretched to the sky !
 Do you know the glad hopes of the springtide
 Asleep in your folded arms lie ?

And never a breath of the storm-king,
 And never a waft of the snow,
 Can snatch the frail bud from its casket,
 Or loose the firm anchor below ?

'Bide patiently, then, the bleak winter,
 And change the sad wail to a song :
 Bear up, for the robins and bluebirds
 And south winds are coming ere long.

Anon.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

Low hanging in a cloud of burnished gold,
 The sleepy sun lay dreaming ;
 And where, pearl-wrought, the Orient gates unfold,
 Wide ocean realms were gleaming.
 Within the night he rose and stole away,
 And, like a gem adorning,
 Blazed o'er the sea upon the breast of day, —
 And everywhere was morning.

Eugene Field

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS.

"OUT in the meadows the young grass springs,
 Shivering with sap," said the larks, "and we
 Shoot into air with our strong young wings,
 Spirally up over level and lea ;
 Come, O Swallows, and fly with us,
 Now that horizons are luminous !
 Evening and morning the world of light,
 Spreading and kindling, is infinite !"

Far away, by the sea in the south,
 The hills of olive and slopes of fern
 Whiten and glow in the sun's long drouth,
 Under the heavens that beam and burn ;
 And all the swallows were gathered there
 Fitting about in the fragrant air,
 And heard no sound from the larks, but flew
 Flashing under the blinding blue.

Out of the depths of their soft rich throats
 Languidly fluted the thrushes, and said
 "Musical thought in the mild air floats,
 Spring is coming and winter is dead !
 Come, O Swallows, and stir the air,
 For the buds are all bursting unaware,
 And the drooping eaves and the elm-trees long
 To hear the sound of your low sweet song.

Over the roofs of the white Algiers,
 Flashingly shadowing the bright bazaar,
 Flitted the swallows, and not one hears
 The call of the thrushes from far, from far :
 Sighed the thrushes ; then, all at once,
 Broke out singing the old sweet tones, —
 Singing the bridal of sap and shoot,
 The tree's slow life between root and fruit.

But just when the dingles of April flowers
 Shine with the earliest daffodils,
 When, before sunrise, the cold clear hours
 Gleam with a promise that noon fulfils, —
 Deep in the leafage the cuckoo cried,
 Perched on a spray by a rivulet-side,
 "Swallows, O Swallows, come back again
 To swoop and herald the April rain."

And something awoke in the slumbering heart
 Of the alien birds in their African air,
 And they paused, and alighted, and twittered apart,
 And met in the broad white dreamy square ;
 And the sad slave woman, who lifted up
 From the fountain her broad-lipped earthen cup,
 Said to herself, with a weary sigh,
 "To-morrow the swallows will northward fly !"

Edmund William Gosse.

AMONG THE ROCKS.

Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old Earth,
 This autumn morning ! How he sets his bones
 To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
 For the ripple to run over in its mirth ;
 Listening the while, where on the heap of stones
 The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet ?

That is the doctrine, simple, ancient, true ;
 Such is life's trial, as old Earth smiles and knows.
 If you loved only what were worth your love,
 Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you :
 Make the low nature better by your throes !
 Give Earth yourself, go up for gain above !

Browning.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CARNATIC.

WHEN at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection.

. . . He drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the art of destruction ; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic.

Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and of which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered ; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank or sacredness of function, — fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, — were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities ; but escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine. . . . So completely did these masters of their art — Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son — absolve themselves of their impious vow, that, when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hun-

dreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead, uniform silence reigned over the whole region.

Burke.

THERE's one great bunch of stars in heaven
That shines so sturdily,
Where good Saint Peter's sinewy hand
Holds up the dull gold-wroughten key.

And also there's a little star
So white, a virgin's it must be, —
Perhaps the lamp my love in heaven
Hangs out to light the way for me.

Theophile Marzials

THE DEPARTURE.

AND on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old:
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess follow'd him.

And o'er them many a sliding star,
And many a merry wind was borne,
And, stream'd thro' many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn. . . .
And o'er them many a flowing range
Of vapor buoy'd the crescent bark,
And, rapt thro' many a rosy change,
The twilight died into the dark.

"A hundred summers! can it be?
And whither goest thou, tell me where?"
"Oh, seek my father's court with me,
For there are greater wonders there."
And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Thro' all the world she follow'd him.

The Day-Dream.

Tennyson.

THERE rolls the deep where grew the tree.
 O Earth, what changes hast thou seen !
 There where the long street roars, hath been
 The stillness of the central sea.
 The hills are shadows, and they flow
 From form to form, and nothing stands ;
 They melt like mist, the solid lands,
 Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

ITYLUS.

SWALLOW, my sister, O sister swallow,
 How can thine heart be full of the spring ?
 A thousand summers are over and dead.
 What hast thou found in the spring to follow ?
 What hast thou found in thy heart to sing ?
 What wilt thou do when the summer is shed ?

O swallow, sister, O fair swift swallow,
 Why wilt thou fly after spring to the south, —
 The soft south, whither thine heart is set ?
 Shall not the grief of the old time follow ?
 Shall not the song thereof cleave to thy mouth ?
 Hast thou forgotten ere I forget ?

Sister, my sister, O fleet sweet swallow,
 Thy way is long to the sun and the south ;
 But I, fulfilled of my heart's desire,
 Shedding my song upon height, upon hollow,
 From tawny body and sweet small mouth
 Feed the heart of the night with fire.

I, the nightingale, all spring through,
 O swallow, sister, O changing swallow,
 All spring through, till the spring be done,
 Clothed with the light of the night on the dew, —
 Sing, while the hours and the wild birds follow,
 Take flight and follow and find the sun.

O sweet stray sister, O shifting swallow,
 The heart's division divideth us.
 Thy heart is light as a leaf of a tree,
 But mine goes forth among sea-gulfs hollow,
 To the place of the slaying of Itylus,
 The feast of Daulis, the Thracian Sea.

O swallow, sister, O rapid swallow,
 I pray thee swing not a little space.
 Are not the roofs and the lintels wet ?
 The woven web that was plain to follow,
 The small slain body, the flower-like face,
 Can I remember if thou forget ?

O sister, sister, thy first begotten !
 The hands that cling and the feet that follow,
 The voice of the child's blood crying yet,
 " Who hath remembered me ? who hath forgotten ? "
 Thou hast forgotten, O summer swallow,
 But the world shall end when I forget.

Swinburne

SONG.

I DREAMED that I woke from a dream, and the house was full of light ;
 At the window two angel Sorrows held back the curtains of night.
 The door was wide, and the house was full of the morning wind ;
 At the door two armed warders stood silent, with faces blind.

I ran to the open door, for the wind of the world was sweet ;
 The warders with crossing weapons turned back my issuing feet.
 I ran to the shining windows — there the winged Sorrows stood ;
 Silent they held the curtains, and the light fell through in a flood.

I clomb to the highest window — Ah ! there with shadowed brow
 Stood one lonely, radiant Sorrow : and that, my love, was thou.
 I bowed my head before her, and stood trembling in the light ;
 She dropped the heavy curtain, and the house was full of night.

From "Wilfrid Cumbermede."

George Macdonald.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
 But sturdy and stanch he stands ;
 And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
 And his musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the little toy dog was new,
 And the soldier was passing fair ;
 And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
 Kissed them and put them there.

" Now, don't you go till I come," he said ;
 " And don't you make any noise ! "
 So toddling off to his trundle-bed
 He dreamt of the pretty toys.

And as he was dreaming, an angel song
 Awakened our Little Boy Blue, —
 Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
 But the little toy friends are true !

Ave faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
 Each in the same old place, —
 Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
 The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long years through
 In the dust of that little chair,
 What has become of our Little Boy Blue
 Since he kissed them and put them there.

Eugene Field

THE LAUREL-SEED.

A DESPOT gazed on sunset clouds, then sank to sleep amidst the gleam ; —
 Forthwith, a myriad starving slaves must realize his lofty dream.
 Year upon year, all night and day, they toiled, they died — and were replaced ;
 At length, a marble fabric rose, with cloud-like domes and turrets graced.

No anguish of those herds of slaves e'er shook one dome or wall asunder,
 Nor wars of other mighty Kings, nor lustrous javelins of the thunder.
 One sunny morn a lonely bird passed o'er, and dropt a laurel-seed ;
 The plant sprang up amidst the walls, whose chinks were full of moss and weed.

The laurel-tree grew large and strong, its roots went searching deeply down ;
 It split the marble walls of Wrong, and blossomed o'er the Despot's crown.
 And in its boughs a nightingale sings to those world-forgotten graves ;
 And o'er its head a skylark's voice consoles the spirits of the slaves.

Horne.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear of the midnight ride of Paul
 Revere, on the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five: hardly a man is now
 alive who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend: "If the British march by land or sea from the
 town to-night, hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch of the North-Church
 tower, as a signal-light, — one if by land, and two if by sea ; and I on the
 opposite shore will be, ready to ride and spread the alarm through every
 Middlesex village and farm, for the country folk to be up and to arm."
 Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar silently row'd to the Charles-
 town shore, just as the moon rose over the bay, where swinging wide at her
 moorings lay the Somerset British man-of-war: a phantom ship, with each

mast and spar across the moon, like a prison-bar, and a huge, black hulk, that was magnified by its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street, wanders and watches with eager ears, till in the silence around him he hears the muster of men at the barrack-door, the sound of arms, and the tramp of feet, and the measured tread of the grenadiers marching down to their boats on the shore. Then he climb'd to the tower of the church, up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread, to the belfry-chamber overhead, and startled the pigeons from their perch on the sombre rafters, that round him made masses and moving shapes of shade ; up the trembling ladder, steep and tall, to the highest window in the wall, where he paused to listen and look down a moment on the roofs of the quiet town, and the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead in their night-encampment on the hill, wrapp'd in silence so deep and still, that he could hear, like a sentinell's tread, the watchful night-wind as it went creeping along from tent to tent, and seeming to whisper, "All is well !" A moment only he feels the spell of the place and the hour, the secret dread of the lonely belfry and the dead ; for suddenly all his thoughts are bent on a shadowy something far away, where the river widens to meet the bay, — a line of black, that bends and floats on the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride, booted and spurr'd, with a heavy stride on the opposite shore walk'd Paul Revere. Now he patted his horse's side, now gazed on the landscape far and near, then impetuous stamp'd the earth, and turn'd and tighten'd his saddle-girth ; but mostly he watch'd with eager search the belfry-tower of the old North Church, as it rose above the graves on the hill, lonely and spectral, and sombre and still. And, lo ! as he looks, on the belfry's height, a glimmer, and then a gleam of light ! He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns, but lingers and gazes, till full on his sight, a second lamp in the belfry burns !

A hurry of hoofs in a village street, a shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark, and beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet : that was all ! and yet, through the gloom and the light, the fate of a nation was riding that night ; and the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight, kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village clock when he cross'd the bridge into Medford town ; he heard the crowing of the cock, and the barking of the farmer's dog, and felt the damp of the river-fog, that rises when the sun goes down. It was one by the village clock when he rode into Lexington. He saw the gilded weathercock swim in the moonlight as he pass'd, and the meeting-house windows, blank and bare, gaze at him with a spectral glare, as if they already stood aghast at the bloody work they would look upon. It was two by the village clock when he came to the bridge in Concord town. He heard the bleating of the flock, and the twitter of birds among the trees, and felt

the breath of the morning breeze blowing over the meadows brown. And one was safe and asleep in his bed who at the bridge would be first to fall, who that day would be lying dead, pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read how the British regulars fired and fled; how the farmers gave them ball for ball, from behind each fence and farmyard-wall, chasing the red-coats down the lane, then crossing the fields to emerge again under the trees at the turn of the road, and only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere; and so through the night went his cry of alarm to every Middlesex village and farm, — a cry of defiance, and not of fear; a voice in the darkness, a knock at the door, and a word that shall echo forevermore! For, borne on the night wind of the Past, through all our history, to the last, in the hour of darkness and peril and need, the people will waken and listen to hear the hurrying hoof-beat of that steed, and the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Longfellow.

CHAMOUNI AT SUNRISE.¹

FROM the deep shadow of the still fir-groves
Trembling I look to thee, eternal height!
Thou dazzling summit, from whose top my soul
Floats, with dimmed vision, to the infinite!

Who sank in earth's firm lap the pillars deep
Which hold through ages thy vast pile in place?
Who reared on high, in the clear ether's vault,
Lofty and strong, thy ever-radiant face?

Who poured you forth, ye mountain torrents wild,
Down thundering from eternal winter's breast?
And who commanded, with almighty voice,
"Here let the stiffening billows find their rest"?

Who points to yonder morning-star his path,
Borders with wreaths of flowers the eternal frost?
To whom, in awful music, cries the stream,
O wild Arveiron! in fierce tumult tossed?

Jehovah! God! bursts from the crashing ice;
The avalanche thunders down the steep the call:
Jehovah! rustle soft the bright tree-tops,
Whisper the silver brooks that murmuring fall.

Translated by Dwight.

Fredrike Brin.

¹ See Coleridge's Hymn, p. 133.

SUCH a starved bank of moss till, that May-morn,
 Blue ran the flash across : violets were born !
 Sky — what a scowl of cloud till, near and far,
 Ray on ray split the shroud : splendid, a star !
 World — how it walled about life with disgrace
 Till God's own smile came out : that was thy face !

Browning

CONFESSIONS.

WHAT is he buzzing in my ears ? " now that I come to die,
 Do I view the world as a vale of tears ? " ah, reverend sir, not I !
 What I viewed there once, what I view again where the physic bottles stand
 On the table's edge, — is a suburb lane, with a wall to my bedside hand.
 That lane sloped, much as the bottles do, from a house you could descry
 O'er the garden wall : is the curtain blue or green to a healthy eye ?
 To mine it serves for the old June weather blue above lane and wall ;
 And that farthest bottle labelled " Ether " is the house o'ertopping all.
 At a terrace, somewhere near the stopper, there watched for me one June,
 A girl : I know, sir, it's improper, my poor mind is out of tune.
 Only there was a way . . . you crept close by the side, to dodge
 Eyes in the house, two eyes except : they styled their house " The Lodge."
 What right had a lounge up their lane ? but, by creeping very close,
 With the good wall's help, — their eyes might strain and stretch themselves
 to Oes,
 Yet never catch her and me together, as she left the attic, there,
 By the rim of the bottle labelled " Ether," and stole from stair to stair,
 And stood by the rose-wreathed gate. Alas, we loved, sir — used to meet :
 How sad and bad and mad it was — but then, how it was sweet !

Browning

ONE WAY OF LOVE.

ALL June I bound the rose in sheaves.
 Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves
 And strow them where Pauline may pass.
 She will not turn aside ? Alas !
 Let them lie. Suppose they die ?
 The chance was they might take her eye.

 How many a month I strove to suit
 These stubborn fingers to the lute !
 To-day I venture all I know.
 She will not hear my music ? So !
 Break the string ; fold the music's wing :
 Suppose Pauline had bade me sing !

My whole life long I learn'd to love.
 This hour my utmost art I prove
 And speak my passion — heaven or hell ?
 She will not give me heaven ? 'Tis well !
 Lose who may — I still can say,
 Those who win heaven, bless'd are they !

Browning

A TALE.

What a pretty tale you told me once upon a time—
 Said you found it somewhere (scold me !) was it prose or was it rhyme,
 Greek or Latin ? Greek, you said, while your shoulder propped my head.
 Anyhow there 's no forgetting this much if no more,
 That a poet (pray, no petting !) yes, a bard, sir, famed of yore,
 Went where suchlike used to go, singing for a prize, you know.
 Well, he had to sing, nor merely sing but play the lyre ;
 Playing was important clearly quite as singing : I desire,
 Sir, you keep the fact in mind for a purpose that 's behind.
 There stood he, while deep attention held the judges round,
 — Judges able, I should mention, to detect the slightest sound
 Sung or played amiss : such ears had old judges, it appears !
 None the less, he sang out boldly, played in time and tune,
 Till the judges, weighing coldly each note's worth, seemed, late or soon,
 Sure to smile " In vain one tries picking faults out : take the prize ! "
 When, a mischief ! Were they seven strings the lyre possessed ?
 Oh, and afterwards eleven, thank you ! Well, sir, — who had guessed
 Such ill-luck in store ? — it happed one of those same seven strings snapped

All was lost, then ! No ! a cricket (what " cicada " ? Pooh !)
 — Some mad thing that left its thicket for mere love of music — flew
 With its little heart on fire, lighted on the crippled lyre.
 So that when (Ah joy !) our singer for his truant string
 Feels with disconcerted finger, what does cricket else but fling
 Fiery heart forth, sound the note wanted by the throbbing throat ?
 Ay and, ever to the ending, cricket chirps at need,
 Executes the hand's intending, promptly, perfectly, — indeed
 Saves the singer from defeat with her chirrup low and sweet.
 Till, at ending, all the judges cry with one assent
 " Take the prize — a prize who grudges such a voice and instrument :
 Why, we took your lyre for harp, so it shrilled us forth F sharp ! "

Did the conqueror spurn the creature, once its service done ?
 That 's no such uncommon feature in the case when Music's son
 Finds his Lotte's power too spent for aiding soul-development.
 No ! This other, on returning homeward, prize in hand,
 Satisfied his bosom's yearning : (sir, I hope you understand !)

— Said, "Some record there must be of this cricket's help to me!"
 So, he made himself a statue : marble stood, life-size ;
 On the lyre, he pointed at you, perched his partner in the prize ;
 Never more apart you found her, he throned, from him, she crowned.

That's the tale : its application ? Somebody I know
 Hopes one day for reputation through his poetry that's — Oh,
 All so learned and so wise, and deserving of a prize !
 If he gains one, will some ticket, when his statue's built,
 Tell the gazer, "'T was a cricket helped my crippled lyre, whose lilt
 Sweet and low, when strength usurped softness' place i' the scale, she chirped !
 For as victory was nighest, while I sang and played, —
 With my lyre at lowest, highest, right alike, — one string that made
 'Love' sound soft was snapt in twain, never to be heard again, —
 Had not a kind cricket fluttered, perched upon the place
 Vacant left, and duly uttered 'Love, Love, Love,' where'er the bass
 Asked the treble to atone for its somewhat sombre drone."
 But you don't know music ! Wherefore keep on casting pearls
 To a — poet ! All I care for is — to tell him that a girl's
 "Love" comes aptly in when gruff grows his singing. (There, enough !)

Browning

ABT VOGLER.

[After he has been extemporizing upon the musical instrument of his invention.]

Would that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,
 Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,
 Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when Solomon willed
 Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,
 Man, brute, reptile, fly, — alien of end and of aim,
 Adverse, each from the other heaven-high, hell-deep removed, —
 Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable Name,
 And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess he loved !
 Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of mine,
 This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned to raise !
 Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and now combine,
 Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise !
 And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell,
 Burrow awhile, and build broad on the roots of things,
 Then up again swim into sight, having based me my palace well,
 Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.
 And another would mount and march, like the excellent minion he was ;
 Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many a crest,
 Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,
 Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest :

For higher still and higher (as a runner tips with fire,
 When a great illumination surprises a festal night —
 Outlining round and round Rome's dome from space to spire)
 Up, the pinnacled glory reached, and the pride of my soul was in sight.

In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it was certain, to match man's birth;
 Nature in turn conceived, obeying an impulse as I;
 And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach the earth,
 As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale the sky:
 Novel splendours burst forth, grew familiar and dwelt with mine,
 Not a point nor peak but found and fixed its wandering star;
 Meteor-moons, balls of blaze: and they did not pale nor pine,
 For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near nor far.

Nay, more: for there wanted not who walked in the glare and glow,
 Presences plain in the place; or, fresh from the Protoplast,
 Furnished for ages to come, when a kindlier wind should blow,
 Lured now to begin and live in a house to their liking at last;
 Or else the wonderful Dead who have passed through the body and gone,
 But were back once more to breathe in an old world worth their new:
 What never had been, was now; what was, as it shall be anon;
 And what is — shall I say, matched both? for I was made perfect too.

All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,
 All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth,
 All through music and me! For think, had I painted the whole,
 Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-worth:
 Had I written the same, made verse, — still, effect proceeds from cause;
 Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told;
 It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
 Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list enrolled: —

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
 Existent behind all laws, that made them, and lo, they are!
 And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
 That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
 Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is nought;
 It is everywhere in the world — loud, soft, and all is said:
 Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought:
 And, there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared;
 Gone! and the good tears start, the praises that come too slow;
 For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared,
 That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.

Never to be again ! But many more of the kind
As good, nay, better perchance : is this your comfort to me ?
To me, who must be saved because I cling with my mind
To the same, same self, same love, same God : ay, what was, shall be.

Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable Name ?
Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with hands !
What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same ?
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands ?
There shall never be one lost good ! What was, shall live as before ;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound ;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more :
On earth the broken arcs ; in the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist, —
Not its semblance, but itself ; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard ;
Enough that he heard it once : we shall hear it by-and-by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days ? Have we withered or agonized ?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence ?
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized ?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear ;
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe :
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear ;
The rest may reason and welcome : 't is we musicians know.

Well, it is earth with me ; silence resumes her reign :
I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.
Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,
Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the minor, — yes,
And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,
Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from into the deep ;
Which, hark ! I have dared and done, for my resting-place is found,
The C Major of this life : so, now I will try to sleep.

Robert Browning



